PICTORIAL REVIEW

MAY 1922

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VOL. XXIII. No. 8

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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MAY, 1922

RENEW PROMPTLY—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

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FOUR REMARKABLE ARTICLES IN PICTORIAL REVIEW FOR JUNE

Are You Acquainted with Your Temperament?

The First of a Brilliant New Series of Articles by Arnold Bennett

MR. BENNETT says that to make the best of life you must satisfy your temperament. In a brilliant article entitled "Are You Acquainted with Your Temperament?" in Pictorial Review for June this gifted English writer explains how to deal with your temperament in order to be happy and successful.

Whatever subject Mr. Bennett writes on he makes alive and interesting, and this new series will be found no exception to the rule. The same pungent wisdom and simplicity of expression that characterized his famous "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" are in evidence in every line of these new articles.

Be sure not to miss the first of the series in Pictorial Review for June (out May 15).

What Kind of Movies do Children Like?

EVERYBODY who writes on the subject of the motion-pictures is convinced that not enough of them cater to the children. And everybody believes that he knows exactly what a child will like. In reality very few people seem to know what children like. We all seem afraid to trust children with a story unless it has a moral tacked on to it. We are all so wildly anxious to improve them that enjoyment for enjoyment's sake is something to be suspected.

In a highly illuminating article called "Maybe the Child Knows What He Wants," Josephine Daskam Bacon very justly complains of the kind of material we have been displaying on the screen to the children. She says that on the whole the selections show how little the real taste of the children has been understood, and that too many people choose entertainment for them on the basis of what they *think* children should like. And Mrs. Bacon also shows how easy it is to find out what they really do like if we go about it the right way. Her advice is well worth following.

Because I Am a Woman
by Ida Clyde Clarke

HERE is a remarkable and dignified editorial by one who, tho in the very forefront of the progressive woman movement, has not lost sight of the fundamental biological prerogatives of all womankind.

In this editorial Mrs. Clarke, in a clear and incisive manner, draws attention to something so obvious and taken for granted that it is frequently overlooked, namely, that in spite of suppression, liberation, hampered or enlarged opportunities, there is one glorious privilege no law or absence of law can ever take away from women, and that is the privilege of motherhood.

The most advanced feminist as well as the most retiring lady of the old-fashioned school will read Mrs. Clarke's article with equal interest.

A Mother Speaks

THE flapper has been superficially discussed in many of our magazines. In our June number we approach her from a new angle in an anonymous article by a modern mother. This woman dares to tell the truth about the escapades of her own youth of twenty-five years ago. Kipling has said that the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins. After reading the revelations of this unknown writer you may come to the same conclusion in regard to the girls of yesterday and to-day.

Like Margot Asquith, this author has everlasting faith in our young people. The article is real meat for critics and carpers.

These Four Brilliant Features Are Just Part of Pictorial Review for June (Out May 15).

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COMMON SENSE AND CENSORSHIP

No Wonder the Motion-Picture Industry Is at Sea with Dozens of Different Kinds of Rules and Regulations to Live Up To

BY HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

IN THE Fall of 1922 the people of the State of Massachusetts are going to have a chance to express themselves at the polls as for or against motion-picture censorship. This is the first time since censorship has been established that its continuance has depended on the folk who go to see the pictures. All other States and cities which have censorships have had it imposed upon them by Legislatures, councils, or orders of Mayors, without a chance at expression on the part of the bulk of us who are picture patrons.

Since censorship of the pictures has become more or less common it has become a bone of contention. Twenty-four States are now directly or indirectly affected by it—for altho your particular State may not have censorship you may have to see censored pictures—and many of the rest have the matter under consideration. In every State censorship has its defenders and its enemies, but the bulk of the protests against it and the bulk of the arguments for it seem to be founded on theory alone.

Now censorship is working, has been working in some cases for years—what are the fruits thereof? How does it work? Are we who pay anything from fifteen cents to a dollar to see the films, getting better pictures as a result? Is it worth while to have boards of people elected or appointed to determine what films or parts of films are decent, moral, and in good taste for us—boards paid for by public moneys by the same public that sees the films?

As members of the motion-picture public you and I and almost every one wants to know the answer. And it is pretty hard to get at the reply. For the films we see are the censored films, and we don't know what they might have been without censorship! The only possible way to find out what censorship is doing is to know what has been done to the film we see, before we see it. And when I, for the purposes of this article, went about finding out just that—what the different boards of censors all over the country had seen fit to cut from various films—I found myself involved in a mass of contradictions. For seldom did any two boards think exactly alike! What was passed in Kansas might be refused in Pennsylvania; what found favor in New York might offend in Ohio. And in every instance the producer had to cut his film to meet the ideas of that particular board or his picture was doomed.

Before I go a step farther let me disclaim any intent to defend the producer. Some few of them undoubtedly have held the picture to be a cheap thing and the public in the same class, so they deserve the retribution this past year has given them in diminished audiences and returns. But what about the good producers who have believed that we of the public have hearts and intelligence, backed by sensibilities—what can they do when a censor from one State insists upon one interpretation of a film and the censor from another State insists upon another?

TAKE the picture "Forbidden Fruit." The morning after its release the office of the producing company received two telegrams. The first was from a board of censors in the Middle West (Ohio) congratulating the producer on the "High moral tone" of the picture and stating that the board had passed it entire. The second wire was from a board in the Northwest (Portland, Ore.), and stated that "because of the low moral tone of the picture" it had refused to permit it to be shown in the city. Twelve months later, after the picture had been shown all over the country, the Northwestern board reversed its decision and passed the picture entire; but whether this was the same board or a newly appointed one I could not find out. In many places censors hold their positions for one year, and next year's board may decide that something is all right for you and me which this year's board had decided was all wrong. It was twelve months after "The Miracle Man" had made a record as one of the most successful pictures ever produced that one board of censors announced that it was immoral and refused to permit it to be shown, even tho it had already been shown in that city several times.

But the greatest sufferer perhaps in motion-picture history was "Carmen." "Carmen" had been played and "Carmen" had been sung, uncensored, for years. But "Carmen" in motion-picture form did not pass a single board of the thirty-three censor boards to which it was submitted. Nor did any two boards alter it alike. If you saw "Carmen" in the South of this country it was not the "Carmen" of the North, nor was the "Carmen" of the East at all like the "Carmen" of the West.

All of the members of censor boards to whom I managed to talk personally, about eighteen in all, representing a dozen localities, agreed on one thing. Their duty was to eliminate from pictures all immorality, all indecency, and anything not in good taste and likely to affect public morals or delicacy. So that censorship in the main has centered about three points, crime, sex-relationship, and exposure of the human body. There is nothing to prevent a censor going farther than this, if he cares to. No one can make him stop there. And occasionally a censor extends his field of action, as one man openly acknowledged having done when censoring "'Way Down East."

"I cut some of that ice stuff," he said. "There was so much of it, it bored me."

But in the main censorship has stuck to the three issues. There isn't any question that pictures had transgressed on all these points, else censorship had not been born. But just how, for instance, has censorship improved crime? If the pictures are to be allowed to develop as an art they must have the freedom of the allied arts of literature and the drama, and crime will be portrayed as a part of human weakness.

Censors seem to have recognized this: they have not cut crime entirely, but they have rearranged crime. In the picture before mentioned, "Forbidden Fruit," one scene cut by some censor boards (not all by any means) was that of the body of a murdered man. The producer used the age-old means for getting the spectator into the proper frame of mind, the means used, for instance, by Edgar Allan Poe in more than one story. He left the body on a couch, and the spectators saw the blood drip, drip, drip. The censors permitted the murder, but would not allow the blood to drip. The sensation the producer wanted—and the interest of any art is the sensation on the observer—was lost. Censors generally prefer bloodless accidents, bloodless duels, bloodless wounds, in their regulation of crime.

In "Ruth of the Rockies"—one of those wild serials which delight the young of this generation even as the tales of Nick Carter, J. Fenimore Cooper, and Captain Marryat entranced the young of my time—Ruth in self-defense stabs a man through the hand and holds up the bloody knife. The censors allowed Ruth to stab the man, but forbade the showing of the bloody knife. They said it might incite the young to crime, altho why it would incite them to crime only when blood was shown is an enigma to me.

WHEN Stewart Edward White's story "The Killer" was made the censors took a brisk hand in the regulation of the crimes committed. This story had appeared in a magazine seen in millions of homes and no one had found fault with it. You may remember the tale of the old villain who had a mania for killing and who kept a death list of his intended victims and had his henchmen sworn in to finish the work if he died before completing it. The killer was bent on killing; he even saw to it that the flies, frogs, birds, and so on, about his ranch were ruthlessly dispatched. He was an unlovely and revolting character, and all his schemes came to naught and he met his death, defeated: The various boards of censors objected to various parts of this picture. One board cut all the killing of the small animals—the birds, "because the Ornithological Society might object"; the frogs, "because it might teach the young to kill frogs"—and finally killing after killing was eliminated until the "killer" killed nothing and came to his terrible end without having deserved it in the least.

One board objected to the name of the picture and changed it to "The Mystery Ranch," and as all the killing had been cut by this board the new title suited far better than the old one. One censor who had entire control of the films shown in the city which he served, a city of over a million inhabitants, wrote a curious letter to the producer as to his reasons for not allowing the picture to be shown at all. This censor, who alone determined what should be shown to over one million people in that city, wrote that "according to the best psychologists" a man with such a mania for killing must be abnormal, and as "the real reason for his acts can not be shown on the screen" he proposed to eliminate the film entirely. Benjamin B. Hampton, producer of the picture, sent this letter to the author, who had a moment of shocked surprize at the finding in his story of something he had never intended.

Suppose for one instant this story had been censored in its original form, that is, in the magazine form. This city censor—and frequently cities have one man who determines censorship for that city—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

Photographed by Underwood & Underwood

WILL H. HAYS

FORMER POSTMASTER-GENERAL. NOW HEAD OF THE MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY OF THE COUNTRY

JUST what Mr. Hays proposes to do with the motion-picture industry the rest of the world anxiously waits to see, but if he applies the same genius for organization and economic administration to the motion-pictures that he applied to the Post-office Department, there is no question but that he will earn his salary and put the industry on a sound business basis. Possibly one of Mr. Hays's first problems will be that of censorship.

Six States and several cities now have censorship, which means a great variety. What is allowed in one State is forbidden in another, what is shown in one city is barred in the next, as this article shows. If Mr. Hays can bring order out of this chaos he will deserve the thanks of the producer, the artist, and the general public. From his past performances we prophesy that he will.

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"YOU CAN NOT MAKE A WOMAN LOVE AND RESPECT A MAN OR A MAN LOVE AND CHERISH A WOMAN BY THE PROCESS OF THE LAW"

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP IN MARRIAGE

A SURE ANTIDOTE FOR THE DIVORCE EVIL

BY JUDGE THOMAS F. GRAHAM

Of the Superior Court of the State of California

DRAWINGS BY THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR

IN THESE days divorce is a popular subject for dialectic and drama, all of which seem to get nowhere in their prescriptions. Many factions condemn it, blaming its increase on the inconsequent youth of to-day and advocating its complete abolition. Others, believing that domestic discord is not conducive to orderly home life, declare that it should be free and easy. Others still, embittered by experience, inveigh against marriage as an institution.

Between the reactionaries and the radicals I stand—a progressive. There is nothing wrong with marriage; but there is much wrong with those who enter into it. Therefore, divorce, as the world goes, is a necessary provision. But it should not be a habit. And the only way to prevent divorce from becoming a national poison is through the cultivation of good sportsmanship in marriage.

I once thought marriage was made in heaven. After twenty-two years on the bench, during which time I have tried over 15,000 divorce cases, I must admit that the devil often has his way with it. More and more it is made of the common clay of passion, irresponsibility, and selfishness.

Many years ago my weekly calendar held but two or three divorces. No day passes now but that I hear at least two complaints. Sometimes the daily list tallies considerably higher. Time was, too, when the court was able to reconcile one couple out of every five who applied for papers. Scarcely one in twenty is now amenable to argument.

Searching for the germ of this growing epidemic, I thought the generosity of our California divorce laws might be it. Surveying reports from other States where divorce is restricted, I found the same increase. In New York, where divorce may be obtained only upon the ground of infidelity, the ratio in 1896 was one divorce in 40 marriages; in 1916 it was one in 30; in 1920 it was one in 25. In California the ratio is greater, but the rate of increase the same. In 1896 it was one in 25; in 1906, one in 20; in 1916, one in 15; in 1921, one in less than 7. However, marriages in California are no less successful than in other States—the overflow from New York pours heavily into the courts of New Jersey, Illinois, Rhode Island, Nevada, California—and Paris, France. My research soon satisfied me that failure in marriage is not due to marriage as an institution, nor to its number of exits by way of divorce, but to a need for fair play in the hearts of men and women.

Some people take marriage too seriously; others not seriously enough. It is neither a funeral cortège with the two chief mourners self-constituted pall-bearers, nor a battle-ground with the victor looking to the spoils. Above all, it is not a jazz comedy. It is a game of big destiny—a fifty-fifty partnership in which the common foes are illusions and false appetites, and the common goal a full and fruitful union. It involves plays and counter-plays and the partners must play fairly and squarely, following its rules and its conventions. The first of these rules is preparedness. No true sportsman enters a game with high stakes unless he has some knowledge of it. All good sportsmen play straight and do not trump their partner's trick, make false leads, or wage side-bets against their mutual luck. They are tolerant if by momentary lapse the partner loses a trick. When a point is at issue, they place their cards upon the table without reservation. They accept defeat cheerfully; do not exult in victory; bear losses equally, and share the gains evenly.

IN MARRIAGE, preparedness includes an understanding of wifehood and motherhood, of husbandhood and fatherhood. Its follow-ups are tact, patience, broad tolerance, honesty, an infinite capacity for forgiveness, and a sense of humor—by far the larger part of a sense of values. Without these qualities in some degree, no man and woman can make a go of marriage. And the untoward increase in divorce is because of sportiness—not sportsmanship—that swift and frittering mood of to-day which is by no means the prerogative of youth, for the aged and middleaged are no less skittish.

Misery in marriage increases in direct proportion to the decrease of finer instincts in those who marry. To prove this I will take up the various legalized grounds for divorce in California, citing specific cases.

This State recognizes six grounds for divorce: desertion, extreme cruelty, habitual intemperance, wilful neglect, infidelity, and the commission of a felony.

WHEN a suit is brought upon one of these grounds and sufficient evidence produced, the court is compelled to grant a decree. There is a stage in the proceedings, however, when, if a judge be so inclined, he may go beyond the conventions of his office and become, so to speak, joint counselor, trying to clear up the misunderstanding. Failing, he can not, where the grounds are proved, refuse to grant an interlocutory decree, which becomes final at the end of a year upon application of one or both of the parties. This gives opportunity for the litigants to think things over. If they are reconciled, the decree is dismissible upon motion of the plaintiff. In no circumstances may either party marry another until the final decree has been issued.

With this necessary explanation, I shall go on with my story. Desertion, the most prevalent plea in my court, has its benefactions as well as its corrupt practise. The injustice of holding a woman to a lazy and worthless man who deliberately abandons her, or of keeping a man bound to a wife who has left him, is clear. Yet the looseness of its terms harbors countless bogus refugees. It encourages incontinence, for instance, when a husband succumbs to the dimples of his pretty stenographer about the same time his wife discovers that her long-haired music professor is her true soul-mate; or when a philandering male tires of his stay-at-home wife and "falls" for the girl at the soda-water counter in the corner drug-store. Desertion is then a convenient loop-hole, as such couples have but to live apart for a year to come within the meaning of the law. This often involves the coercion of some simple little woman by a dissolute husband. As the law forbids divorce when there is evidence of collusion, it is my practise in all desertion complaints to make a thorough study of the evidence, to conduct a severe examination of the witnesses, and, when possible, to hale the defendant into court. There is then opportunity for reconciliation, or at least of forcing parents to do their duty when there are children.

"THE OLD LADY HAD HER OWN THEORIES ABOUT FEEDING POULTRY. THE OLD GENTLEMAN WAS ALSO AN INDEFENDENT THINKER."

Painless divorce is not for the country's good, and for this reason collusion is often abortive of real justice. On the other hand, I can see no better reason for granting a divorce than that both the wife and husband are agreed that they can not live together harmoniously.

Reconciliation is only justifiable when it is workable. An illustration of this were two whom I shall call Jane and Willie. Jane was a brisk young "flapper," who knew all about men from the movies. Willie was no less brisk. He liked the

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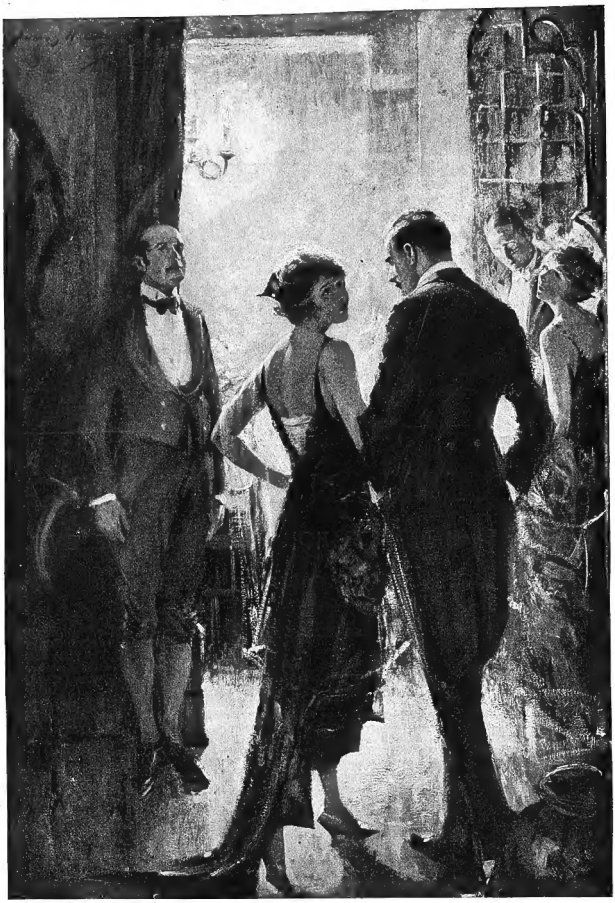
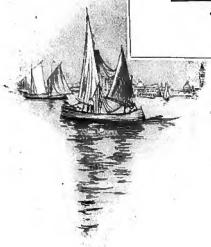


"AFTER ALL, PEOPLE WHO DENY THEMSELVES EVERYTHING DO GET WARPED AND BITTER, DON'T THEY?" SHE ARGUED PLAINTIVELY"



GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

BY EDITH WHARTON

COMPLETE IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART ONE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT ROSE for them—their honeymoon—over the waters of a lake so famed as the scene of romantic raptures that they were rather proud of not having been afraid to choose it as the setting of their own.

"It requires a total lack of humor, or as great a proficiency in it as ours, to take the risk," Susy Lansing opined, as they hung over the inevitable marble balustrade and watched their tutelary orb roll its magic carpet across the waters to their feet.

"Yes—or the loan of Strefford's villa," her husband amended, glancing back through the branches at a long, low patch of paleness to which the moonlight was beginning to give the form of a white house-front.

"Oh, come—when we'd five to choose from! At least if you count the Chicago flat."

"So we had—you wonder!" He laid his hands on hers, and his touch renewed the sense of marveling exultation which the deliberate survey of their adventure always roused in her. It was characteristic that she merely added in her steady, laughing tone, "Or, not counting the flat—for I hate to brag—just consider the others: Violet Melrose's place at Versailles, your aunt's villa at Monte Carlo—and a moor!"

She was conscious of throwing in the moor tentatively, and yet with a somewhat exaggerated emphasis, as if to make sure that he shouldn't accuse her of slurring it over. But he seemed to have no desire to do so. "Poor old Fred!" he merely remarked; and she breathed out carelessly, "Oh, well——"

His hands still lay on hers, and for a long interval she was aware only of the warm current running from palm to palm as they stood silent in the enveloping loveliness of the night while the moonlight below them drew its line from shore to shore.

Nick Lansing spoke at last. "Versailles in May would have been impossible: all our Paris crowd would have run us down within twenty-four hours. And Monte Carlo is ruled out because it's exactly the kind of place everybody expected us to go to. So—with all respect to you—it wasn't much of a mental strain to decide on Como."

His wife instantly challenged this belittling of her capacity. "It took a good deal of argument to convince you that we could face the ridicule of Como!"

"WELL, I should have preferred something in a lower key; at least I thought I should till we got here. Now I see that this place is idiotic unless one is perfectly happy—and that then it's as good as any other."

She sighed out a blissful assent. "And I must say that Streffy has done things to a turn. Even the cigars—who do you suppose gave him those cigars?" She added thoughtfully, "You'll miss them when we have to go."

"Oh, my, don't let's talk to-night about going. We're

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outside of time and space! Smell that guinea-a-bottle stuff over there. What is it? Stephanotis?"

"Y—yes! I suppose so. Oh, the fireflies! Look—there against that splash of moonlight on the water. Apples of silver in a network of gold—" They leaned together, one flesh from shoulder to finger-tips, their eyes held by the play of the ripples.

"I could bear," Lansing remarked, "even a nightingale at this moment——"

A faint gurgle shook the magnolias behind them, and a liquid whisper answered it from the thicket of laurel above their heads.

"It's a little late in the year for them; they're ending as we begin."

Susy laughed. "I hope when our turn comes we shall say good-by to each other as sweetly."

It was in her husband's mind to answer, "They're not saying good-by, but only settling down to family cares." But as this was not in his plan, or Susy's, he only echoed her laugh and pressed her closer.

The Spring night drew them into its deepening calm. The ripples of the lake had gradually spread to a silken smoothness, and high above the mountains the moon was turning from gold to white in a sky powdered with vanishing stars. Across the lake the lights went out, and the distant shore became a floating blackness. A breeze that rose and sank brushed their faces with the scents of the garden; once it blew out over the water a great white moth like a magnolia-petal. The nightingales had ceased, and the trickle of the fountain behind the house grew suddenly insistent.

When Susy spoke it was in a voice languid with visions. "I have been thinking," she said, "that we ought to be able to make it last at least a year longer."

Her husband received the remark without any sign of surprize or disapprobation; his answer showed that he not only understood her, but had been inwardly following the same train of thought.

"You mean," he inquired after a pause, "without counting your grandmother's pearls?"

"Of course."

He pondered a while, and then rejoined in a tender whisper: "Tell me again just how."

"Let's sit down, then. No, I like the cushions best."

He stretched himself in a long willow chair, and she curled herself up on a heap of boat-cushions and leaned her head against his knee. Just above her, when she lifted her lids, she saw bits of moon-flooded sky incrusted like silver in a sharp black patterning of plane-boughs. All about them breathed of peace and beauty and stability, and her happiness was so acute that it was almost a relief to remember the stormy background of bills and borrowing against which its frail structure had been reared. "People with a balance can't be as happy as all this," Susy mused, letting the moonlight filter through her lazy lashes.

People with a balance had always been Susy Branch's bugbear; they were still, and more dangerously, to be Susy Lansing's. She detested them, detested them doubly, as the natural enemies of mankind and as the people one always had to put oneself out for. The greater part of her life having been passed among them, she knew nearly all that there was to know about them, and judged them with the contemptuous lucidity of nearly twenty years of dependence. But at the present moment her animosity was not only diminished by the softening effect of love, but by the fact that she had got out of those very people more—a great deal more—than she and Nick, in their hours of most reckless prognostication, had thought possible.

"After all, we owe them *this*!" she mused.

Her husband, lost in the beatitude of the hour, had not repeated his question; but she was still on the trail of the thought he had started. A year—yes, she was sure now that with a little management they could have a whole year of it! "It" was their marriage: their being together, and away from bores and bothers, in a comradeship of which both of them had long ago guessed the immediate pleasure, but she at least had never imagined the deeper harmony.

IT WAS at one of their earliest meetings—at one of the heterogeneous dinners that the Fred Gillows tried to think "literary"—that the young man who chanced to sit next to her, and of whom it was vaguely rumored that he had "written," had presented himself to her imagination as the sort of luxury to which Susy Branch, heiress, might conceivably have treated herself as a crowning folly. Susy Branch, pauper, was fond of picturing how this fancied double would employ her millions; it was one of her chief grievances against her rich friends that they disposed of theirs so unimaginatively.

"I'd rather have a husband like that than a steam-yacht!" she had thought at the end of her talk with the young man who had written, and as to whom it had at once been clear to her that nothing his pen had produced, or might hereafter set down, would put him in a position to offer his wife anything more costly than a rowboat.

"His wife—I As if he could ever have one! For he's not the kind to marry for a yacht either." In spite of her past, Susy had preserved enough inner independence to detect the latent signs of it in others, and also to ascribe it impulsively to those of the opposite sex who happened to interest her. She had a natural contempt for people who gloried in what they need only have endured. She herself meant eventually to marry, because one couldn't forever hang on to rich people; but she was going to wait till she found some one who combined the maximum of wealth with at least a minimum of companionableness.

She had at once perceived young Lansing's case to be exactly the opposite: he was as poor as he could be, and as companionable as it was possible to imagine. She therefore decided to see as much of him as her hurried and entangled life permitted; and this, thanks to a series of adroit adjustments, turned out to be a good deal. They met frequently all the rest of that Winter; so frequently that Mrs. Fred Gillow one day abruptly and sharply gave Susy to understand that she was "making herself ridiculous."

"Ah—" said Susy with a long breath, looking her friend and patroness straight in the painted eyes.

"Yes," cried Susia Gillow in a sob, "before you interfered Nick liked me awfully—and of course I don't want to reproach you—but when I think——"

Susy made no answer. How could she, when *she* thought? The dress she had on had been given her by Ursula; Ursula's motor had carried her to the feast from which they were both returning. She counted on spending the following August with the Gillows at Newport—and the only alternative was to go to California with the Bockheimers, whom she had hitherto refused even to dine with.

"Of course what you fancy is perfect nonsense, Ursula; and as to my interfering—" Susy hesitated, and then murmured, "But if it will make you any happier, I'll arrange to see him less often—" She sounded the lowest depths of subservience in returning Ursula's tearful kiss——

SUSY BRANCH had a masculine respect for her word; and the next day she put on her most becoming hat and sought out young Mr. Lansing in his lodgings. She was determined to keep her promise to Ursula; but she meant to look her best when she did it.

She knew at what time the young man was likely to be found, for he was doing a dreary job on a popular encyclopedia (V to X), and had told her what hours were dedicated to the hateful task. "Oh, if only it were a novel!" she thought as she mounted his dingy stairs; but immediately reflected that, if it were the kind that she could bear to read, it probably wouldn't bring him in much more than his encyclopedia. Miss Branch had her standards in literature——

The apartment to which Mr. Lansing admitted her was a good deal cleaner, but hardly less dingy, than his staircase. Susy, knowing him to be addicted to Oriental archeology, had pictured him in a bare room adorned by a single Chinese bronze of flawless shape, or by some precious fragment of Asiatic pottery. But such redeeming features were conspicuously absent, and no attempt had been made to disguise the decent indigence of the bed-sitting-room.

Lansing welcomed his visitor with every sign of pleasure, and with apparent indifference as to what she thought of his furniture. He seemed to be conscious only of his luck in seeing her on a day when they had not expected to meet. This made Susy all the sorrier to execute her promise, and the gladder that she had put on her prettiest hat; and for a moment or two she looked at him in silence from under its conniving brim.

Warm as had been their mutual liking was, Lansing had never said a word of love to her; but this was no deterrent to his visitor, whose habit it was to speak her meaning clearly when there were no reasons, worldly or pecuniary, for its concealment. After a moment, therefore, she told him why she had come; it was a nuisance, of course, but he would understand. Ursula Gillow was jealous, and they must give up seeing each other.

The young man's burst of laughter was music to her; for, after all, she had been rather afraid that being devoted to Ursula might be as much in his day's work as doing the encyclopedia.

"But I give you my word it's a raving-mad mistake! And I don't believe she ever meant *me*, to begin with—" he protested; but Susy, her common sense returning with her reassurance, promptly cut short his denial.

"You can trust Ursula to make herself clear on such occasions. And it doesn't make any difference what you think. All that matters is what *she* believes."

"Oh, come! I've got a word to say about that, too, haven't I?"

Susy looked slowly and consideringly about the room. There was nothing in it, absolutely nothing, that showed he had ever possessed a spare dollar—or accepted a present.

"Not as far as I'm concerned," she pronounced.

"How do you mean? If I'm as free as air——?"

"I'm not."

He grew thoughtful. "Oh, then, of course— It only seems a little odd," he added dryly, "that in that case the protest should come from Mrs. Gillow."

"Instead of coming from my millionaire bridegroom? Oh, I haven't any; in that respect I'm as free as you."

"Well, then—? Haven't we only got to stay free?"

Susy drew her brows together anxiously. It was going to be rather more difficult than she had supposed.

"I said I was as free in that respect. I'm not going to be married—and I don't suppose you are?"

"God, no!" he ejaculated fervently.

"But that doesn't always imply complete freedom——"

HE STOOD just above her, leaning his elbow against the hideous black marble arch that framed his fireless grate. As she glanced up she saw his face harden, and the color flew to hers.

"Was that what you came to tell me?" he asked.

"Oh, you don't understand—and I don't see why you don't, since we've knocked about so long among the same kind of people." She stood up and laid her hand on his arm. "I do wish you'd help me——!"

He remained motionless, letting her hand lie untouched. "Help you to tell me that poor Ursula was a pretext, and that there's some one who—for one reason or another—really has a right to object to your seeing me too often?"

Susy laughed impatiently. "You talk like the hero of a novel—the kind my governess used to read. In the first place I should never recognize that kind of right—never!"

"Then what kind do you?" he asked with a clearing brow.

"Why—the kind I suppose you recognize on the part of your publisher." This evoked a hollow laugh from him. "A business claim, call it. Ursula does a lot for me: I live on her for half the year. This dress I've got on is one she gave me.

"Her motor is going to take me to a dinner to-night. I'm going to spend next Summer with her at Newport. If I don't, I've got to go to California with the Bockheimers—so good-by."

Suddenly in tears, she was out of the door and down his steep three flights before he could stop her—tho, in thinking it over, she didn't even remember if he had tried to.

She only recalled having stood a long time on the corner of Fifth Avenue, in the harsh Winter radiance, waiting till a break in the torrent of motors laden with fashionable women should let her cross, and saying to herself,

"After all, I might have promised Ursula and kept on seeing him——"

Instead of which, when Lansing wrote the next day entreating a word with her, she had sent back a friendly but firm refusal; and had managed soon afterward to get taken to Canada for a fortnight's skiing, and then to Florida for six weeks on a houseboat——

As she reached this point in her retrospect the remembrance of Florida called up a

"NEVER HAD SHE HAD SUCH A SENSE OF BEING TRIPPED UP, GAGGED, AND PINIONED"

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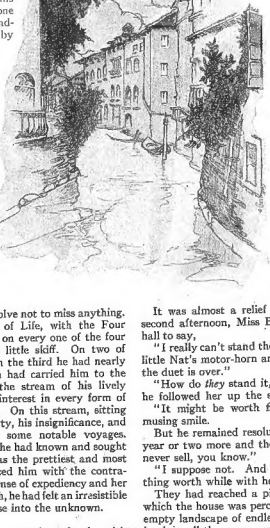
vision of moonlit waters, magnolia fragrance, and balmy airs; merging with the circumambient sweetness, it laid a drowsy spell upon her lids.

Yes, there had been a bad moment, but it was over; and she was here, safe and blissful, and with Nick; and this was his knee her head rested on, and they had a year ahead of them—a whole year— "Not counting the pearls," she murmured, shutting her eyes.

Lansing threw the end of Streffford's expensive cigar into the lake, and bent over his wife. Poor child! She had fallen asleep. He leaned back and stared up again at the moon-filled heavens. How queer—how inexpressibly queer—it was to think that that light was shed by his honeymoon! A year ago, if any one had predicted his risking such an adventure, he would have replied by asking to be locked up at the first symptoms.

There was still no doubt in his mind that the adventure was a mad one. It was well enough for Susy to remind him twenty times a day that they had pulled it off—and so why should he worry? Even in the light of her far-seeing cleverness, and of his own present bliss, he knew the future would not bear the examination of sober thought. And as he sat there in the moonlight, with her head on his knee, he tried to recapitulate the successive steps that had landed them on Streffy's lake-front.

On Lansing's side, no doubt, it dated back to his leaving Harvard with the large resolve not to miss anything. There stood the evergreen Tree of Life, with the Four Rivers flowing from its foot; and on every one of the four currents he meant to launch his little skiff. On two of them he had not gone very far, on the third he had nearly stuck in the mud, but the fourth had carried him to the very heart of wonder. It was the stream of his lively imagination, of his inexhaustible interest in every form of beauty and strangeness and folly. On this stream, sitting in the tight little craft of his poverty, his insignificance, and his independence, he had made some notable voyages. And so, when Susy Branch, whom he had known and sought out through a New York season as the prettiest and most amusing girl in sight, had surprized him with the contradictory revelation of her modern sense of expediency and her old-fashioned standard of good faith, he had felt an irresistible desire to put off on one more cruise into the unknown.



IT WAS of the essence of the adventure that, after her visit to his lodgings, he should have kept his promise and not tried to see her. Even if her straightforwardness had not roused his emulation, his understanding of her difficulties would have moved his pity. He knew on how frail a thread the popularity of the penniless hangs, and how miserably his friend was the sport of other people's moods and whims. It was part of his difficulty and hers that to get what they liked they so often had to do what they disliked. But the keeping of his promise was a greater bore than he had expected. Susy Branch had become a delightful habit in a life where most of the fixed things were dull, and her disappearance had made it suddenly clear to him that his resources were growing more and more limited. Much that had once amused him hugely now amused him less, or not at all; a good part of his world of wonder had shrunk to a village peep-show. And the things which had kept their value—distant journeys, the enjoyment of art, the contact with new scenes—were becoming less and less attainable.

Lansing had never had more than a pittance; he had spent rather too much of it in his first plunge into life, and the best he could look forward to was a middle age of poorly paid hack-work, mitigated by brief and frugal holidays. He knew that he was more intelligent than the average, but he had long since learned that his talents were not marketable. Of the thin volume of sonnets which a friendly publisher had launched for him, just seventy copies had been sold; and tho his essay on "Chinese Influences in Greek Art" had created a passing stir, it had resulted in controversial correspondence and dinner invitations rather than in more substantial benefits. There seemed, in short, no prospect of his ever earning money, and his restricted future made him attach an increasing value to the kind of friendship that Susy Branch had given him.

Apart from the pleasure of looking at her and listening to her—of enjoying in her what others less discriminatingly but as liberally appreciated—he had the sense, between himself and her, of a kind of Freemasonry of precocious tolerance and irony. They had both taken the measure of the world they happened to live in; they knew just what it was worth to them and for what reasons, and the community of these reasons gave their intimacy its last exquisite touch. And now, because of some jealous whim of a dissatisfied fool of a woman, as to whom he felt himself no more to blame than any young man who has paid good dinners by good manners, he was to be deprived of the one complete companionship he had ever known.

His thoughts traveled on. He recalled the long Spring in New York after his break with Susy, the weary grind on his last articles, his dull speculations as to the cheapest and least boring way of disposing of the Summer, and then the amazing luck of going, reluctantly and at the last minute, to spend a Sunday with the poor Nat Fulmers in the wilds of New Hampshire, and of finding Susy there—Susy, whom he had never even suspected of knowing them!

She had behaved perfectly—and so had he—but they were obviously much too glad to see each other. And then it was unsettling to be with her at the Fulmers', away from it was unsettling to be with her at the Fulmers', away from the large setting of luxury in which he and she had always met, in the cramped cottage where their host had his studio in the veranda, their hostess practised her violin in the dining-room, and three ubiquitous children sprawled and shouted and blew trumpets and put tadpoles in the water-jugs, and the midday dinner was two hours late—and proportionately bad—because the Italian cook was posing for Fulmer.

Lansing's first thought had been that meeting Susy in such circumstances would be the best way to cure them both of their regrets. The case of the Fulmers was an awful object-lesson in what would happen to them if they lost their heads; poor Nat had gone to seed so terribly—and Grace, at twenty-seven, would never again be anything but the woman of whom people say, "I can remember her when she was lovely."

But the devil of it was that Nat had never been such good company, or Grace so free from care and so full of music; and that, in spite of their disorder and dishevelment, and the food and general crazy discomfort, there was more amusement to be got out of their society than out of the most opulently staged house-party through which Susy and Lansing had ever yawned their way.

It was almost a relief to the young man when, on the second afternoon, Miss Branch drew him into the narrow hall to say,

"I really can't stand the combination of Grace's violin and little Nat's motor-horn any longer. Do let us slip out till the duet is over."

"How do *they* stand it, I wonder?" he basely echoed, as he followed her up the steep path behind the house.

"It might be worth finding out," she rejoined with a musing smile.

But he remained resolutely skeptical. "Oh, give them a year or two more and they'll collapse—! His pictures will never sell, you know."

"I suppose not. And she'll never have time to do anything worth while with her music."

They had reached a piny knoll high above the ledge on which the house was perched. All about them stretched an empty landscape of endless wooded hills. "Think of sticking here all the year round!" Lansing groaned.

"I know. But then think of wandering over the world with some people!"

"Oh, Lord, yes. For instance, my trip to India with the Mortimer Hickses. But it was my only chance —and what the deuce is one to do?"

"I wish I knew!" she sighed, thinking of the Bockheimers; and he turned and looked at her.

"Knew what?"

"The answer to your question. What *is* one to do—when one sees both sides of the problem? Or every possible side of it, indeed?"

They had seated themselves on a commanding rock under the pines, but Lansing could not see the view at their feet for the stir of the brown lashes on her cheek.

"You mean: Nat and Grace may after all be having the best of it?"

"How can I say, when I've told you I see all the sides? Of course," Susy added hastily, "*I* couldn't live like that for a week. But it's wonderful how little it's dimmed them."

"Certainly Nat was never more coruscating. And she keeps it up even better." He reflected. "We do them good, I dare say."

"Yes—or they us. I wonder which?"

After that he seemed to remember that they sat a long time silent, and that his next utterance was a boyish outburst against the tyranny of the existing order of things, followed by the passionate query why, since he and she couldn't alter it, and since they both had the habit of looking at facts as they were, they wouldn't be utter fools not to take the chance of being happy in the only way open to them? To this challenge he did not recall Susy's making any definite answer; but after another interval, in which all the world seemed framed in a sudden kiss, he heard her murmur to herself in a brooding tone, "I don't suppose it's ever been tried; but we might—" And then and there she had laid before him the very experiment they had since hazarded.

SHE would have none of surreptitious bliss, she began by declaring; and she set forth her reasons with her usual lucid detachment. In the first place, she should have to marry some day, and when she made the bargain she meant it to be an honest one; and secondly, in the matter of love, she would never give herself to any one she did not really care for, and if such happiness came to her she did not want it shorn of half its brightness by the need of fibbing and plotting and dodging.

"I've seen too much of that kind of thing. Half the women I know who've had lovers have had them for the fun of sneaking and lying about it; but the other half have been miserable. And I should be miserable."

It was at this point that she unfolded her plan. Why shouldn't they marry; belong to each other openly and honorably, if for ever so short a time, and with the definite understanding that whenever either of them got the chance to do better he or she should be immediately released? The laws of their country facilitated such exchanges, and society was beginning to view them as indulgently as justice. As Susy talked she warmed to her theme and developed its endless possibilities.

"We should really, in a way, help more than we should hamper each other," she ardently explained. "We both know the ropes so well; what one of us didn't see the other might—in the way of opportunities, I mean. And then we should be a novelty as married people. We're both rather unusually popular—why not be frank?—and it's such a blessing for dinner-givers to be able to count on a couple of whom neither one is a blank. Yes, I think we should be more than twice the success we are now; at least," she added with a smile, "if there's that amount of room for improvement. I don't know how you feel; a man's popularity is so much less precarious than a girl's—but I know it would furbish me up tremendously to reappear as a married woman." She glanced away from him down the long valley at their feet, and added, "And I should like, just for a little while, to feel I had something in life of my very own—something that nobody had lent me, like a motor or an opera-cloak."

THE suggestion, at first, had seemed to Lansing as mad as it was enchanting; it had thoroughly frightened him. But her arguments were irrefutable, her ingenuities inexhaustible. Had he ever thought it all out? she asked. No. Well, she had; and would he kindly not interrupt? In the first place, there would be all the wedding-presents. Jewels, and a motor, and a silver dinner-service, did she mean? Not a bit of it! She could see he'd never given the question proper thought. Checks, my dear, nothing but checks—she undertook to manage that on her side; she really thought she could count on about fifty, and she supposed he could rake up a few more? Well, that would simply represent pocket-money! For they would have plenty of houses to live in; he'd see. People were always glad to lend their houses to a newly married couple. It was such fun to pop down and see them; it made one feel romantic and jolly. All they need do was to accept the houses in turn; go on honeymooning for a year.

What was he afraid of? Didn't he think they'd be happy enough to want to keep it up? And why not at least try—get engaged, and see what would happen? Even if she were all wrong, and her plan failed, wouldn't it have been rather nice, just for a month or two, to fancy they were going to be happy? "I've often fancied it all by myself," she concluded; but fancying it together would be so awfully different."

That was how it began; and this lakeside dream was what it had led up to. Fantastically improbable as

"THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE WORLD HALF AS

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they had seemed, all her previsions had come true. If there were links in the chain that Lansing had never been able to put his hand on, arrangements and adjustments that needed further elucidation, why, he was lazily resolved to clear them up with her some day; and meanwhile it was worth all the past might have cost, and every penalty the future might exact of him, just to be sitting here in the silence and sweetness, her sleeping head on his knee, clasped in his joy as the hushed world was clasped in moonlight.

He stooped down and kissed her. "Wake up," he said; "it's bedtime."

THEIR month of Como was within a few hours of ending. Till the last moment they had hoped for a reprieve; but the accommodating Streffy had been unable to put the villa at their disposal for a longer time, since he had had the luck to let it for a thumping price to some beastly bounders who insisted on taking possession at the date agreed on.

Lansing, leaving Susy's side at dawn, had gone down to the lake for a last plunge; and, swimming homeward through the crystal light, he looked up at the garden brimming with flowers, the long, low house with the cypress wood above it, and the window behind which his wife still slept. The month had been exquisite, and their happiness as rare, as fantastically complete, as the scene before him. He sank his chin into the sunlit ripples and sighed for sheer content.

It was a bore to be leaving the scene of such complete well-being, but the next stage in their progress promised to be hardly less delightful. Susy was a magician; everything she predicted came true. Houses were being showered on them; on all sides he seemed to see beneficent spirits winging toward them laden with everything from a *piano nobile* in Venice to a camp in the Adirondacks. For the present they had decided on the former. Other considerations apart, they dared not risk the expense of a journey across the Atlantic; so they were heading instead for the Nelson Vanderlyns' palace on the Giudecca. They were agreed that, for reasons of expediency, it might be wise to return to New York for the coming Winter. It would keep them in view, and probably lead to fresh opportunities; indeed, Susy already had in mind the convenient fiat that she was sure a migratory cousin (if tactfully handled, and assured that they would not overwork her cook) could certainly be induced to lend them. Meanwhile the need of making plans was still remote; and if there were one art in which young Lansing's twenty-eight years of existence had perfected him, it was that of living completely and unconcernedly in the present.

If of late he had tried to look into the future more insistently than was his habit, it was only because of Susy. He had meant, when they married, to be as philosophic for her as for himself; and he knew she would have resented above everything his regarding their partnership as a reason for anxious thought. But since they had been together she had given him glimpses of her past that made him angrily long to shelter and defend her future. It was intolerable that a spirit as fine as hers should be ever so little dulled or diminished by the kind of compromises out of which their wretched lives were made.

For himself he didn't care a hang; he had composed for his own guidance a rough-and-ready code, a short set of "mays" and "mustn'ts" which immensely simplified his course. There were things a fellow put up with for the sake of certain definite and otherwise unattainable advantages; there were other things he wouldn't traffic with at any price. But for a woman, he began to see, it might be different. The temptations might be greater, the cost considerably higher, the dividing line between the "mays" and "mustn'ts" more fluctuating and less sharply drawn. Susy, thrown on the world at seventeen, with only a weak wastrel of a father to define that treacherous line for her, and with every circumstance soliciting her to overstep it, seemed to have been preserved chiefly by an innate scorn of most of the objects of human folly. "Such trash as he went to pieces for," was her curt comment on her parent's premature demise; as tho she accepted in advance the necessity of ruining oneself for something, but was resolved to discriminate firmly between what was worth it and what wasn't.

This philosophy had at first enchanted Lansing; but now it began to rouse vague fears. The fine armor of her fastidiousness had preserved her from the kind of risks she had hitherto been exposed to; but what if others, more subtle, found a joint in it? Was there, among her delicate discriminations, any equivalent to his own rules? Might not her taste for the best and rarest be the very instrument of her undoing; and if something that wasn't "trash" came her way, would she hesitate a second to go to pieces for it?

He was determined to stick to the compact that they should do nothing to interfere with what each referred to as the other's "chance," but what if, when hers came, he couldn't agree with her in recognizing it? He wanted for her, oh, so passionately, the best; but his conception of that best had so insensibly, so subtly been transformed in the light of their first month together!

HIS lazy strokes were carrying him slowly shoreward; but the hour was so exquisite that a few yards from the landing he laid hold of the mooring-rope of Streffy's boat and floated there, following his dream. It was a bore to be leaving; no doubt that was what made him turn things inside out so uselessly. Venice would be delicious, of course; but nothing would ever again be as sweet as this. And then they had only a year of security before them; and of that year a month was gone.

Reluctantly he swam ashore, walked up to the house, and pushed open the window of the cool, painted drawing-room. Signs of departure were already visible. There were trunks in the hall, tennis-rackets on the stairs; on the landing the cook, Giulietta, had both arms around a slippery hold-all that refused to let itself be strapped. It all gave him a chill sense of unreality, as if the past month had been an act on the stage, and its setting were being folded away and rolled into the wings to make room for another play in which he and Susy had no part.

By the time he came down again, dressed and hungry, to the terrace where coffee awaited him, he had recovered his usual pleasant sense of security. Susy was there; fresh and gay, a rose in her breast and the sun in her hair. Her head was bowed over Bradshaw, but she waved a fond hand across the breakfast things, and presently looked up to say,

"Yes, I believe we can just manage it."

"Manage what?"

"To catch the train at Milan—if we start in the motor at ten sharp."

"The motor? What motor?"

"Why, the new people's motor—Streffy's tenants. I never can remember their name. The chauffeur's is Ottaviano, anyhow; I've been making friends with him. He arrived last night, and he says they're not due at Como till this evening. He simply jumped at the idea of running us over to Milan."

"Good Lord—" said Lansing when she stopped.

She sprang up from the table with a laugh. "It will be a scramble; but I can do it, if you'll go up at once and pitch the last things into your trunk."

"Yes; but look here—have you any idea what it's going to cost?"

She raised her eyebrows gaily. "Why, a good deal less than our railway tickets. Ottaviano's got a sweetheart in Milan, and hasn't seen her for six months. When I found that out I knew he'd be going there anyhow."

It was clever of her, and he laughed. But why was it that he had grown to shrink from even such harmless evidence of her always knowing how to "manage"? "Oh, well," he said to himself, "she's right; the fellow would be sure to be going to Milan."

Up-stairs, on the way to his dressing-room, he found her in a cloud of finery which her skilful hands were forcibly compressing into a last portmanteau. He had never seen any one pack as cleverly as Susy; the way she got reluctant things into a trunk was a symbol of the way she fitted discordant facts into her life. "When I'm rich," she often said, "the thing I shall hate most will be to see an idiot maid at my trunks."

As he passed she glanced over her shoulder, her face pink with the struggle, and drew a cigar-box from the depths. "Dearest, do put a couple of cigars into your pocket as a tip for Ottaviano."

Lansing stared. "Why, what on earth are you doing with Streffy's cigars?"

"Packing them, of course. You don't suppose he meant them for those other people?" She gave him a look of honest wonder.

"I don't know whom he meant them for—but they're not ours."

She continued to look at him wonderingly. "I don't see what there is to be solemn about. The cigars are not Streffy's either—you may be sure he got them out of some bounder. And there's nothing he'd hate more than to have them passed on to another."

"Nonsense. If they're not Streffy's they're much less mine. Hand them over, dear."

"Just as you please. But it does seem a waste; and of course the other people will never have one of them. The gardener and Giulietta's lover will see to that!"

Lansing looked away from her at the waves of lace and muslin from which she emerged like a rosy Nereid. "How many boxes of them are left?"

"Only four."

"Unpack them, please."

BEFORE she moved there was a pause so full of challenge that Lansing had time for an exasperated sense of the disproportion between his anger and its cause. And this made him still angrier.

She held out a box. "The others are in your suitcase down-stairs. It's locked and strapped."

"Give me the key, then."

"We might send them back from Venice, mightn't we? That lock is so nasty; it will take you half an hour."

"Give me the key, please." She gave it.

He went down-stairs and battled with the lock, for the allotted half-hour, under the puzzled eyes of Giulietta and the sardonic grin of the chauffeur, who now and then, from the threshold, politely reminded him how long it would take to get to Milan. Finally the key turned, and Lansing, broken-nailed and perspiring, extracted the cigars and stalked with them into the deserted drawing-room. The great bunches of golden roses that he and Susy had gathered the day before were dropping their petals on the marble embroidery of the floor, pale camellias floated in the alabaster tazzas between the windows, haunting scents of the garden blew in on him with the breeze from the lake. Never had Streffy's little house seemed so like a nest of pleasures. He laid the cigar-boxes on a console and ran up-stairs to collect his last possessions. When he came down again, his wife, her eyes brilliant with achievement, was seated in their borrowed chariot, the luggage cleverly stowed away, and Giulietta and the gardener kissing her hand and weeping out inconsolable farewells.

"I wonder what she's given *them?*" he thought as he jumped in beside her and the motor whirled them through the nightingale-thickets to the gate.

Charlie Strefford's villa was like a nest in a rose-bush; the Nelson Vanderlyns' *piano nobile* called for loftier analogies.

UGLY AND UNTIDY AND DELIGHTFUL AS STREFFY: NO ONE WHO COMBINED SUCH OUTSPOKEN SELFISHNESS WITH SUCH GOOD-HUMOR"

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Its vastness and splendor seemed, in comparison, oppressive to Susy. Their landing, after dark, at the foot of the great shadowy staircase, their dinner at a dimly lit table under a ceiling weighed down with Olympians, their chilly evening in a corner of a drawing-room where minuets should have been danced before a throne, contrasted with the happy intimacies of Como as their sudden sense of constraint contrasted with mutual confidence of the day before.

The journey had been very gay; both Susy and Lansing had had too long a discipline in the art of smoothing things over not to make a special effort to hide from each other the ravages of their first disagreement. But the disagreement remained; and compunction for having been its cause gnawed at Susy's bosom as she sat in her tapestried and vaulted bedroom, brushing her hair before a tarnished mirror.

"I thought I liked grandeur; but this place is really out of scale," she mused, watching the reflection of a pale hand move backward and forward in the dim recesses of the mirror.

"And yet," she continued, "Ellie Vanderlyn's hardly half an inch taller than I am; and she certainly isn't a bit more dignified. I wonder if it's because I feel so horribly small tonight that the place seems so immense?"

SHE loved luxury; splendid things always made her feel handsome and high ceilings arrogant; she did not remember having ever before been oppressed by the evidences of wealth.

She laid down the brush and leaned her chin on her clasped hands. Even now she could not understand what had made her take the cigars. She had always been alive to the value of her inherited scruples; her opinions were unusually free, but with regard to the things one couldn't reason about she was oddly tenacious. And yet she had taken Streffy's cigars! She had taken them—yes, that was the point—she had taken them for Nick, because the desire to please him, to make the smallest details of his life easy and agreeable to his luxurious, had become her absorbing preoccupation. She had committed for him precisely the kind of little baseness she would most have scorned to commit for herself; and, since he hadn't instantly understood the difference, she would never be able to make him see it.

She stood up with a sigh, shook out her loosened hair, and glanced around the great frescoed room. The maid servant had said something about the signora's having left a letter for her; and there it lay on the writing-table, with her mail and Nick's; a thick envelop addressed in Ellie's childish scrawl, with a glaring "Private" dashed across the corner.

"What on earth can she have to say, when she hates writing so?" Susy mused.

She broke open the envelop, and four or five stamped and sealed letters fell from it. All were addressed, in Ellie's hand, to Nelson Vanderlyn, Esq.; and in the corner of each were faintly penciled a number and a date: one, two, three, four—with a week's interval between the dates.

"Goodness—" gasped Susy, understanding.

She had dropped into an armchair near the table, and for a long time she sat staring at the numbered letters. A sheet of paper covered with Ellie's writing had fluttered out among them, but she let it lie; she knew so well what it would say! She knew all about her friend, of course; except poor old Nelson, who didn't? But she had never imagined that Ellie would dare to use her in this way. It was unbelievable—she had never pictured anything so vile. The blood rushed to her face, and she sprang up angrily, half minded to tear the letters in bits and throw them into the fire.

"SHE WAS AWARE ONLY OF THE WARM CURRENT RUNNING FROM PALM TO PALM AS THEY STOOD SILENT IN THE ENVELOPING LOVELINESS OF THE NIGHT"

She heard her husband's knock, and swept the dangerous packet under the blotting-book.

"Oh, go away, please; there's a dear," she called out; "I haven't finished unpacking, and everything's in such a mess." Gathering up Nick's papers and letters, she ran across the room and thrust them through the door. "Here's something to keep you quiet," she laughed, shining in on him an instant from the threshold.

SHE turned back, feeling weak with shame. Ellie's letter lay on the floor; reluctantly she stopped to pick it up, and one by one the expected phrases sprang out at her.

"One good turn deserves another. . . . Of course you and Nick are welcome to stay all Summer. . . . There won't be a particle of expense for you—the servants have orders. . . . If you'll just be an angel and post these yourself. . . . It's been my only chance for such an age; when we meet I'll explain everything. And in a month at latest I'll be back to fetch Clarissa."

Susy lifted the letter to the lamp to be sure she had read aright. To fetch Clarissa! Then Ellie's child was here? Here, under the roof with them, left to their care? She read on, raging. "She's so delighted, poor darling, to know you're coming. I've had to sack her beastly governess for impertinence, and if it weren't for you she'd be all alone with a lot of servants I don't much trust. So for pity's sake be good to my child, and forgive me for leaving her. She thinks I've gone to take a cure; and she knows she's not to tell her daddy because it would only worry him if he thought I was ill. She's perfectly to be trusted; you'll see what a clever angel she is." And then, at the bottom of the page, in a last slanting postscript, "Susy darling, if you've ever owed me anything in the way of kindness, you won't, on your sacred honor, say a word of this to any one, even to Nick. *And I know I can count on you to rub out the numbers.*"

Susy sprang up and tossed the letter into the fire; then she came slowly back to the chair. There, at her elbow, lay the four fatal envelops; and her next affair was to make up her mind what to do with them.

TO DESTROY them on the spot had seemed at first thought inevitable; it might be saving Ellie as well as herself. But such a step seemed to Susy to involve departure on the morrow, and this in turn involved notifying Ellie, whose letter she had vainly scanned for an address. Well—perhaps Clarissa's nurse would know where one could write to her mother; it was unlikely that even Ellie would go off without assuring some means of communication with her child. At any rate, there was nothing to be done that night; nothing but to work out the details of their flight on the morrow, and rack her brains to find a substitute for the hospitality they were rejecting. Susie did not disguise from herself that she had counted on the Vanderlyn apartment for the Summer; to be able to do so had singularly simplified the future. She knew Ellie's largeness of hand, and had been sure in advance that as long as they were her guests their only expense would be an occasional present to the servants. And what would the alternative be?

She and Lansing, in their endless talks, had so lived themselves into the vision of indolent Summer days on the lagoon, of flaming hours on the beach of the Lido, and evenings of music and dreams on their broad balcony above the Giudecca, that the idea of having to renounce these joys, and deprive her Nick of them, filled Susy with a wrath intensified by his having confided in her that when they were quietly settled in Venice, he "meant to write." Already nascent in her breast was the fierce resolve of the author's wife to defend her husband's privacy, and facilitate his encounters with the Muse. It was abominable, simply abominable, that Ellie Vanderlyn should have drawn her into such a trap!

Well—there was nothing for it but to make a clean breast of the whole thing to Nick. The trivial incident of the cigars—how trivial it now seemed!—showed her the kind of stand he would take, and communicated to her something of his own stern energy. She would tell him the whole story in the morning, and try to find a way out with him. Susy's faith in her power of finding a way out was inexhaustible. But suddenly she remembered the adjuration at the end of Mrs. Vanderlyn's letter, "If you've ever owed me anything in the way of kindness, you won't, on your sacred honor, say a word to Nick."

It was, of course, exactly what no one had the right to ask of her; if indeed the word "right" could be used in any conceivable relation to this coil of wrongs. But the fact remained that, in the way of kindness, she did owe much to Ellie, and that this was the first payment her friend had ever exacted. She found herself, in fact, in exactly the same position as when Ursula Gillow, using the same argument, had appealed to her to give up Nick Lansing. Yes, Susy reflected; but then Nelson Vanderlyn had been kind to her too; and the money Ellie had been so kind with was Nelson's. The queer edifice of Susy's standards tottered on its base—she honestly didn't know where fairness lay as between so much that was false.

The very depth of her perplexity puzzled her. She had been in "tight places" before; had indeed been in so few that were not, in one way or another, constricting! As she looked back on her past it lay before her as a very network of perpetual concessions and contrivings. But never before had she had such a sense of being tripped up, gagged, and pinioned. The little misery of the cigars still galled her, and now this big humiliation superposed itself on the raw wound. Decidedly, the second month of their honeymoon was beginning cloudily.

She glanced at the enameled traveling-clock on her dressing-table—one of the few wedding-presents she had consented to accept in kind—and was startled at the lateness of the hour. In a moment Nick would be coming; and an uncomfortable sensation in her throat warned her that through sheer nervousness and exasperation she might blurt out something ill-advised. The old habit of being always on her guard made her turn to the looking-glass. Her face was pale and tired; and having, by a swift and skilful application of cosmetics, increased its appearance of fatigue, she crossed the room and softly opened her husband's door.

He too sat by a lamp, bending over a letter which he put aside as she entered. His face was grave, and she told herself that he was certainly thinking about the cigars.

"I'm very tired, dearest, and my head aches so horribly that I've come to say good night." She laid her arms on his shoulders, and he lifted his hands to clasp hers. But she

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noticed that his look was still serious, almost remote; it was as if, for the first time, a faint veil hung between his eyes and hers.

"I'm so sorry; it's been a long day for you," he said absently, pressing his lips to her hands.

She felt the dreaded twitch in her throat.

"Nick!" she burst out, tightening her embrace, "before I go you've got to swear to me on your honor that you *know* I should never have taken those cigars for myself!"

For a moment he stared at her and she stared back at him with equal gravity; then the same irresistible laugh broke from both, and Susy's fears and shames were swept away in a tempest of mirth.

WHEN she woke the next morning the sun was pouring in between her curtains of old brocade, and its refraction from the ripples of the canal was drawing a network of golden scales across the vaulted ceiling. The maid had just placed a tray on a slim marquetry table near the bed, and over the edge of the tray Susy discovered the small, serious face of Clarissa Vanderlyn. At the sight of the little girl all her dormant qualms awoke.

Clarissa was just eight, but small for her age; her little round chin was barely on a level with the tea-service, and her clear brown eyes gazed at Susy between the ribs of the toast-rack and the single tea-rose in an old Murano glass. Susy had not seen her for two years, and she seemed, in the interval, to have passed from a thoughtful infancy to complete ripeness of feminine experience. She was looking with approval at her mother's guest.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said in a small, sweet voice. "I like you so very much. I know I'm not to be often with you, but at least you'll have an eye on me, won't you?"

"An eye on you! I shall never want to have it off you, if you say such nice things to me!" Susy laughed, leaning from her pillows to draw the little girl up to her side.

Clarissa smiled and settled herself down comfortably on the silken bedspread.

"Oh, I know I'm not to be always about, because you're just married; but *could* you see to it that I have my meals regularly?"

"Why, you poor darling. Don't you always?"

"Not when mother's away on these trips. The servants don't always obey me; you see I'm so little for my age. In a few years, of course, they'll have to—even if I don't grow much," she added judiciously. She put out her hand and touched the string of pearls about Susy's throat. "They're small, but they're very good. I suppose you don't take the others when you travel?"

"The others? Bless you! I haven't any others—and never shall have, probably."

"No other pearls?"

"No other jewels at all."

Clarissa stared. "Is that *really* true?" she asked, as if in the presence of the unprecedented.

"Awfully true," Susy confessed. "But I think I can make the servants obey me, all the same."

This point seemed to have lost its interest for Clarissa, who was still gravely scrutinizing her companion.

"Did you have to give up all your jewels when you were divorced?"

"Divorced—?" Susy threw her head back against the pillows and laughed. "Why, what are you thinking of? Don't you remember that I wasn't even married the last time you saw me?"

"Yes; but that was two years ago." The little girl wound her arms about Susy's neck and leaned against her caressingly. "Are you going to be soon, then? I'll promise not to tell if you don't want me to."

"Going to be divorced? Of course not! What in the world made you think so?"

"Because you look so awfully happy," said Clarissa Vanderlyn simply.

It was a trifling enough sign, but it had remained in Susy's mind: that first morning in Venice Nick had gone out without coming in to see her. She had stayed in bed late, chatting with Clarissa, and expecting to see the door open and her husband appear; and when the child left, and she had jumped up and looked into Nick's room, she found it empty, and a line on his dressing-table informed her that he had gone out to send a telegram.

It was lover-like, and even boyish, of him to think it necessary to explain his absence; but why had he not simply come in and told her? She instinctively connected the little fact with the shade of preoccupation she had noticed on his face the night before, when she had gone to his room and found him absorbed in a letter; and while she dressed she had continued to wonder what was in the letter, and whether the telegram he had hurried out to send was an answer to it.

She had never found out. When he reappeared, handsome and happy as the morning, he proffered no explanation; and it was part of her lifelong policy not to put uncalled-for questions. It was not only that her jealous regard for her own freedom was matched by an equal respect for that of others; she had steered too long among the social reefs and shoals not to know how narrow is the passage that leads to peace of mind, and she was determined to keep her little craft in mid-channel. But the incident had lodged itself in her memory, acquiring a sort of symbolic significance, as of a turning-point in her relations with her husband. Not that these were less happy, but that she now beheld them, as she had always formerly beheld such joys, as an unstable islet in a sea of storm. Her present bliss was as complete as ever, but it was ringed by the perpetual menace of all she knew she was hiding from Nick, and of all she suspected him of hiding from her.

SHE was thinking of these things one afternoon about three weeks after their arrival in Venice. It was near sunset, and she sat alone on the balcony, watching the cross-lights on the water play above the flushed reflection of old palace-basements. She was almost always alone at that hour. Nick had taken to writing in the afternoon—he had been as good as his word, and so, apparently, had the Muse—and it was his habit to join his wife only at sunset, for a late row on the lagoon.

She had taken Clarissa, as usual, to the Giardino Pubblico, where that obliging child had politely but indifferently "played"—Clarissa joined in the diversions of her age as if conforming to an obsolete tradition—and had brought her back for a music-lesson, echoes of which now drifted down from a distant window.

Susy had come to be extremely thankful for Clarissa. But for the little girl, her pride in her husband's industry might have been tinged with a faint sense of being at times left out and forgotten; and as Nick's industry was the completest justification for their being where they were, and for her having done what she had, she was grateful to Clarissa for helping her to feel less alone. Clarissa, indeed, represented the other half of her justification; it was as much on the child's account as on Nick's that Susy had held her tongue, remained in Venice, and slipped out once a week to post one of Ellie's numbered letters. A day's experience of the Palazzo Vanderlyn had convinced Susy of the impossibility of deserting Clarissa. Long experience had shown her that the most crowded households often contain the loneliest nurseries, and that the rich child is exposed to evils unknown to less pampered infancy; but hitherto such things had merely been to her one of the uglier bits in the big muddled pattern of life. Now she found herself feeling where before she had only judged; her precarious bliss came to her charged with a new weight of pity.

She was thinking of these things, and of the approaching date of Ellie Vanderlyn's return, and of the searching truths she was storing up for that lady's private ear, when she noticed a gondola turning its prow toward the steps below the balcony. She leaned over, and a tall gentleman in shabby clothes, glancing up at her as he jumped out, waved a moldy Panama in joyful greeting.

"Streffy!" she exclaimed as joyfully; and she was halfway down the stairs when he ran up them, followed by his luggage-laden boatman.

"It's all right, I suppose? Ellie said I might come," he explained in a shrill, cheerful voice; "and I'm to have my same green room with the parrot-panels, because its furniture is already so frightfully stained with my hair-wash."

SUSY was beaming on him with the deep sense of satisfaction which his presence always produced in his friends. There was no one in the world, they all agreed, half as ugly and untidy and delightful as Streffy; no one who combined such outspoken selfishness with such imperturbable good humor; no one who knew so well how to make you believe he was being charming to you when it was you who were being charming to him.

In addition to these seductions, of which none estimated the value more accurately than their possessor, Strefford had for Susy another attraction of which he was probably unconscious. It was that of being the one rooted and stable being among the fluid and shifting figures that composed her world. Susy had always lived among people so denationalized that those one took for Russian generally turned out to be American, and those one was inclined to ascribe to New York proved to have originated in Rome or Bucharest. These cosmopolitan people, who, in countries not their own, lived in houses as big as hotels, or in hotels where the guests were as international as the waiters, had intermarried, interloved, and interdivorced each other over the whole face of Europe, and according to every code that attempts to regulate human ties.

Strefford, too, had his home in this world, but only one of his homes. The other, the one he spoke of, and probably thought of, least often, was a great dull English house in a hunting county, where a life as monotonous and self-contained as his own was checkered and dispersed had gone

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"SHE NOW VIEWED THE REST OF LIFE AS NO MORE THAN A SHOW: A JOLLY SHOW WHICH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND PITIES TO MISS, BUT WHICH, IF THE NEED AROSE, THEY COULD GET UP AND LEAVE AT ANY MOMENT"

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WHEN A MAN RULES

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

WISDOM, say I, Costa, who have ruled the strongest tribe of Gipsies this side of the Danube and the Black Sea; wisdom, say I, should be used in life as a cook uses salt and pepper; just enough to flavor the food. One can not make a dish of salt or pepper. A life lived entirely as guided by the finger of wisdom is a dish of salt or pepper.

A man need not be afraid to get into the mud to cross the marshes. One need have high arches; all the dirt will flow underneath. The mind, too, and the soul should be high-arched bridges that give free flow to all the unclean thoughts and feelings.

That is why some men can walk through mire and come out clean, and others seem to be made so that all the dirt of miles around gathers on and about them.

And another thing before I tell you why I am no longer chief of my tribe. Time can not change copper into gold. Because you have known a man twenty years, that does not make him your friend. If he was not gold, time will not make him so. And so it is with love: when you have not loved at first sight you will never love. You will only rub the copper to a polish until it looks like gold; but when you will ring it on the test-stone the hollowness of its sound will mock you and call you the fool you have been all these years during which you have polished the piece of copper.

The snow was yet knee-deep, the waters of the Danube frozen into steel-blue sheets, the wolf was still howling every morning, but the shadow of belated Spring had already shown itself in our camp. The eyes of the women changed color, and the steps of the men became lighter. The coats of the horses began to shine, and the dogs lifted their noses and stretched fore paws when called.

What mattered it if the plains were yet under white blankets? Spring was in the blood.

We had been in that camp from the early Winter, and it had been a hard Winter. The wind blew from the land of the Russians daily. The snow-storms followed one another. It seemed as tho the earth would never be green again, the river never flow, that the crows had eaten all the birds, and the wolves all the ewes. And the hearts of men, from the Black Sea to the Danube, were heavy and slow. Sender Mechmet, the Tatar chief, came one morning with his youngest wife and begged us to Winter her in one of our huts. We did so. His thatched-roof house, forty miles from our camp, had been blown away by the wind. His other wives had died of cold before reaching our camp. We took her in, and gave him a place to stay, near the horses. But he would not have it. In time of misfortune, he said, the chief's place is among his people. He was right. Now our tribe will be able to travel everywhere. No Tatar will ever molest us. For I have an amulet given me by Sender. I show it, and the wildest bashi-bazouk steps aside; for I have rendered great service to a chief.

But it is not of Sender and his wife, a beautiful young Cherckez girl, that I shall speak. We took care of her, and before Spring had come I sent for Sender and spoke to him, "Thy woman is beautiful. She is young. The sap is coming up in the trees. We have young men in the tribe, and you are my friend."

So he took her home in time.

I had given up love and loving. Zina had left me. Jorga took Genitza away from me. But somehow Sender and his wife awoke my blood. If Tertina, so young, could love Sender as she did, why could I not also be loved by a woman?

Why do I tell you all this? I only know you from yesterday. I am old and know the ways of men. There are things that I would speak of to no man, no man that I have known since childhood. Brass does not improve with age. It never becomes gold. Friendship, the feel and knowledge of it, comes at once. A wine-merchant need not drink the whole barrel when he samples it. He dips a finger in the juice, passes it over his tongue, and knows at once the quality and the vintage. It's indeed a bad sign when he has to taste the wine more than once. And another thing I will tell thee: Only good wine becomes better as it ages.

And now I will tell thee why I am no longer worthy to be the chief of the tribe. The rules laid down by Lupu, my grandfather, the greatest chief of our tribe, were: If there be one loaf in the camp give half of it to the women, and the other half cut in equal portions for all, the chief being the last to take his share. And if a chief makes a rule for his men, he must also keep it for himself. One of my rules was: Death to the woman who has betrayed her man. And it is that rule I have broken.

So, after Sender Mechmet had taken his wife, I began to look around for a woman for myself. There was not a single one in the whole tribe to kindle me back to youth. So, ere Spring was so high as to blind me, I bestrode my best horse and rode away to Kilia, where I am known to all the people. Twice I stopped and turned my horse around, nose homeward. "You are an old man," I said to myself. "Whither goest thou, O Costa?" Still I went on. How smooth the way to unhappiness! Never yet has a road been smooth but it has led to destruction. The storm seemed to have abated to make my traveling easier. Not a bear, not even a wolf-track. Not once did my horse stumble. At Cernavoda I met old friends at the inn, and we made merry and drank wine. In Macin I discovered a horse that had been stolen from a boyar two years before, and for which I had had to pay or go to prison, because they had been suspicious of me. I got the boyar to give me back my money, and the priest came in front of the inn and called aloud, "Hear, hear! It was proved Costa is an honest man. The boyar, as a Christian, asks him forgiveness through me."

WHEN I arrived at Kilia my saddle-bag was stuffed stiff with borangic silk and red belts and beads of amber and red stones. I pierced a fresh hole in my ear for a new silver earring, bought new boots, reaching high over the knees; and went to see my friend Marouf, the Tatar chief, whose harem housed women from the four corners of the earth. Not because of lust. Marouf wanted a son. But Allah, to punish him for some misdeed, let him have only sterile women. The minute a woman passed his door she was sterile. It was known that it was a curse, for women of his harem which he had sold or given away to friends had given issue to other men.

So Marouf received me in his tent. "Salaam Alechem. The narghile," he called. "Two old friends meet."

"Alechem Salaam," I answered. We broke bread together and dipped it into honey. Then we sat down on the green-and-gold Damascus-covered divan to talk matters over.

"Are thy men well, thy women, thy horses?" he asked as he offered me the pipe-stem of his narghile.

"All are well," I answered.

"Allah be thanked for the favors he bestows on my friends."

"Allah is good, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Thou hast not yet seen Marouf, hast thou, my son?

He is big and broad. His head is very big. His long hair reaches to his belt. His eyes are small and sunk well into the socket. When they are twinkling merrily they are like moving sapphires in a deep well. But when Marouf is angry those same eyes become like burning coals in a pool of blood.

He dresses in heavy brocades and cashmeres, but his step is lighter than a kitten's in the Spring; lighter and softer. And his arms are like wrought out of hammered steel. A good man to be friends with. He always owns the swiftest horse, the sharpest dagger, and the best barreled pistol. Withal a good man to be friends with.

There was no use in being roundabout with Marouf.

"I am here in quest of a wife," I said to him. "Sender Mechmet's wife was housed with us this Winter, and the sight of her and her love for Sender made me think that I could also be loved. What sayest thou?"

"Have you brought much gold in your purse?" he asked.

"If what I have be not enough, then man has gone mad and does

"WHEN A MAN PAYS WHAT I HAVE PAID FOR YOU, HE IS NOT OLD"

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"AFTER I HAD SET MY EYES ON KATRUSHA I WAS WILLING TO PAY ALL THE TRIBE OWNED"

not deserve a woman," I answered. For I knew Marouf well enough to understand that he had some one in mind, and wanted to drive a good bargain.

"Thou art wise. Old and wise. They do indeed ask such prices for women now that only young fools are willing to pay. It is a Lipovan who has talked me into wanting to see her. She would stand me six hundred ducats in gold. He is to come with her soon. But I have reconsidered. I no longer want her. Yet, should you desire her— It is better to wait and see."

So we smoked the narghile, and talked old times and horses and rivers and their ways. Then a chiaushiuc opened the door and said that a heathen with an unveiled giaour woman was waiting outside.

"Comb thy hair," Marouf told me. "It's the Lipovan and the girl."

And thus I bought Katrusha from her father, who was in need of money because of a debt to the usurer who threatened to take his home away from him. The ways of life! One sells a woman to buy a house. You sell your house to buy a woman.

SIX hundred ducats! Seven hundred I paid. For after I had set my eyes on Katrusha I was willing to pay for her all the tribe owned. Marouf said he was himself willing to pay six hundred. So I had to raise the purchase price with a full hundred, and did it, tho I was afraid to go against Marouf's desire. But I little knew Marouf. I learned later that her price was only three hundred; that he had learned from traders that I was in quest of a wife, and that he had prepared the snare for me.

The girl would not go willingly. She was afraid of me. We bound her wrists and feet, and I placed her sidewise in front of me on the horse. That night we reached Macin again. Was it because she was away from home, or because she no longer feared me? She was as trusting as a child, and I was sorry for the rope-marks on her beautiful thin wrists. "You shall ride with your arms free from to-morrow on," I said. She looked at me with her childish eyes and answered,

"You are good, but you are old. There was a young man who wanted me and whom I loved. Only he did not have the price."

"When a man pays what I have paid for you, Katrusha, he is not old; he is young," I explained.

"He is not forcing you to go with him?" asked a gendarme who had come in.

"Oh, no," she answered him; "of my own free will I go. He is so kind to take me home."

She did not blush. Her voice did not tremble. So he believed her and went away. The innkeeper put her to sleep in the same bed with his own daughter.

I ordered musicians to be brought and wine to be put on the table. And we drank and sang and danced till the cock crew. A little later, and before the peasants had gone home, there was a loud crash, as of a thousand thunders forged into one. The ice on the Danube had broken. Bells from the churches in all the villages along the river began to peal. People shouted to one another, "God is good, God is good," and the inn filled again. The men brought their wives. "God is good," and they danced. "God is good," and they drank and clinked glasses.

Katrusha talked with the people. I was afraid she might tell them. Then they would take her away and put me in prison. For ever since the Roumanians have owned the Dobrudja the laws have been against us. But she did not tell. She joked and danced and made merry. For my sake, son, for my sake. For I knew that her heart was heavy and that she wanted to cry and run away. Yet she knew also I had paid seven hundred ducats for her.

We left before noon.

"You are good," I said to her.

"Because you were kind," she answered.

And so we traveled on for many days, resting at night in inns where I told inquirers she was the daughter of a friend of mine and that I was taking her to her people.

Perhaps some people doubted what I said. But Katrusha would always say the right thing when asked. Thus they could not stop us in our travels.

I had paid seven hundred ducats for her looks only. Because the sight of her pleased me; because of her long, clean limbs and her honeyed skin; because her eyes were different from the eyes of other women; because her hair was fair, and her teeth like so many white songs, played at once on a violin.

But fool that I was! As we traveled I found out that what I had not paid for—her soul, her mind, her heart—was worth far more than the price I had paid for what I had bought. That, were one to go around with seven thousand times seven hundred ducats in his belt, and sift through the whole world on his scales, one still could not find her peer anywhere.

Never was a thing worth what you paid for it. It was either worth more or less, much less. And Marouf thought he had fooled me. He was probably laughing in his beard as he counted the few hundred ducats he had cheated me of. Thus men sometimes come into the possession of great treasures by being cheated. For if much brass is sold for gold to fools, much gold is bought for the price of brass by still greater fools.

Not once on the way did she cry. Not once did she make any move to run away, altho her wrists and feet were not bound. She talked to me about the place she had lived in and asked details about my tribe. She wanted to know how many women there were and how many men. How many children below a certain age; how many horses and cows and dogs. And as she spoke to me and I answered her she not only rose to be as much as I was, but more, much more. It shamed me to have bought for so much gold such a small part of what really was Katrusha.

Here she was. I had paid seven hundred ducats for her. We were alone. I owned her. I desired her. Yet— She was not less than I was, so I could not but wait her approval before kissing her. Oh! To take her in my arms and listen to the song of her blood. To feel her breath on my eyes. I had paid seven hundred ducats for her. I owned her. But that for which I had not paid, for which I had not the price—her soul—stood between us.

What had I bought? Let's see. Yes, I had bought a deck of cards. Of course, if I played alone, or if I wanted to cheat, I could be sure of winning.

Have you ever seen a wrestling-match in which one man lifts his arms to give the other man the best grip? It's the man who thus raises his arms who always wins. Even he be not the stronger. It's because the other one is afraid of a man who is so strong that he allows the best grip to be taken on him without fear.

That is what Katrusha did during our travel. Not for one moment did she show fear. Once we were caught by a rain, the first Spring rain, before nightfall. We found a shepherd's hole and crawled into it. It was a very narrow place. Her clothes were wet. She took off her outer garments to stretch them so that they might dry. Then as I sat down she lay down near me, with her head on my knees. "I am sleepy," was all she said. I did not as much as kiss her hair. Seven hundred ducats I had paid for her! Seven hundred! But that woman's price had been much less than her value. So I let her sleep with her head on my knees.

TEN days later we had arrived at our camp. The tents had been moved up on the plateau of a mountain because of the water that had inundated the valley below. The horses needed grazing. The very night we reached camp the starost of the village came to inquire who the Lipovan girl was, and what business had brought her there.

"Speak up, maiden," he addressed Katrusha.

"To marry Costa is why I have come here," she answered without any hesitation.

"So better get your priest and do it soon, to-morrow at the latest, for there is ugly talk in the valley," the starost, who wished us no ill, advised.

Have you ever thought of how rapidly news spreads? Words travel in seven-league boots. At times it seems as if men post themselves on the road, within hearing distance of one another, and relay the news all over the world as eagerly and as rapidly as if the weal of the earth just depended on what they heard. And bad news, ill-bringing news, travels ten times faster than good news. One could not outdistance the news of one's own death, even in spirit on a spirited steed. The anxious mother or widow will know it a thousand miles away as soon as your head has lost the power of holding itself on your neck.

"That it be as the starost says." Several of my companions approached me. "We are anxious to greet thy new woman. May God give you issue."

"There shall be four weddings to-morrow night."

And so on the morrow Katrusha was taken in hand by the women and fitted out as the bride of a chief should be.

When she appeared in the large tent she was clothed in the best of silks; yellow and red for the skirt, green for the sleeveless burnoose. On her feet she had high boots of Russian leather and on her head a white, gold-embroidered naframa. From the thin, transparent lobes of the ears hung long earrings of white gold; on her neck she had a long salba of golden ducats, and her arms were covered, from the wrists to the elbows, with bracelets of all metals, wrought in all shapes and colors. For Radu, my nephew, was the best silversmith in the whole Dobrudja. And Katrusha was the bride of a chief.

There she was: the most beautiful maiden. The one my heart longed for. Mine; I had bought her. Seven hundred ducats in gold I had paid for her. They were all envying me. Beside her the three other brides looked like pullets after a rain compared to a pheasant in full plumage. She was mine. So our priest had said. But—I knew it was not so. It could not be so. Because of what she possessed for which I had not paid, for which

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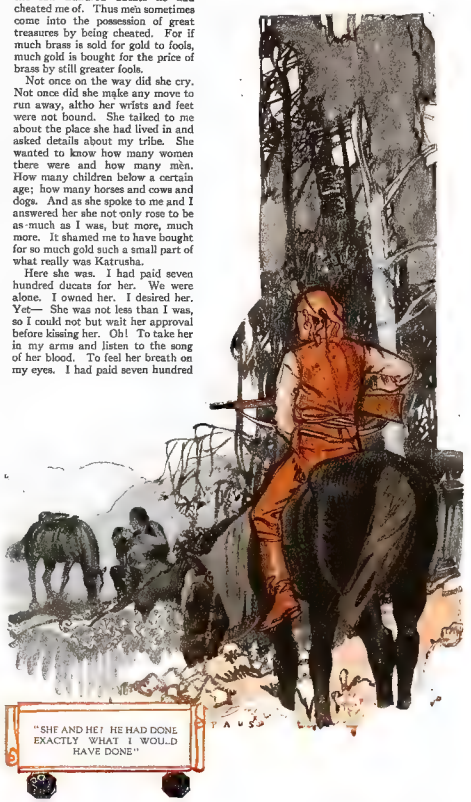

"SHE AND HE? HE HAD DONE EXACTLY WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE"

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"THE THREE MEN BENT FORWARD, WORSHIPING THAT COCK, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE THREE IDOLS, MORE OR LESS COME TO LIFE"

FIGHTING-COCKS

BY ELINOR MORDAUNT

Illustrations by John O. Todahl

NEVER again to ship on any vessel where the captain carries his wife aboard with him. That was a vow. I made it, wrote it down to sorter keep myself sure, and mean to hold to it. There's an exception, of course, a sorter exception; there always is, but that comes later.

On my third voyage as first mate I shipped aboard a bark named *The Fox*, running out from Glasgow to Mauritius with a mixed cargo; on from there to Sydney with sugar, and home again round the Horn with wool.

You know the course which a sailing vessel makes for any port in the Indian Ocean: down the west coast of Ireland and—catching the northeast trades somewhere below the calm belt of Cancer—across the Atlantic at a slant, near upon touching the coast of South America, then back in a sort of rough triangle, and so on to the "easting down" south of the Cape of Good Hope.

It is a run of many weeks, broken by baffling storms, head-winds, and becalmments. On this particular voyage we hung for close upon three weeks in the insufferable moist heat of the Doldrums; then, six weeks later, found ourselves too far south, in among the ice of the Roaring Forties.

I mind how enraptured she was with the ice-birds, like swallows of spun glass: the majesty of the bergs upon the horizon—Mrs. Cavan, not *The Fox*, females both, tho it ought by rights to have been *The Vixen*; that is what I used to contend—by the drum and fife of the counter-trades, when we caught them, rattling and piping amid the rigging. I was an old sailor then, twenty-eight years of age, and all the sentiment knocked out o' me; but there was something that never failed to set my heart beating, stiffen the sinews of my throat to laughter or tears, in that clear, clean rush of wind in the "easting down."

We set the royals then, taking the halyards to the capstan to the tune of "Haul on the Bowline." It's queer how I remember every detail of that voyage: a pottering voyage if ever there was one, close upon a hundred and twenty days out. Not the skipper's fault, tho. I'll grant him that much, for he was a good seaman so long as he *was* at sea, pickled in rum and yet never what you might call the worse for drink.

She was always on deck, his wife—*his* as she was then—I mean. At first we chaps resented it, seeming to fetter free speech as it did. Then we sorter got used to it, and so on to liking it; from there on and on and on— Oh, well, I speak for myself; but the truth is we found she had her uses apart from the fine figurehead that she was, a regular oner with her needle. She'd sit on the poop-deck and darn our socks for us while we hung round talking, the second and I, any one else who could find any excuse to get near to her—apart from the captain, I mean, for I don't suppose that he ever spoke to her, unless it were to give her some sort of an order. For a long while we did not even know her name, her Christian name, I mean, seeing that it was never anything more than "Look here, you," in a sorter bark like that of a sea-lion.

It was dreadful to think of the two of them shut up together in the skipper's cabin all night; more than anything conceivably dreadful in the way of solitary confinement, or so it seemed to me.

Walking the deck above them, bathed in the clear night air, beneath all that blazing galaxy of southern stars—alone, blessedly alone in comparison with the occupants of that cabin—I tell you I used to break out into a sweat, a sort of prickly heat at the very thought of the dreadfulness of that close proximity, of the whole thing: the man like a balk of beef from the harness-cask; red, with that gray stubble that looked, for all the world, like brine, reeking of rum and tobacco; and his wife the dead spit of some fragile wild flower, wood-sorrel or flax; fair and pale-faced and clear-cut as that swallow of the far south, the ice-bird. I remember how it would come over me all of a sudden that my jaws were stiff with clenching my teeth on the mere thought of it all.

She lived the life of the ship, did all sorts of little odd jobs for us, had all sorts of duties to perform. I remember one was the holding of the candle when chaps were driven by toothache to brave the captain and his forceps in the salon.

I can see her now, like another "Lady of the Lamp," amazingly fragile and white in that pit of a place, alive with shadow from the swinging lamp: the sufferer laid flat upon the settee with a face like a medieval gargoyle; I on his chest to keep him firm, the Old Man at his head pulling, and she, Mrs. Cavan as she was then, shading the light of the candle with one white hand, transparent against the flame, gravely engrossed, with a sort of mother-brooding air.

No matter what the weather was, she'd be on deck, never getting in any one's way, very quiet and oddly part of it all. What a shipmate for any man with the merest splinter of a soul!

I mind how she used to sit with her feet in an empty bucket to keep the swirl of the water away from them, lashed up to the seats above the salon skylight on the poop-deck, with a loop of rope round under her arms, hitched over the spanker-boom to steady her; perfectly unconcerned in a blow that would have sent a sky-pilot into a fit with fear; for of all cowards aboard a vessel I've never met one to beat a parson; just the very sort you'd think 'ud have no choice over going to heaven by land or water.

And it wasn't only those two in the skipper's cabin neither; there was the "Red King" as well. God! but I believe if he could have made his wife perch on the curtain-pole and given the "Red King" her bunk he'd have done so.

The rest of his pets were housed in pens abaft the galley, or anywhere safe out of the way of wind and water. Why, I've known the Old Man shift "Sails" from his cubby and send him forward among the men so that they might be kept dry and warm, blast them! It showed the sort of fear every man and boy aboard had of him that they did not get their blasted necks wrung for them: useless brutes not able to so much as lay an egg between the three of them; all cry and no wool, with their eternal crowing, talking loud like all bachelors.

Sometimes the Old Man would match a pair of them on the main-deck, with the weather-cloths up to keep them from being driven overboard. "MacTavish," "The Highland Prince," and "Adela"—in some moment of amazing weakness he must have called one of his blasted cocks after his wife—I'd found her name in a book by now—and that looked as tho they'd not been long married.

There's no denying that we loved a bit of sport like this, on the main-deck, in the dog-watch, just in front of the break of the poop, every man jack of us, from myself to the cook's boy, "Ducks," as we called him—and all our dislike of the Old Man could not cure us of that—he and I on the upper deck looking down, while the entire crew squatted round on their haunches, forming a ring. Oh, yes, you'd get the watch below out quick enough for a thing like this; wonderful it was the move they'd get on them.

Every now and then the skipper, forgetting his dignity, would hustle heavily down the companion and squat among the men, leaning forward clapping, calling to the birds, inciting them on with the most preposterous terms of endearment.

I well mind one evening when I was fool enough to run up to his wife where she sat in the shade of the spanker, dressed all in white, something o' that sorter stuff that they wrap butter in away home in Devonshire, for it was blazing hot and a dead calm.

"You must come an' have a look; such a pretty sight!" I cried.

"A pretty sight! U—Ugh! Horrible, disgusting!" she answered in a voice with a tang in it like metal, turning her face away from me as tho I, too, were "horrible." Indeed she did add, "You too!" with a lift of her chin.

"'I'D LIKE TO GO ON SHORE, UP THOSE MOUNTAINS, AWAY FROM THE SHIP!'"

It was the first time I ever saw her look like that, utter so much as a harsh word, and I felt like a whipped cur as I slipped down the companionway to the main-deck and through the ring of men to my own quarter, with my shirt sticking to my back.

"An innocent enough bit of sport," I remember muttering. Then, ashamed of myself, I recalled the fact that she had to sleep in the same cabin as that brute she'd—God only knows why!—tied herself up with; and not only with him either, but that there damnable superfighting-cock, the "Red King," who had never been permitted to risk his precious plumage in combat with those inferiors, "MacTavish," "The Highland Prince," or "Adela"—"Adela!" by God! But that brought me up with a sharp turn and back to her side, mentally so to speak.

SUCH weather! The nearer we got to the island of Mauritius the worse it grew—stripping away a hundred feet of taffrail from our starboard and carrying off a couple of boats: almost, or so it seemed, as tho the place could not bear the sight of us; was warning us away with her special brand o' wind. But for all that we did, at last, make land-fall and anchored in the bay.

Once there, the Old Man could not get through all the preliminary business with the health officer and custom-house and harbor officials quick enough. Directly it was over, the gig took him ashore, and as we watched him go, his wife and I—I leaning over the poop-taffrail, and she standing a little apart, with that look of indifference to which she seemed to have schooled herself—we could see his face, that slab of salt junk, grayish-red between his white sun-helmet and white clothes, cut out crude against the vivid blue of sea and sky.

"Her owner," I thought bitterly, and then, "My boss, good Lord!" Mrs. Cavan touched my arm and pointed to the mountain enfolding the bay.

"What's that, all that scarlet—vivid green, like green table-cloths laid out to dry—and then that scarlet, like silk?"

"The flower of the flamboyant trees; it's everywhere here—and the green's the young canes. Those dark rifts, see now," I added, pointing, "they're deep ravines with rivers running down the centers of them; and waterfall upon waterfall—you'll see the mist gray above some of them, even from here—and that there dark vegetation, all palms of sorts."

"Palms!" she spoke with the wonder of a person unacquainted with tropical scenery; forever—or at first rather—most deeply impressed by palms of any size and out of pots. "I'd like to go on shore; I'd like to go up

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those mountains, away from the ship. Can we go? Are there any means——?"

"Oh, yes, there's a railway. I could take you to-morrow; to-day I'm tied here."

"Oh, to-morrow will do as well—there's always that—time—time—time!" she added, with an air of intense weariness. "Sometimes it seems as tho it were a weight crushing one down with its pressure and its length. Then there's a sort of comfort in the thought that it must—*must* pass; nothing, nobody can prevent that!"

"You're tired of the sameness of the sea, the long voyage."

"No, no, I love it. I love the sea; it's never the same. *You* feel that too; only said what you did with a sort of fancy of pandering to a woman's weakness. To think how I've always loved the sea, longed to take a voyage. Why, that's what I—" I believe she was on the point of saying, "That's what I married him for," but she changed it, with a woman's quickness, to "What I came for."

"The skipper's been here before."

"Oh, yes, he always tries to get on this run; he says that in no port in the world are there such cocks to be found. He gave up a better command when he bought the 'Red King.'"

"And you?"

"No, I've never been before. We've not been long married."

"And you've enjoyed it?"

"YES—*yes*. Oh! to think what it might have been like on shore, shut up in a house among other women; cackling women who notice everything. You men, how good you've been to me!"

"There was little enough we could do," I answered awkwardly, too tongue-tied to express what I felt: that it was she who had done everything for us.

"I must go now. I promised to feed his bird at five o'clock." There was the faintest stress of scorn on that "his bird" as she turned aside.

At the top of the companion she glanced back. "You above all," she added, inconsequently. "Somehow or other I've always felt safe with you there. I had only to look up at you at meals, or hear you walking to and fro overhead in the night-watches—" she broke off and, turning her back, dropped away out of sight; tho, even then, I had time to realize that wilted look which would sometimes come over her at any mention of her husband; with the effect of the wind on an aspen-tree, turning the leaves the wrong way, their whitened sides upmost.

The Old Man brought two friends aboard with him to dinner that night: a tall, thin, coffee-colored man, all legs and arms like one of those praying-mantes, and a stout, red-faced fellow in white, with the aspect of a rum-sodden and overfull-blooded planter melted and poured into tight white clothes, who made great eyes, eyes like a bullfrog, at Mrs. Cavan; remarking more than once, in a thick juicy voice, that she must "come up-country and see his little place."

Directly the meal was finished—indeed, we were given no time for our cheese—the captain went to his cabin and, returning with the "Red King," placed him on the table; our table, mind you!

The arrogance of the bird, you never saw anything to beat it. He raised first one claw and then the other, stretched it out and opened his beak—I'd swear he yawned; then crowed, turning his head from side to side, his hard, bright eyes snapping. A beautiful creature, no one could deny that; the only thing in the cabin worth looking at apart from the skipper's wife, who got up and went out on deck, while I picked up my cap and followed; for it was my watch, an easyish watch seeing that we were in port.

Later on I went below again in search of something or other and found the three men bent forward over the table, worshiping that there blasted cock, for all the world like three idols, more or less come to life, themselves; while the steward hung sullenly in the pantry door, unable to finish clearing the cloth and so get off for an hour or so on shore.

Up on the poop-deck again, half choked by the atmosphere of the salon, I saw Mrs. Cavan, standing in the stern gazing across that light-bespangled curve of town which joined the mountain and sea, her profile clear-cut as a cameo, with a look of being as much all soul as that brute below was—all brute

As he parted from those precious friends of his I heard them talking at the gangway, "Only one worth his fighting; try his mettle, that chap MacAffan's—if he can beat that; mind you I say 'if,'" remarked the thin man.

"He can beat anything; but you know the trouble; he'll not have a match with me, unless he's forced to it, the skunk."

"Get hold of the bird."

"Get hold of the bird! Darn it all, that's what I've come to this blasted hole for!" broke out the skipper. There was more talk, then I caught, "He knows me too well—one of the boys—," and again, after some more parleying, "Darn my soul if I sail without him!" he cried; and glancing up, seeing me in what, after all, was my very proper place at the rail of the poop-deck, yelled out to ask "What the devil I was doing, skulking there?" peering up and aft, making out his wife's white dress, and adding something with an ugly laugh to the effect that he was cursed with a first mate who was "forever hanging about the petticoats, blast him— Under my very eyes, too!"

I was careful after that, having no mind to drag her into any sort of an ugly brawl; tho the Lord knows we were innocent enough of everything apart from a hopeless and rather meager friendship; for she was a proud woman and not one to give herself away.

We hung in that bay for close upon a month. The heat was awful, the sort that hits you on the head like a blow, blinding, staggering; a glassy, shimmering, dead calm; sea and sky like whitish glass, with hardly a gleam of sun; the mountains black; the atmosphere in the streets of Port Louis like nothing less than thin slices of hell, cut off and served up hot; and that brute forever after me, so that it was our last day before I was able to take Mrs. Cavan up the mountain; seeing her revive like a flower in the cooler air. Tho she seemed past showing much enthusiasm about anything, pretty well wiped out between the heat, the awful monotony of day after day in port, or hanging at anchor in a bay—a monotony which makes all to do with the open sea seem like a sort of picnic to look back upon—and the sorter mate on the ship of life which she'd, somehow or other, let herself in for.

It was almost unbearably close even in the veranda of the hotel at Curepipe, where we had tea. I mind that I made a sorter effort to cheer her up by saying something to the effect of her always knowing where to look for a friend if she needed one; but I doubt if she caught my meaning, for we were both of us on edge, nervous as a cat on hot bricks.

IT WAS partly the weather gathering to something ugly. Looking at the barometer before starting and seeing it what it was, I ought never to have brought her out; I knew that at the time, but all the same I did it— Oh, well, that's the way we get hold of most of our happiness, at the point of a knife, so to speak.

"There's a storm coming—I'm sure there's a storm coming," she said more than once, with her hand to her head as tho she felt it there. The nigger was a long while bringing the tea, and I could see that she, usually so serene, was all in a fidget to be gone, glancing round, then picking up a fold of the table-cloth, pleating it between her fingers, tapping the ground with her foot.

The tea was hot enough when it came; she started to drink it, all in a hurry like, then put down her cup and glanced at me oddly.

"Did you see his look when we started?"

"Yes." I glanced at her, then stretched out my hand and touched hers lying on the table. "It's all right," I said, lying, for I too had seen the skipper's face as he leaned over the taffrail watching us go, tho she had asked his leave and he had nodded, without a word, it is true, but then when did he give her a word, to be called a word? Tell me that.

Quite suddenly she got up and pushed back her chair, grating on the bare boards. "We must go, we must; I'm frightened; there's something in the air—there now—there!"

She caught at my arm as a sudden wild gust of wind leaped from the stillness, seeming to take up the flimsy wooden building and shake it like a dog a rat.

It dropped in a moment, but her nerve had gone with it; and there was no keeping her. God only knows what she feared—nothing physical; I think she was too ignorant of the nature of hurricanes for that, but— Oh, well, women are queer creatures, ridden by strange fears and intuitions.

We started off to the station, tho I knew it was a good half-hour before the train left. The whole landscape had an oddly torn, bleached look, while the dust rose in small spirals, as tho a low wind were running along the ground, with the air above dead, heavy as a blanket. Half-way to the station there was such another blast as the last, pretty well whirling us off our feet. Most of the people had gone in from the street and verandas; the few that were left were putting up their heavy outside shutters with an air of haste and fear, wide eyes and pursed lips.

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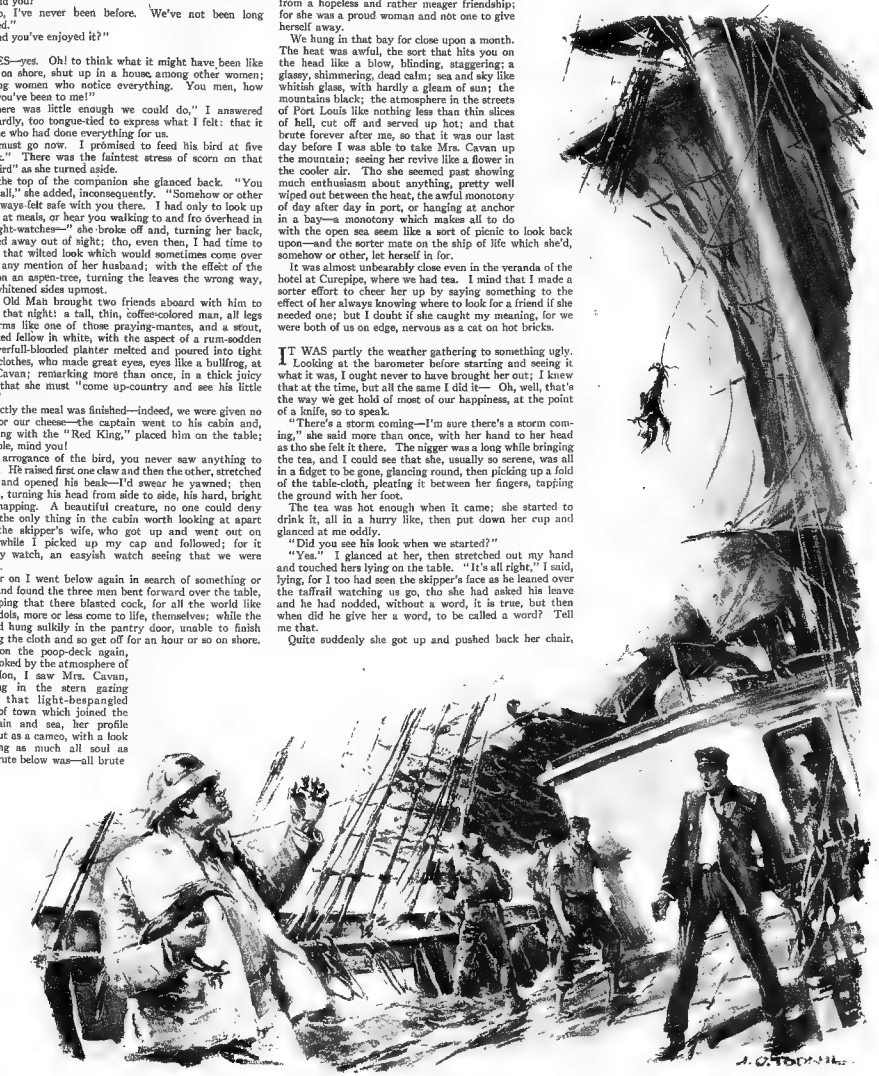

"THE OLD MAN WAS STARING UP WHERE THE 'RED KING' HUNG OVER THE SAIL. HIS MOUTH WAS OPEN; I COULD SEE IT DARK IN HIS PURPLE FACE"

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"'A LITTLE MENTAL EXCURSION AWAY FROM THE WORLD OF REALITY TO A WORLD WHERE WISHES COME TRUE'"

DAY-DREAMING AS A FINE ART

Why Not Turn This Interesting Pastime into an Inspiration?

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

CARTOONS BY STUART HAY

DID you, in your younger days, indulge much in day-dreams, in "building castles in Spain"? Do you still indulge in them? In that case, do you find that they have any special influence on your life?

To these questions, if you are a day-dreamer, you should give some serious thought, for they may be of really vital interest to you.

The popular notion that day-dreaming is an innocent pastime, of no special significance, is hardly borne out by the facts. Indeed, scientific observation has so definitely and frequently found injurious consequences flowing from day-dreaming that there is a growing tendency among psychologists, and particularly among medical psychologists, to condemn it unreservedly. To yield to a desire for day-dreaming is represented as unfitting one to meet the every-day requirements of life; and, with reason, it is further held that day-dreaming may become a cause of nervous and mental unsettlement, leading, it may be, to outright nervous or mental breakdowns.

In fact, our sanitariums for the nervous and our hospitals for the mentally ill contain innumerable inmates who would not be in them had they not permitted themselves to be injudicious day-dreamers. And day-dreaming of an unfortunate sort is the direct or indirect cause of many a tragic occurrence, bringing sorrow and suffering to people other than the day-dreamers themselves.

Day-dreaming, remember, is always, as one psychologist has worded it, "the taking of a little mental excursion away from the world of reality to a world where wishes have come true." It is an easy means of attaining for the moment one's heart's desires. But actual attainment of these can result—when it can result at all—only from earnest, patient striving. The great danger of day-dreaming is that it may be accepted as a satisfactory substitute for striving. Then there will gradually result less and less effort to achieve.

Thus it comes about that the world contains numerous folk who are deplorably unaccomplishing because, to borrow an apt phrase, they have a wish-bone instead of a backbone. You yourself must know some of them. They are putterers. They spend much time in aimless wandering, in equally aimless planning of "great things" that some day they intend to do. Search their early histories and you will find that they were much given in childhood to day-dreaming. You will also find that they are much given to day-dreaming still.

To say all this, to recognize that day-dreaming may, and not infrequently does, affect disastrously the mentality, the character, and even the health, is not necessarily, however, to indorse the position taken by those savants who, like the eminent Jules Payot, would be rid of it entirely. One can not, for that matter, coincide with them when one reflects that day-dreaming, being part of the common heritage of mankind, must have been given to mankind to serve useful purposes. And just as there is ample evidence that it may work much harm, so is there ample evidence that, when properly utilized, it proves of inestimable benefit in more ways than one.

In a large Eastern city there is a physician who specializes in the treatment of crippled and otherwise deformed children. He began life in poverty, and as a medical student was obliged to work hard at money-earning while prosecuting his medical studies. The twofold task of studying and money-earning imposed such a burden upon him that there were times when he was sorely tempted to drop out of the medical school.

At such times day-dreaming came to his aid. Always interested in children, he would see himself, a full-fledged doctor of medicine, laboring successfully to relieve children's ills. Under the impulse of this fantasy, which his imagination made very vivid to him, he would once more turn to his work and to his books, until finally he had the satisfaction of seeing his day-dreams, his picturings of what he yearned to be and do, gain concrete realization.

His case is not an exceptional one. It is, rather, typical of the experience of all men who rise from obscurity to distinction in any field of human endeavor. For some years I have been making notes preparatory to a study of the so-called "man of genius." One outstanding characteristic of men of genius I have found to be a proclivity to day-dreaming. But the day-dreams of the man of genius have not been mere substitutes for reality. They have rather been incitants to effort. And it was because they incited the man of genius to unusual effort that he became a man of genius.

Then, again, day-dreams may serve to bring to the surface of the mind knowledge that has been, so to speak, incubating far beneath the surface. Often it has happened that, in the midst of a day-dream, seemingly purposeless, there has been projected information bearing on tasks or problems of practical importance to the day-dreamer—perhaps of great importance to his fellow men.

CONSIDER, as a case in point, Alfred Russel Wallace's account of how he hit upon his epoch-marking discovery of the evolutionary principle of the origin of species. Convalescent from a fever, incapacitated for work, Wallace relates that he spent a great deal of time in reverie (day-dreaming) regarding matters of general interest to him. He goes on:

"One day something brought to my mind Malthus's 'Principle of Population,' which I had read about twelve years before. I thought of his clear exposition of the positive 'checks to increase'—disease, accidents, war, and famine—which keep down the population of savage races to so much lower an average than that of more civilized peoples. It then occurred to me that these causes, or their equivalents, are continually acting in the case of animals also. . . .

"Vaguely thinking over the enormous and constant destruction which this implied, it occurred to me to ask the question, Why do some die and some live? And the answer was clearly, that on the whole the best fitted live. From the effects of disease the most healthy escaped; from enemies, the strongest, the swiftest, or the most cunning; from famine, the best hunters or those with the best digestion; and so on. Then it suddenly flashed on me that this self-acting process would necessarily improve the race, because in every generation the inferior would inevitably be killed off and the superior would remain.

"At once I seemed to see the whole effect of this, that when changes of land and sea, or of climate, or of food-supply, or of enemies occurred . . . then it followed that all the changes necessary for the adaptation of the species to the changing conditions would be brought about; and as great changes in the environment are always slow, there would be ample time for the change to be effected by the survival of the best fitted in every generation. In this way every part of an animal's organization could be modified exactly as required, and in the very process of this modification the unmodified would die out, and thus the definite characters and the clear isolation of each new species could be explained."

Here, assuredly, is a striking instance of the possibilities of the day-dream as an aid in creative thinking. As with Wallace, so with many another famous worker in science, in literature, in business. Problems that baffled their concentrated attention have, in case after case, found solution during indulgence in day-dreams. So often does this happen that it may be said to be to-day a well-established "law of inspiration" that, if a thinker is to obtain the best results possible to him, he must indulge to some extent in day-dreaming. Intense thinking will not of itself suffice. There must be intervening periods of mentally standing at ease. Or, in the witty language of a celebrated Frenchman:

"Since I studied nothing I have learned much. It is indeed in our leisurely strolls that our great intellectual and moral discoveries are made."

There are other uses, too, for day-dreaming—minor uses, but still valuable. Not long ago a medical friend narrated to me this odd little personal experience:

"During the great epidemic of influenza I was on duty in an army camp. We were hard driven, so hard driven that I became too exhausted to sleep. I would fling myself down on my cot for a few hours' rest, nervously tense from head to foot. One evening, while I was thus lying wakeful and restless, I chanced to bring up before my mind's eye a memory-picture of a little farm in New Hampshire, where I usually spend a month or more in the Summer. In imagination I fancied myself back on the well-remembered farm, lying under a pine-tree near the shore of a pond. I actually seemed to feel a cooling breeze from the pond and to inhale the fragrance of the pines. Holding this picture in my mind, my body began to relax. My nerves quieted down, and presently I fell into a refreshing sleep. And thereafter, when similarly exhausted by my medical duties, I had only to visit in day-dream this New Hampshire farm in order to gain the sleep I needed."

ALMOST always it will be found that persons who in adult life are excessively and futilely "dreamy" began to develop this trait in early childhood. They did not enter into the games of childhood with any zest. They gave abundant proof that they infinitely preferred thought to action, and that what they enjoyed most of all was to be by themselves, reading story-books and weaving fantastic romances of their own. Thus, all unconsciously, they acquired habits of indolence and an abnormal self-centeredness which made it difficult for them, as they grew older, either to be energetic doers or to be adaptable in their relations with other people.

Yet their uncommon capacity for day-dreaming might have been to them an uncommon blessing had their parents only appreciated the special need in their case for training to develop the social sense and the will to act. Insistence on playground activities would have helped to both these

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

"'SINCE I STUDIED NOTHING I HAVE LEARNED MUCH'"

"THE WORLD CONTAINS NUMEROUS FOLK WHO ARE UNACCOMPLISHING BECAUSE THEY HAVE A WISH-BONE INSTEAD OF A BACKBONE"

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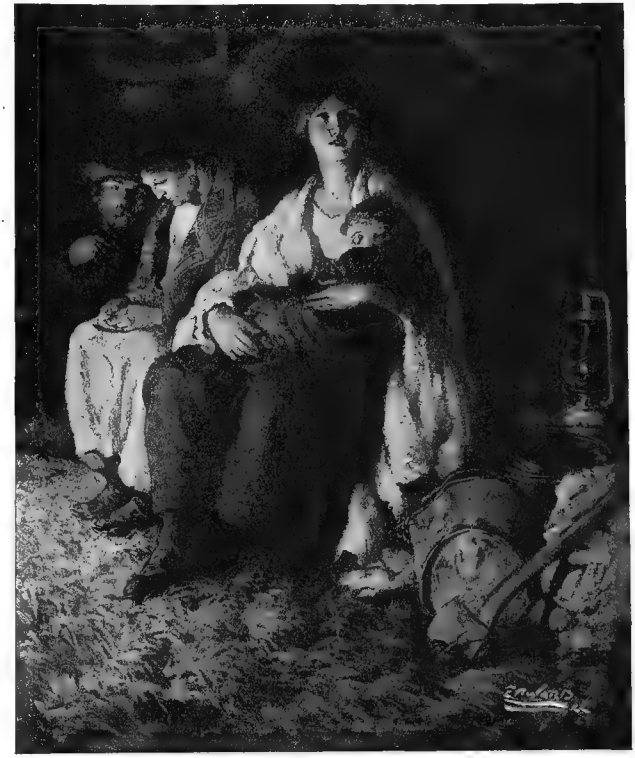
THE PRAIRIE CHILD

Concluding Instalment of the Sequel to "The Prairie Mother".

BY
ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
E. F. WARD



"IT WASN'T UNTIL WE REACHED THE OPEN COUNTRY THAT MY SPIRITS REVIVED. THEN THE PRAIRIE SEEMED TO REACH OUT ITS HAND TO ME AND GIVE ME PEACE"

Wednesday the Twenty-third.

THIS change to the city means a new life to my children. But I can also see it means new dangers and new influences. The simplicity of ranch life has vanished. And Dinkie and Poppsy are already getting acquainted with their neighbors. An auto-truck came within an inch of running over Poppsy this morning. She has decided to investigate ice-cream sodas, and Dinkie has proclaimed his intention of going to the movies Saturday with Benny McArthur, the banker's son. On Monday I'm to take my children to school. "One of the finest school-buildings in all the West," Duncan has proudly explained. I can't help thinking of Gershom and his little cubby-hole of a wooden building where he is even now so solemnly and yet so kind-heartedly teaching the three R's to a gathering of little prairie outlaws.

I shall have time on my hands, I see, for Hilton and his wife, our English gardener-chauffeur and our portly maid-of-all-work, pretty well cover what the wonderful Tokudo overlooks. And Tokudo *is* a wonder. That cat-footed little Jap does the ordering and cooking and serving; he answers the door and the telephone; he attends to the rugs and the hardwood floors; he rules over the butler's pantry and polishes the silver and inspects the linen, and even keeps the keys to Duncan's carefully guarded wine-cellar, which the mistress of the house herself has not yet dared to invade.

My husband seems to be very busy with his coal-mines and his other interests. He said last night that his idea of happiness is to be so immersed in his work as to be unconscious of time and undisturbed by its passing. And he *has* been happy in that way.

But Time, that patient remodeler of all things mortal, can still work while we sleep. And something has been happening, without Duncan quite knowing it. He has changed. He is older for one thing. I don't mean that my husband is an old man. But I can see a number of early-autumnal alterations in him. He's a trifle heavier and stiffer. He's lost a bit of his springiness. And he seems to know it, in his secret heart of hearts, for he tries to make up for that loss with a sort of coerced blitheness which doesn't always carry. He affects a sort of creaking jauntiness which sometimes falls short of its aim. When he can't quite clear the hurdle, I notice, he has the habit of whipping up his tired spirits with a cocktail or a highball or a silver-fizz. But he is preoccupied at times. And at other times he is disturbingly short-tempered. He announced this morning, almost gruffly, that we'd had about enough of this "Dinkie and Poppsy business" and the children might as well be called by their real names. So I shall make another effort to get back to "Elmer" and "Pauline Augusta." But I feel, in my bones, that those pompous appellatives will not be always remembered. It has just occurred to me that my old habit of calling my husband "Dinkydunk" has slipped away from me. Endearing diminutives, I suppose, are not elicited by polar bears.

Thursday the Thirty-first.

I DON'T quite know what's the matter with me. I'm like a cat in a strange garret. I don't seem to be fitting in. I sat at the piano last night playing "What's this dull town to me, Robin Adair?" And Duncan, with the fit and natural spirit of the home-booster, actively resented that oblique disparagement of his new business-center. He believes implicitly in Calgary and its future.

As for myself, I am rigidly suspending all judgments. I'm at least trying to play my part, even tho my spirit isn't in it. There are times when I'm tempted to feel that a foot-hill city of this size is neither fish nor fowl. It impresses me as a frontier cow-town grown out of its knickers and still ungainly in its first long trousers. But I can't help being struck by people's incorruptible pride in their own community. It's a sort of religious faith, a fixed belief in the future, a stubborn optimism that is surely something more than self-interest. It's the Dutch courage that makes deprivation and long waiting endurable.

It's the women, and the women alone, who seem left out of the procession. They impress me as having no big interests of their own, so they are compelled to *playtend* with make-believe interests. They race like mad in the social squirrel-cage, or drug themselves with bridge and golf and the country club, or take to culture with a capital C and read papers culled from the encyclopedias, or spend their husbands' money on year-old Paris gowns and make love to other women's mates. The altitude, I imagine, has quite a little to do with the febrile pace of things here. Or perhaps it's merely because I'm an old frump from a back-township ranch!

But I have no intention of trying to keep up with them, for I have a constitutional liking for quietness in my old age. And I can't engross myself in their social aspirations, for I've seen a bit too much of the world to be greatly taken with the internecine jealousies of a twenty-year-old foot-hill town. My "day" in this aristocratic section is Thursday, and Tokudo this afternoon admitted callers from seven closed cars, two landaulets, three electrics, and one hired taxi. I know, because I counted 'em. The children and I posed like a Raeburn group and did our best to be respectable, for Duncan's sake. But he seems to have taken up with some queer people here, people who drop in at any time of the evening and smoke and drink and solemnly discuss how a shandygaff should be mixed and tell stories I wouldn't care to have the children hear.

THERE'S one couple Duncan asked me to be especially nice to, a Mr. and Mrs. Murchison. The latter, I find, is usually addressed as "Slinkie" by her friends, and the former is known as "Cattalo Charley" because he once formed a joint-stock company which was to make a fortune interbreeding buffalo and range-cattle, the product of that happy union being known, I believe, as "cattalo." Duncan calls him a "promoter," but my earlier impression of him as a born gambler has been confirmed by the report that he's interested in a lignite briquetting company, that he's fathering a scheme not only to raise stock-yard reindeer in the sub-Arctics, but also to grow karakul sheep in the valley-lands of the Coast; that he once sold mummy-wheat at forty dollars a bushel, and that in the old boom days he

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promoted no less than three oil companies. And the time will come, Duncan avers, when that man will be a millionaire.

As for "Slinkie," his wife, I can't be quite sure whether I like her or not. I at least admire her audacity and her steel-trap quickness of mind. She has a dead-white skin, green eyes, and most wonderful hair,—the color of a well-polished copper samovar. She is an extremely thin woman who affects sheath-skirts and rather reminds me of a boa-constrictor. She always reeks of *Après londre*, and uses a lip-stick as freely before the world as an orchestra conductor uses a baton or a street-sweeper a broom. She is nervous and sharp-tongued and fearless, and I thought, at first, that she was making a dead set at my Duncan. But I can now see how she confronts all men with that same dangerous note of intimacy. Her real name is Lois. She talks about her convent days in Belgium, sings *risqué* songs in very bad French, and smokes and drinks a great deal more than is good for her.

In Vancouver, when informed that she was waiting for a street-car on a non-stop corner, she sat down between the tracks, with her back to the approaching car. The motorman, of course, had to come to a stop—whereupon she arose with dignity and stepped aboard. Duncan has told me this story twice, and tends to consider Lois a really wonderful character. I am a little afraid of her. She asked me the other day how I liked Calgary. I responded, according to Hoyle, that I liked the clear air and the clean streets and the Rockies looking so companionably down over one's shoulder. Lois hooted as she tapped a cigaret-end against her hennaed thumb-nail.

"Just wait until the sand-storms, my dear!" she said as she struck a match on her slipper-heel.

Saturday the Second.

MY OLD friend Gershom has very slyly written a *rondeau* to me. I have just found it enclosed in my "Golden Treasury," which he handed back to me that last night at *Casa Grande*. It's the first actual *rondeau* I ever had indited to my humble self, and while I'm a bit set up about it, I can't quite detach from Gershom's lines a vaguely obituarial atmosphere which tends to depress me.

I can see that it may not be the best *rondeau* in the world, but I'm going to keep it until my bones are dust, for good old Gershom's sake. And some day, when he marries the nice girl he deserves to marry, and has a kiddy or two of his own, I'll shame his gray hairs by parading it before his offspring! I have just been rereading the lines, in Gershom's copperplate script. They are as follows:

To C. McK.

On Returning Her Copy of "The Golden Treasury"

This golden book, dear friend, wherein each line
Holds close a charm for knowing eyes to meet,
Holds doubly mystical and doubly sweet
An inner charm no language may define;
For o'er each page a woman's soul divine
Bent low a space for kindred souls to greet,
And here her eyes were lit with gladness fleet
Because of songs that graced with rare design
This book of thine!
And now I give back into Beauty's hand
Her borrowed songs, but I shall hold always
Secret and safe from every care's demand,
A fame of light to fill my emptier days,
That quieter fellowship, which made a shrine
This book of thine! —G. B.

Tuesday the Fifth.

THE weather is balmier, and just a tinge of green is creeping into the tan of the foot-hill slopes. Spring is coming again.

I went shopping in the Hudson Bay Store yesterday and found it much more metropolitan than I had expected. And I find I am three whole laps behind in that steeplechase known as Style. But I got a raft of things for Pauline Augusta, and a Boy Scout outfit for my laddie.

One of the few women I like in Calgary is Dinkie's—I mean Elmer's—new school-teacher. Her name is Lossie Brown, and she is an earnest-eyed girl who's saving up to go to Europe some day and study art. She's a trifle shy, and unmistakably moody, but her mind is as bright as a new pin. And some bright morning, when the rose of womanhood has really opened, she's going to wake up a howling beauty. I love her, too, for the interest she has taken in my boy, whom she reports as getting along much better than she had expected. So I have asked her to write a little note to Gershom Binks, advising him of his ex-pupil's advance. For Lossie is a girl I'd like Gershom to know. And she has done this for me. I ask her over to the house as often as I can, and yesterday I had Dinkie slip a little platinum-banded fountain pen, with a card, into the pocket of her rather threadbare ulster.

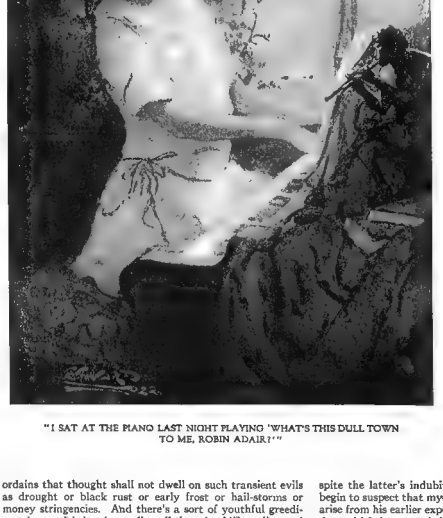
Duncan, however, is not in the least interested in Lossie. He despises what he calls insignificant people.

On my way home from shopping I had Hilton drive me about some of the less-known parts of the city. And I have been compelled to recast some of my earlier impressions of Calgary. It is wonderful in many ways, and some day, I can see, it will be beautiful, just as Lossie Brown will some day be beautiful.

In the first place, it is so happily situated, lying as it does half-way between the mountains and the plain. And the blue Bow comes dancing so joyously down from the Rockies and the older city sleeps so happily in the sunny crook of its valley-arm, while the newer suburbs seem to boil up and run over the surrounding hills like champagne bubbling over the rim of a glass. There are raw edges, of course, but time will eventually attend to these. Now and then, between the motor-cars, you will see a creaking Red River cart. Next to an office-building of gray sandstone you're likely to spot what looks like a squatter's wickiup of rusty galvanized iron. Yesterday, on our main street where the electric cars were clanging and the limousines were throwing their exhaust incense to the gods of the future, I caught sight of a lonely and motionless figure, isolated in the midst of a newer world. It was the figure of a Cree squaw, blanketed and many-wrinkled and unmistakably dirty, blinking at the devil-wagons and the ceaseless hurry of the white man. And being somewhat Indianized, as my husband once assured me I was, I could sympathize with that stolid old lady in the blanket.

I'm even beginning to find that one can get tired of optimism, especially when it is being so plainly converted from a psychic abstraction into a municipal asset. There's a sort of communal Christian Science in this place which ordains that thought shall not dwell on such transient evils as drought or black rust or early frost or hail-storms or money stringencies. And there's a sort of youthful greediness in people's longing to live all there is of life to live and to know all there is of life to know. For there is a limit to the sensations we can digest, just as there is a limit to the meat we can digest. And out here we have a tendency to bolt more than is good for us, to bolt it without pausing to get the true taste of it. The women of this town remind me more and more of mice in an oxygen-bell; they race round and round, drunk with an excitement they can't quite understand, until they burn up their little lives the same as the mice burn up their little lungs.

I've had a letter from Whinstane Sandy to-day, writing about seed-wheat and the repairs for the tractor. It seems like a message from another world. He reports that poor old Scotty is eating again and no longer mourns day in and day out for his lost master. And Mr. Ketley has very kindly brought over the liniment for Mudski's shoulder. Whatever I may be, or whatever I may have done, I feel that I can still cleanse my heart by sacrifice.



"I SAT AT THE PIANO LAST NIGHT PLAYING 'WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME, ROBIN ADAIR?'"

Friday the Ninth.

ONE can get out of the habit, apparently, of having children about. My kiddies, I begin to see, occasionally grate on Duncan. He brought tears to the eyes of Pauline Augusta yesterday by the way he scolded her for using a lead-pencil on the living-room woodwork. And the night before he shouted much strong language at Elmer for breaking a window-pane in the garage with Benny McArthur's new air-gun.

Elmer and his father, I'm afraid, have rather grown away from each other. More than once I've caught Duncan staring at his son and heir in a puzzled sort of way, slightly frustrated sort of way. And Elmer's soul promptly becomes *incommunicado* when his iron-browed pater is in the neighborhood.

Duncan is very proud of his grand new house. He is anxious to build a conservatory out along the southwest wing. But he has asked how long a conservatory would last with two young mountain-goats gamboling along its lea.da.

Lossie, little suspecting the pang she was giving me, laughingly showed me a manuscript which she found by accident in my Dinkie's reader. It was a poem, dedicated to "D. O'L." And written in a stiff little hand I read,

Your lips are lined with roses,
Your eyes they shinne like gold.
If you call me from the sunlight
I'll answer from the cold.
But I wonder why, Oh, why,
You stay so far from me?
If you whisper from the prairie,
I'll call from Calgary.

"Won't it be wonderful," said Lossie, as I sat pondering over those foolish little lines, "won't it be wonderful if Dinkie grows up to be a great poet?"

Monday the Eleventh.

ELMER, *alias* Dinkie, after many days' mourning for his lost Scotty, is consoling himself, as other men do, with a substitute. Last Friday he brought home a flop-eared pup with a drooping tail and an indefinite ancestry, explaining that he had come into possession of the aforementioned animal by the duly delivered purchase-price of thirty-seven cents.

Remembering Minty and certain matters of the past, I was troubled in spirit. But I couldn't see why my son shouldn't have an animal to love. And I have had Hilton fix a little box in one corner of the garage for Dinkie's new pet, which he has christened Rowdy.

Rowdy, I now see, is a canine of limited spirit and is not likely to repeat the offenses of Minty. But Dinkie really loves his new pup, despite the latter's indubitably destructive ways. And I begin to suspect that myladdie's weakness for mongrels may arise from his earlier experience with Duncan's blooded bulldog, which he struggled with for three whole days, fondly and foolishly trying to teach that stolid animal the art of "pointing."

On Saturday Dinkie smuggled the verminous Rowdy to the upper bathroom and gave him a thorough but quite unrelished soaping. Dinkie, it seems, is now a "cub" in the Boy Scouts, and after adorning himself in khaki goes off on hikes and takes lessons in woodcraft. Saturday the Scouts of his school marched behind a real band, and Lossie and I sat in the car waiting for my laddie to appear. He wiggled one hand, and smiled sheepishly, as he caught sight of us. But he kept "eyes front" and refused to give any further sign as he marched bravely on behind that brave music. He is learning the law of the pack. For some first frail ideas of service are beginning to incubate in that egoistic little bean of his. And he's suffering, I suppose, the old contest between the ancestral lust to kill and the new-born inclination to succor and preserve. That means he may some day be "a gentleman." And I've a weakness for that old Newman definition of a gentleman as one who never inflicts pain—"tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absent"—conducting himself toward his enemy as if he were some day to be his friend. And I also wish there were a few more of them in this hard old world of ours!

Speaking of gentlemen, there's a Captain Goodhue here whom I rather like. Lois Murchison brought us together in the tea-room of the *Pelkizer*. In more ways than one he reminds me of Peter. But Captain Goodhue is a much

THE STORY OF THE STORY

CHADDIE McKAIL is the wife of Dinkydunk, an ardent chaser after rainbows. She runs his ranch, raises his children, and reaches out for the happiness that constantly eludes her. Accustomed in her youth to fluffy-ruffles and flitting about Europe, she has grown to love the routine of a simple existence, with only occasional repinings for past splendor. She can forgive her husband his shortcomings, but he resents her absorption in the children and her justifiable lack of faith in him. In a final attempt at reconciliation Chaddie agrees to pull up her prairie stakes and take her brood to town, where a house of tapestried brick and urns awaits her.

Peter Ketley, scientist and family friend, has come West again to "ranch it" next to Chaddie's old home and to hunt for "whooping" crane. Chaddie is a dutiful wife, but she can not be a loving one. The children are wilting in town and Dinkydunk is wildly careering. She has come to her last crisis.

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older man, and is English, coming from a very excellent family in Sussex. He's one of those iron-gray ex-army men who still believe in a monocle and can be loyal to a queen even tho she wears a basque with darts in it. And he doesn't talk to a woman with that ragging air of condescension which seems to be peculiar to western American civilization. He is courteous and thoughtful and sincere, tho I noticed that he winced a trifle when I suddenly remembered, as I was taking his departure, that the McKails were living what must have once been his house. He blinked, like a well-groomed old eagle, when I reminded him of this, as I never dreamed, of course, that the subject would be painful to him. But it was an honor, he acknowledged with a bow, to pass his household gods on to a lady to whom so much had already been given.

When I asked Lois about it, later on, she rather indifferently acknowledged that the old gentleman had been making a mess of his different business ventures. He was much better at golf than getting in on the ground floor of a land deal. He was too old-fogy, said "Slinkie," to make good in the West. He still kept his head up, but they'd pretty well picked him to the bones. Lois, by the way, describes me as something new in her menagerie, and drops in to see me at the most unexpected moments. Then her tongue goes like a mower-knife. She is persuaded that I should permanent-wave my hair, lower my waistline, and go in for amethysts. "And interest yourself, my dear, in an outside man or two," she has sagely advised me. "For husbands, you'll find, always accept you at the other mutt's valuation!"

I was tempted to make her open her jade-green eyes, for a moment, by telling her I was already interested in an outside man or two and that my lord and master hadn't been much influenced by the extraneous appreciations. But I'm a little afraid of "Slinkie" and her serpent's tongue. And I'm a little afraid of this new circle into which my Duncan has so laboriously engineered himself. They more and more impress on my simple old prairie soul that the single-track woman is the woman who gets most out of life, that there's nothing really great and nothing really enduring that is not built on loyalty and truth. Character is Fate, as I once before inscribed in this book of my life. And I've been sitting up to-night, while the eternal bridge game is going on below, asking myself if all is well with Chaddie McKail. Have I, or have I not, conceded too much? Am I turning into nothing more than a mush of concession? Haven't I been bribed by comfort, and blinded to a situation which I am now almost afraid to face? Haven't I been selfishly scheming for the welfare of my children and endangering all their future and my own by the price I am paying? Haven't I been crazily manning a rickety old pump, trying to keep afloat a family hulk whose seams are wide open and whose timbers are water-logged? And how long can this sort of thing go on? And what will be the end of it?

I try to warn myself not to smash my goods to kill a rat, as the Chinese say. I try to flatter myself that I am not letting circumstances stampede me into any hasty decision. There's many a woman, I suppose, with a husband whose legal promise has outlived his loyalty. But all is not well with about my heart. I know that by the way it keeps sending up little trial-balloons, to see which way the wind is really blowing. And Sunday night Cattalo Charley went home quite drunk. And our local member, emboldened by his seventh highball, offhandedly invited me to accompany him on a little run up to Banff, stabbing me with a hurt look when I told him I'd see when Duncan could get away from his work.

I wonder if Spring is coming to *Casa Grande?* And at Alabama Ranch? And are the pussy-willows showing in the sloughends? And why doesn't Peter Ketley ever write to me?

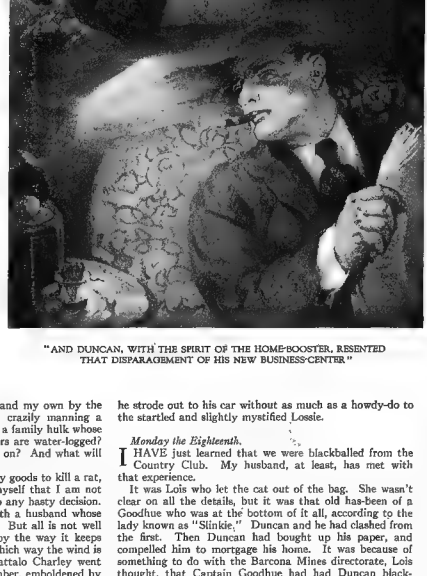
Saturday the Sixteenth.

LOSSIE and Gershom, I find, have drifted into the habit of writing to each other. It is, of course, all purely Platonic and pedagogic, arising out of a common interest in my Dinkie's academic advancement. But Lossie borrowed Dinkie this morning to have a photograph taken with him, one copy of which she has very generously promised to send on to Gershom.

Struthers has sent me a very satisfactory report from *Casa Grande*, which I dreamed last night had burned to the ground, compelling me and my kiddies to live in the old prairie-schooner, laboriously pulled about the prairie by Tithonus and Calamity Kate. And when I applied at Peter's door for a handful of meal for my starving children, he called me worse than a fallen woman and drove me off into the wilderness.

Duncan asked me to-day if I'd motor up to the mines with him for the week-end. I had to tell him that I'd promised to take Elmer and Pauline Augusta to hear Kathleen Parlow and that it wouldn't seem quite fair to break my word. Duncan said that I was the best judge of that. Then he slammed a drawer shut and asked me, in his newer manner, how long I intended to pull this iceberg stuff. "For I can't see," he concluded after calling out for Tokudo to bring his hat and coat, "that I'm getting such a deuce of a lot out of this arrangement!"

I asked him, as quietly as I could, what he expected of me. But I could feel my heart pounding quick against my ribs. I am not, and never pretended to be, any stained-glass saint. And there were a few things I felt it was about time to unload. But Tokudo cat-footed back with the coat, and I could hear Lossie's clear laugh as she came in through the front door with the returning Dinkie, and some inner voice warned me to hold my peace. So Duncan and I merely stood there staring at each other, for a moment or two, across an abysmal and unbridgeable gulf of silence. Then



"AND DUNCAN, WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE HOME-BOOSTER, RESENTED THAT DISPARAGEMENT OF HIS NEW BUSINESS-CENTER"

he strode out to his car without as much as a howdy-do to the startled and slightly mystified Lossie.

Monday the Eighteenth.

I HAVE just learned that we were blackballed from the Country Club. My husband, at least, has met with that experience.

It was Lois who let the cat out of the bag. She wasn't clear on all the details, but it was that old has-been of a Goodhue who was at the bottom of it all, according to the lady known as "Slinkie," Duncan and he had clashed from the first. Then Duncan had bought up his paper, and compelled him to mortgage his home. It was because of something to do with the Barcona Mines directorate, Lois thought, that Captain Goodhue had had Duncan blackballed when he applied for membership in the Country Club, the captain being vice-president of the original holding company. Lois laughed none too pleasantly when she added that her Charley and my Duncan had joined hands to go after the old man's scalp. And they had got it. They turned him inside out before they got through with him. They took his fore-lock and his teepee and his last string of wampum. And the old snob, of course, would never forgive them.

They took his fore-lock and his teepee. And it was Chaddie McKail and her bairns who were now housing warm in that captured teepee! And all this toiling and moiling on the part of my husband, all this scheming and intriguing and juggling with figures, had been a campaign for power, a plotting and working to get even with this haughty old enemy who could carry his defeat so lightly! To be blackballed like that, I remembered, was to be proclaimed not a gentleman. And it must have cut deep. At one time, I suppose, Duncan would have called his monocled captain out. But men seem to fight differently nowadays. They fight differently, but no less grimly. And Duncan, whether it is a virtue or a vice in his make-up, would always be a fighter. Yet I have no sense of gratitude to Lois Murchison for depositing her painful truths in my lap. She warned me, in her artless soprano, that there wasn't much good in sentimentalizing the situation. But she has thrown a shadow across the house which I was trying to make into a home. Without quite knowing it, she has cheapened her life-mate in my eyes. Without quite intending it, she has left my own husband more ignominious than he once stood. I was trying hard to school myself into a respect for his material successes. I was struggling to excuse a great many things by the engrossing nature of his work. But the motive behind all his efforts seemed suddenly a sordid one, in many ways a mean one.

I keep remembering what Lois said about not sentimentalizing a situation. But I'm not yet such a mush of concession that I can't tell black from white. And there's some part of us, some vague but unescapable part of us, which we must respect, otherwise we have no right to walk God's good earth.

I want to get away, for a day or two, to think things out. I think, before Duncan gets back to-morrow, I shall take Poppsy and run up to Banff. I may get my view-point back. And the mountain quietnesses may do me good.

I keep having that same dull ache of disappointment which came to me as a girl, after I'd idolized a great man called Meredith and after I'd almost prayed to a great poet called Browning, on finding that one was so imperfectly monogamous and that the other philandered and talked foolishly to women. I had thrust my girlish faith in their hands, as so often befalls with the young, and they had betrayed it. But for the second time since I married I have been reading "Modern Love." And I can almost forgive the Apollo of Box Hill for that betrayal which he knew nothing about.

Thursday the Twenty-eighth.

THIS is Thursday the twenty-eighth of April. I want to be sure of that. For there are very few things I can be sure of now.

The bottom has fallen out of my world. I sit here, telling myself to be calm. But it's not easy to sit quiet when you face the very worst that all life could confront you with. *My Dinkie has run away.*

My boy has left me, has left his home, has vanished like smoke into the Unknown. He is gone and I have no trace of him.

I find it hard to write. Yet I *must* write, for the mere expression of what I feel tends to ease the ache. It helps to keep me sane. And already I realize I was wrong when I wrote "the very worst that all life could confront you with." For my laddie, after all, is not dead. He must still be alive. And while there's life there's hope.

I got back from Banff yesterday morning about nine, and Hilton was there with the car to meet me, as I had told him to be. I was anxious to know at once if everything was all right, but I found it hard to put a question so personal before that impersonal-eyed Englishman. So I strove to give my interrogation an air of the casual by offhandedly inquiring, "How's Rowdy, Hilton?"

"Dead, Ma'am," was his prompt reply.

This rather took my breath away.

"Do you mean to say that Rowdy is *dead?*" I insisted, noticing Poppsy's color change as she listened.

"Killed, Ma'am," said the laconic Hilton.

"By whom?" I demanded.

"Mr. Murchison, Ma'am," was the answer

"How?" I asked, feeling my vague dislike for that particular name sharpen up to something dangerously like hatred.

"He always comes up the drive a bit fast-like, Ma'am. He hit the pup, and that was the end of him!"

"Does Dinkie know?" was my first question after that.

"He *saw* it, Ma'am," admitted my car-driver.

"Saw what?"

"Saw Mr. Murchison throw the dog over the wall into the brush!"

"What did he say?"

"He swore a bit, Ma'am, and then laughed," admitted Hilton, after a pause.

"Dinkie laughed?" I cried, incredulous.

"No; Mr. Murchison, Ma'am," explained Hilton.

"What did Dinkie say?" I insisted. And again the man on the driving-seat remained silent a moment or two.

"It was what he *did*, Ma'am," he finally remarked.

"What did he do?" I demanded.

"Ran into the house, Ma'am, and snatched the ice-pick off the kitchen table.' Then he went to the big car like a mad 'un, he did. Pounded holes in every blessed tire with his pick!"

"And then what?" I asked, with my heart up in my throat.

Hilton waited until he had taken a crowded corner before answering.

"Then he found the dead dog, Ma'am, and bathed it, and borrowed the garden spade from me. Then he took it somewheres back in the ravine and buried it. I gave him the tool-box off the old roadster, to put what was left of the pup in."

"And then?" I prompted, with a quaver in my voice I couldn't control.

"He met Mr. Murchison coming out and he called him w'at I'd not like to repeat, Ma'am, until Mr. McKail stepped out to see what was wrong, and interfered."

"*How* did he interfere?" was my next question.

"By taking the lad into the house, Ma'am," was my witness's retarded reply.

"Then what happened?" I exacted.

I waited, knowing what was coming, but I dreaded to hear it.

"He gave him a thrashing, Ma'am," I heard Hilton's voice saying, far away, as tho it came to me over a long-distance telephone on a wet night.

I sat rigid as we mounted American Hill. I sat rigid as

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we swerved in through the ridiculous manor-like gate and up the winding drive and in under the ugly new *porte-cochère*.

I didn't even wait for Poppy as I got out of the car. I didn't even speak to Tokudo as he ran mincingly to take my things. I walked straight to the breakfast-room where I saw my husband sitting at the end of the oblong white table, stirring a cup of coffee with a spoon.

"Where's Dinkie?" I asked, trying to keep my voice low, but not quite succeeding.

Duncan looked up at me with a coldly meditative eye.

"Where he usually is at this time of day," he finally answered.

"Where?" I repeated.

"At school, of course," admitted my husband as he reached out for a piece of buttered toast. He was making a pretense at being very tranquil-minded. But his hand, I noticed, wasn't as steady as it might have been.

"Is he all right?" I demanded, with my voice rising in spite of myself.

"Considerably better, I imagine, than he has been for some time," was the deliberate answer from the man with the bloodshot eyes at the end of the table.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. And any one of intelligence, I suppose, could see I was making that question a challenge.

"I mean that since you saw him last he's had a darned good whaling," said Duncan, with his jaw squared, so that he reminded me of a King-Lud bulldog. I paid no attention to Tokudo, who came into the room to repeat that his master was wanted at the telephone.

"Do you mean you struck that child?" I demanded, leaning on the table and looking straight into his eyes, which met mine quite unabashed, and with an air of mockery about them.

My husband nodded as he pushed back his chair.

"HE GOT a good one," he asserted as he rose to his feet and rather leisurely brushed a crum or two from his vest-front. He could even afford to smile as he said it. My expression, I suppose, would have made any man smile. But there was something maddening in his mockery at such a moment. There was something gratuitously cruel in his parade of unconcern.

Yet, oddly enough, as I looked at his slightly blotched face I couldn't help remembering that that was the face I had once kissed and held close against my cheek, had *wanted* to hold against my cheek. And now I hated it.

I had to wait and cast about for words of hatred strong enough to carry the arrows of enmity which nothing could stop me from delivering. But while I waited Tokudo announced for the third time that my husband was wanted at the telephone. And a very simple thing happened. My husband answered his call.

I saw Duncan turn and walk out of the room. I could hear his steps in the hallway, loud on the waxed hardwood and low on the rugs. I could hear his deliberated chest-notes as he talked over the wire, talked quietly and earnestly, talked me and my hatred out of his head and out of his world.

And I realized, as I sat there at the table-end twisting my gloves twisted up under my hands and my heart even more twisted up under my ribs, that it was all useless, that it was all futile. He was beyond the reach of my resentment. We were in different worlds forevermore.

I WAS still sitting there when he looked in at the door, with his hat and coat on, on his way out. I could feel him there, without directly seeing him. And I could feel, too, that he wanted to say something. But I declined to lift my head, and I could hear the door close as he went out to the waiting car.

I sat there for a long time, thinking about my Dinkie. Twice I almost surrendered to the impulse to telephone to Lossie Brown. But I knew it would be no easy matter to get in touch with her. And in two hours it would be twelve, and any minute after that my boy would be home again. I tried to cross-examine Tokudo, but I could get nothing out of that tight-lipped Jap. I watched the clock. I noticed Hilton, when he got back, raking blood-stains off the gravel of the driveway. I wandered about, like a lost turkey-hen, trying to dramatize my meeting with Dinkie, doing my best to cooper together some incident which might keep our first minute or two together from being too hard on my poor kiddie.

I heard the twelve o'clock whistles at last, and then the Westminster chimes of the overcornate clock in the library announce that noon had come. And still the minutes dragged on.

And when the tension was becoming almost unbearable I heard a step on the gravel, and my heart started to pound.

But instead of Dinkie, it was Lossie, Lossie with smiling lips and inquiring brown eyes and splashes of rose in her cheeks from rapid walking. "Where's Dinkie?" I asked. She stopped short, still smiling.

"That's exactly what I was going to ask!" I heard her saying. Then her smile faded as she searched my face. "There's—there's nothing happened, has there?"

I groped my way to a pillar of the *porte-cochère* and leaned against it. "Didn't Dinkie come to school this morning?" I asked as the earth wavered under my feet.

"No," acknowledged Lossie, still searching my face. And a frown of perplexity came into her own.

I knew then what had happened. I knew it even before I went up to Dinkie's room and started my frantic search through his things. I could see that a number of his more newly insured small possessions were gone. I delved forlornly about, hoping that he might have left some hidden message for me. But I could find nothing. I sat looking at his broken toys, at the still open copy of "The Count of Monte Cristo" which he must have been poring over only the night before, at his neatly folded underclothes and the little row of gravel-worn shoes. They took on an air of pathos, an atmosphere of the memorial.

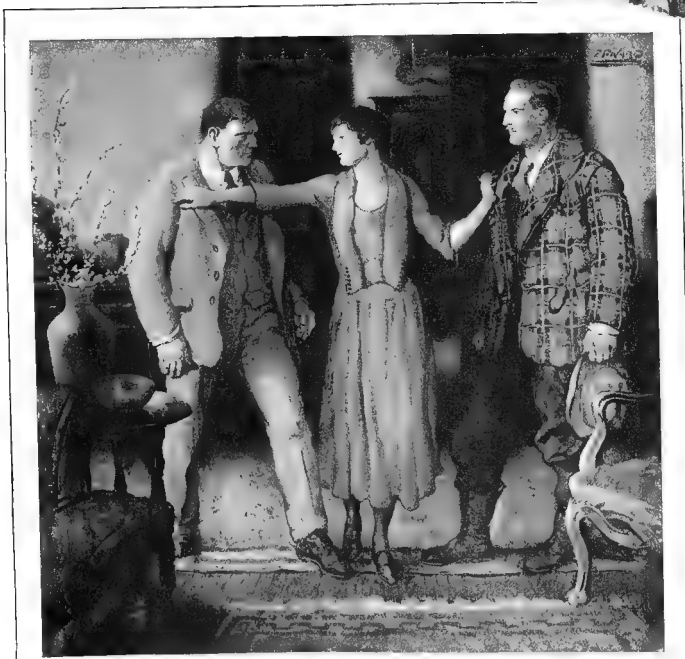
Yet, oddly enough, it was Lossie, and Lossie alone, who broke into tears. The more she cried, in fact, the calmer I found myself becoming, tho all the while that dead weight of misery was hanging like lead from my heart.

I went at once to the telephone and called up Duncan's office. He was still there, tho I had to wait several minutes before I could get in touch with him.

I had thought, at first, that he would be offhandedly skeptical at the message which I was sending him over the wire, the message that my boy had run away. He might even be flippantly indifferent, and remind me that much worse things could have happened.

But I knew at once that he was genuinely alarmed at the news which I'd given him. It apparently staggered him for a moment. Then he said in his curt telephonic chest-tones, "I'll be up at the house at once."

He came before I'd even completed a second and more careful search. His face was cold and non-committal enough, but his color was gone and there was a look that was almost one of contrition in his troubled eyes, which seemed unwilling to meet mine. He questioned Lossie, and cross-examined Hilton and Tokudo, and then called up the Chief of Police. Then he telephoned to the different railway-stations, and carried Lossie off in the car to the McArthurs', to interview Benny, and came back an hour later with that vague look of frustration still on his face.



"I TOLD THEM SO. I TOLD THEM I'D NO INTENTION OF BEING BARGAINED OVER, AND THAT I'D HAD RATHER ENOUGH OF MEN FOR THE REST OF MY NATURAL LIFE"

He sat down to luncheon, but he ate very little. He was silent for quite a long time.

"Your boy's all right," he said in a much softer voice than I had expected from him. "He's big enough to look out for himself. And we'll be on his trail before nightfall. He can't go far."

"No; he can't go far," I echoed, trying to fortify myself with the knowledge that he must have taken little more than a dollar from the gilded cast-iron elephant which he used as a bank.

"I don't want this to get in the papers," explained my husband. "It's—it's all so ridiculous. I've put Kearney and two of his men on the job. He's a private detective, and he'll keep busy until he gets the boy back."

Duncan got up from the table rather heavily. He stood hesitating a moment and then stepped closer to my chair.

"I know it's hard," he said as he put a hand on my shoulder. "But it'll be all right. We'll get your boy back for you."

I DIDN'T speak, because I knew that if I spoke I'd break down and make an idiot of myself. My husband waited, apparently expecting me to say something. Then he took his hand away.

"I'll get busy with the car," he said with a forced matter-of-factness, "and let you know when there's any news. I've wired Buckhorn and sent word to *Casa Grande*—and we ought to get some news from there."

But there was no news. The afternoon dragged away and the house seemed like a tomb. And at five o'clock I did what I had wanted to do for six long hours. I sent off a forty-seven-word telegram to Peter Ketley, telling him what had happened.

Duncan came back, at seven o'clock, to get one of the new photographs of Dinkie and Lossie for identification purposes. They had rounded up a small boy at Morley, and Kearney was motoring out to investigate. We'd know by midnight.

It is well after midnight, and Duncan has just had a phone-message from Morley. The little chap they had rounded up was a Barnado boy fired with a sudden ambition to join his uncle in the gold-fields of Australia. Somewhere, in the blackness of this

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big night, my homeless Dinkie is wandering unguarded and alone.

Friday the Twenty-ninth.

I HAVE had no word from Peter. I've had no news to end the ache that pins me like a spear-head to the waff of hopelessness. Duncan, I know, is doing all he can. But there is so little to do. And this world of ours, after all, is such a terrifyingly big one.

Saturday the Thirtieth.

I WAS called to the phone before breakfast this morning, and it was the blessed voice of Peter I heard from the other end of the wire. My telegram had got out to him from Buckhorn a day late. But he had no definite news for me. He was quite fixed in his belief, however, that Dinkie would be bobbing up at his old home in a day or two.

"The boy will travel this way," he assured me. "He's bound to do that. It's as natural as water running down hill!"

Duncan asked me whom I'd been talking to, and I had to tell him. His face clouded, and the familiar quick look of resentment came into his eyes.

"I can't see what that Quaker's got to do with this question," he barked out. But I held my peace.

Sunday the First.

I HAVE found a message from my Dinkie. I came across it this morning by accident. It was in my sewing-basket, the basket made of birch-bark and stained porcupine-quills and lined with doeskin, which I'd once bought from a Reservation squaw in Buckhorn with a tiny papoose on her back. Duncan had upbraided me for passing out my last five-dollar bill to that hungry Nitchie, but the poor woman needed it.

My fingers were shaking as I unfolded the note. And written there in the script I knew so well I read my Dinkie's letter,

Darligest Mummsey:
I am going away. But dont worry about me for I will be alright. I couldnt stay Mummsey after what happened. Some day I will come back to you. But I'm not as bad as all that. I'll love you always as much as ever. I can take care for myself so don't worry, please. And please feed my two rabits reglar and tell Bennie Ill save his jacknife and remember every day I'm remembering you.
Your affe'cte son,
Dinkie.

It seemed like a voice from the dead. It was a bitter-sweet consolation, and in a way it stood redemption of Dinkie himself. I'd been upbraiding him, in my secret heart of hearts, for his silence to his mother. That's a streak of his father in him, had been my first thought, that unthinking cruelty which didn't take account of the anguish of others. But he hadn't forgotten me. Whatever happens, I have at least this assuaging secret message from my son. And some day he'll come back to me. "Ye winna leave me for a', laddie?" I keep saying, in the language of old Whinstane Sandy. And my mind goes back, almost six years at a bound, to the time he was lost on the prairie. That time, I tell myself, God was good to me. And surely He will be good to me again!

Tuesday the Third.

WE STILL have no single word of our laddie. They all tell me not to worry. But how can a mother keep from worrying? I had rather an awful nightmare last night, dreaming that Dinkie was trying to climb the stone wall about our place. He kept falling back with bleeding fingers, and he kept calling and calling for his mother. Without being quite awake I went down to the door in my nightgown, and opened it, and called out into the darkness: "Is anybody there? Is it you, Dinkie?" My husband came down and led me back to bed, with rather a frightened look on his face.

They tell me not to worry, but I've been up in Dinkie's room turning over his things and wondering if he's dead, or if he's fallen into the hands of cruel people who would ill-use a child. Or perhaps he has been stolen by Indians, and will come back with a sullen mind and scars on his body.

Thursday the Fifth.

WHAT a terrible thing is loneliness! The floors of hell, I'm sure, are paved with lonesome hearts. Day by day I wait and long for my laddie. Always, at the back of my brain, is that big want. Day by day I brood about him and night by night I dream of him. I turn over his old playthings and his books, and my throat gets tight. I stare at the faded old snap-shots of him, and my heart turns to lead. I imagine I hear his voice just outside the door, or just beyond a bend in the road, and a two-bladed sword of pain pushes slowly through my breast-bone. Dear old Lossie comes twice a day, and does her best to cheer me up. And Gershom has offered to give up his school and join in the search. Peter Ketley, he tells me, has been on the road for a week, in a car covered with mud and clothes that have never come off.

"I KNOW ONLY ONE MAN, IN ALL THE WIDE WORLD, WHO HAS NOT SHATTERED MY FAITH IN HIS KIND. HE IS ONE OF THOSE NECK-OR-NOTHING MEN WHO NEVER CHANGE"

Friday the Sixth.

THERE is no news of my Dinkie. And *that*, I remind myself, is the only matter that counts.

Lois Murchison drove up to-day in her hateful big car. She did not find me a very agreeable hostess, I'm afraid, but curled up like a nonchalant green snake in one of my arm-chairs and started to smoke and talk. She asked where Duncan was, and I had to explain that he'd been called out to the mines on imperative business. And that started her going on the mines. Duncan, she said, should clean up half a million before he was through with that deal. He had been very successful.

"But don't you feel, my dear," she went on with quiet venom in her voice, "that a great deal of his success has depended on that bandy-legged little she-secretary of his?"

"Is she that wonderful?" I asked, trying to seem less at sea than I was.

"She's certainly wonderful to him!" announced the woman known as "Slinkie." And having driven that poisoned dart well into the flesh, she was content to drop her cigaret-end into the ash-receiver, reach for her blue-fox furs, and announce that she'd have to be toddling on to the hair-dresser's.

Lois Murchison's implication, at that moment, didn't bother me much, for I had bigger troubles to occupy my thoughts. But the more I dwell on it, the more I find myself disturbed in spirit. I resent the idea of being upset by a wicked-tongued woman. She has, however, raised a ghost which will have to be laid. To-morrow I intend to go down to my husband's office and see his secretary, "to inspect the whaup," as Whinnie would express it, for I find myself becoming more and more interested in her wonderfulness. Peter sent me a hurried line or two to-day, telling me to sit tight, as he thought he'd have news for me before the week was out.

I suspect him of trying to trick me into some forlorn new lease of hope. But I have pinned my faith to Peter—and I know he would not trifle with anything so sacred as mother-love.

Saturday the Seventh.

THERE is no news of my Dinkie. But there is news of another nature.

Between ten and eleven this morning I had Hilton motor me down to Duncan's office in Eighth Avenue. It struck me as odd, at first, that I had never been there before. But Duncan, I remembered, had never asked me, the domestic fly, to step into his spider's parlor of commerce. And I found a ridiculous timidity creeping over me as I went up in the elevator, made out the door-number, and saw myself confronted by a cadaverous urchin in horn-rimmed specs, who thrust a paper-covered novel behind his chair-back and asked me what I wanted. So I asked him if this was Mr. McKail's office.

"Sure," he said in the established vernacular of the West.

"What is your name, little boy?" I inquired, with the sternest brand of condescension I could command.

The young monkey drew himself up at that and flushed angrily. "Oh, I don't know as I'm so little," he observed, regarding me with a narrowing eye as I stepped unbidden beyond the sacred portals.

"Where will I find Mr. McKail's secretary?" I asked, noticing the door in the stained-wood partition with "Private" on its frosted glass. The youth nodded his head toward the door in question and crossed to a desk, where he proceeded languidly to affix postage-stamps to a small pile of envelops.

I hesitated for a moment, as tho there was something epochal in the air, as tho I was making a step which might mean a great deal to me. And then I stepped over to the door and opened it.

I SAW a young woman seated at a flat-topped desk, with a gold-banded fountain pen in her fingers, checking over a column of figures. She checked carefully on to the end of her column, and then she raised her head and looked at me. Her face stood out with singular distinctness, in the strong sidelight from the office-window. And the woman seated at the flat-topped desk was Alsina Teeswater.

I don't know how long I stood there without speaking. But I could see the color slowly mount and recede on Alsina Teeswater's face. She put down her fountain pen with much deliberation, and sat upright in her chair, with her barricaded eyes every moment of the time on my face.

"So this has started again?" I finally said, in little more than a whisper.

I could see the girl's lips harden. I could see her fortifying herself behind an entrenchment of quietly marshaled belligerency.

"It has never stopped, Mrs. McKail," she said in an equally low voice, but with the courage of utter desperation.

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"THE MISERY OF THE LAST WEEK OVERFLOWED FROM HIS HEART. 'I DIDN'T—KNOW—I WANTED TO GIVE THEM THE THINGS—I WASN'T WICKED'"

CONSCIENCE MONEY

The Second Jeremy and Hamlet Story

By
HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrations by William Meade Prince

THESE Christmas holidays had begun badly. Jeremy's mood was wrong from the very start. He had not wished it to be wrong. He had come determined to find everything right and beautiful. Now nothing was right and nothing was beautiful.

For one thing, there was nothing to do. It was not the custom, nearly thirty years ago, to invent games, occupations, and employments for your young as it is to-day. Mrs. Cole, loving her children, had nevertheless enough to do to make the house go round, and Mr. Cole was busy in his study. The children would amuse themselves—who could doubt it?—but at the same time there were so many things that they must not do that, as the days passed, they were more and more restricted and confined.

"Mary, what are you reading? Oh, I wouldn't read that quite yet, dear. A little later perhaps." Or, "Helen, you're sitting in the sun. Go and get your hat." Or, "Not on the carpet, dear. It will make your clothes so dusty. Why don't you sit down and read a little?"

Before his departure schoolward Jeremy had been accustomed to those inhibitions and had taken them for granted as inevitable. Then in that other world he had discovered a new row of inhibitions, as numerous and devastating as the first series but quite different, covering in no kind of way the same ground. These new inhibitions were absolute, and the danger of disobeying them was far graver than in the earlier case. He fitted then his life into those and grew like a little plant upward and outward as that sinister gardener, school, tradition, demanded. Then came the return to home, and, behold, those old early childish inhibitions were still in force! It was still, "Don't, Jeremy. You'll tear your trousers." Or, "No, not now; dear, mother's busy." Or, "No, you can't go into the tower now. Perhaps to-morrow." Or, "Once is enough, Jeremy; don't be greedy."

And on the other side there was nothing to do—*nothing to do.*

He could no longer play with Mary or Helen. Mary was too emotional and Helen too conceited. And who wanted to play with girls, anyway? Barbara was rather fascinating, but was surrounded by defenses of nurses, mothers, and mysterious decrees. Hamlet was his only resource. Without him he would surely have fallen sick and died. But a dog is limited within doors. For Hamlet's own sake Jeremy longed that they should be forever in the open. Oh! Why did they not live in the country? Why in this stupid and stuffy town?

But then, again, was it stupid and stuffy? Jeremy longed to investigate it more intimately, but was prevented at every turn. It might be an enchanting town. Certainly there were sounds and lights and colors that, now that he was older and knew what life was, suggested themselves as entrancing.

He simply was not allowed to discover for himself—hindered, inhibited everywhere.

Had only Uncle Samuel been here things would have been better. Uncle Samuel was queer and strange and said most disconcerting things, but he did understand Jeremy. As it was, no one understood him. To-day had any one seen a small, thick-set boy with a stocky figure and a snub nose standing half-way down the stairs, lost and desolate, there would be a thousand things to suggest. Then it was not the hour for the afternoon walk, or the hour was past. Children must not be in the way.

Matters were not improved by a little conversation that he had with Aunt Amy. She found him one morning standing before the dining-room window staring into Orange Street.

"Well, Jeremy." She paused in the quick, rattle-rattle walk that she always had in the morning when she was helping her sister over household duties. "Nothing to do?"

He neither answered nor turned round. "You should reply when spoken to." Then more softly, because there was something desolate in his attitude that she could not but feel, "Well, dear—tell me."

He turned round, and as he looked at her she was conscious, as she had often been before, almost with terror, of the strange creatures that little boys were and how far from her understanding.

"I want to go out and buy a football," he said.

"A football!" she repeated, as tho he had said a gorilla.

"Yes," he said impatiently. "The little ones are only ten and sixpence, and I've got that over from the pound Uncle Samuel gave me on my birthday—and father says I mustn't go out."

"Well, that settles it, then," said Aunt Amy cheerfully.

"I don't see why," said Jeremy slowly. "He's let me go out alone when I was ever so small before I went to school."

"You can be sure he has his reasons," said Aunt Amy. She suddenly sat down on one of the dining-room chairs and said,

"Come here, Jeremy."

He came to her reluctantly. She put him in front of her and laid her hands on his shoulders and stared at him. He wriggled uncomfortably, wishing to escape from her projecting tooth and her eyes, that were here gray and there green. Herself meanwhile felt a sudden warmth of sentiment. She wanted to be kind to him; why, she knew not.

"You're getting a big boy now, Jeremy," she said.

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"And you don't want to be a sulky big boy, do you?"

"I'm not sulky," said Jeremy.

"No, dear, I'm sure you're not. But you're not being quite the bright, willing boy we'd like to see you. You know that we all love you, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"Well, then you must repay our love and show us that you are happy and willing to do what your father and mother wish."

Jeremy said nothing.

"You do love your father and mother, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jeremy

"Well, then," said Aunt Amy triumphantly, as tho she had been working out a problem in Euclid, "you must show it. No more sulking, dear. But be the bright little boy we all know you can be."

She left Jeremy puzzled and confused. Was it true that he was sulky? He did love his father and mother, but deeply distrusted scenes of sentiment. Nevertheless Christmas was approaching and he felt warm toward all the world—even Aunt Amy. Often and often he went up to his bedroom, closed the door behind him, looked under his bed to make quite sure that no one was in the room, then

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very cautiously opened the lid of his play-box and peered inside. At the bottom of the box were a number of odd-shaped parcels; he picked them up one after another and stroked their paper, then laid them carefully in their places. He sighed as of a man who has accomplished a great and serious task. Many times a day he did this. He had himself unpacked his play-box on his return from school. No one in the house, save only him, had beheld those strange parcels.

Christmas approached nearer and nearer—now it was only four days before Christmas eve. There was no snow, but frost and a cold pale-blue sky; the town was like a crystallized fruit, hard and glittering and sharply colored.

The market was open during the whole of Christmas week, and there was the old woman under her umbrella, and the fur-coated man with the wooden toys, and the fruit-stalls with the holly and mistletoe, and the Punch and Judy under the town clock, where it had been for ever so many years, and the man with the colored balloons, and the little dogs on wheels that you wound up in the back with a key and they jumped along the cobbles as natural as life.

The children were deeply absorbed over their presents. Mary looked at Jeremy so often from behind her spectacles in a mysterious and ominous way that at last he said,

"All right, Mary, you'll know me next time."

"I was wondering," she said with a convulsive choke in her throat, "whether you'll like my present."

"I expect I will," he said, busy at the moment with the brushing of Hamlet.

"Because," she went on, "there were two things, and I couldn't make up my mind which, and I asked Helen, and she said the first one because you might have a cold any time and it would be good in the snow, but we don't have snow here much, so I thought the other would be better because you do like pictures, don't you, Jeremy? And sometimes the pictures are lovely—so I got that, and now I don't know whether you'll like it."

Jeremy had no reply to make to this.

"Oh, now you've guessed what it is."

"No, I haven't," said Jeremy quite truthfully.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Mary sighed with relief. "Have you got all your presents?"

"Yes, all of them," said Jeremy, drawing himself up and gazing with dreamy pride over Hamlet's head.

"Shall I like mine?" asked Mary, her eyes glistening.

"Awfully," said Jeremy. "You'll like it," he said slowly, "better than anything you've ever been given."

"Better than the writing-case Uncle Samuel gave me?"

"Much better."

"Oh, Jeremy!" She suddenly flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. Hamlet barked, and escaped the brush and comb, then seized Mary's hair-ribbon, that had as usual fallen to the floor, and ran with it to a distant corner. Incidents followed that had nothing to do with presents.

Then when Christmas day grew very near indeed, those parcels at the bottom of his play-box became an obsession. He went up a hundred times a day to look at them, to take them out and stroke them, to feel their knobs and protruding angles, to replace them first in this way and then in that.

Sometimes he laid them all out upon the bed; sometimes he spread them in a long line across the carpet. He brought up Hamlet and made him look at them. Hamlet sniffed each parcel, then wanted to tear the paper wrappings. Finally he lay on the carpet and rattled in his throat, wagging his tail and baring his teeth.

Christmas eve arrived, a beautiful clear, frosty day.

JEREMY came in from his morning walk, his cheeks crimson, looking very nautical in his blue reefer-coat. He went straight up to his room, locked the door, and opened the play-box. The parcels were all there. He counted them, felt them, sighed a sigh of satisfaction and pride, then closed the play-box again.

He took off his coat and went down-stairs. Helen, meeting him in the hall, cried,

"Oh, Jeremy, father wants to see you."

"Where?"

"In the study."

Jeremy paused. The word "study" had always a strangely disagreeable sound. Their father never wished to see any of them there unless for some very unpleasant purpose. He threw his mind back. What had he been doing? What sin had he within the last day or two committed? He could think of nothing. His parcels had kept him quiet. Both he and Hamlet had been very good.

Only Aunt Amy had spoken to him about sulking. But that had been over a week ago. No, he had been very good. There could be nothing.

Nevertheless he walked down the hall with slow and hesitating step. Hamlet wanted to come with him. He had to stop him. Hamlet sat down near the door and watched him enter with anxious eyes. He did not like Mr. Cole.

The study was a close, dark room lined with book-shelves, rows and rows of theological works, all dusty and forlorn. In the middle of the left wall, between the book-shelves, hung a large photograph of the Forum, Rome, and on the similar space on the other wall a photograph of the Parthenon. Behind a large desk sat Mr. Cole, very thin, very black, very white. His small son stood on the other side of the desk and looked at him.

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Helen said you wanted me." He shifted from one foot to the other and looked anxiously at the Forum.

"Did I? Ah, let me see. What was it? Hum, ha. Ah, yes. Of course. It's your journey-money. I should have asked you many days ago. I thought your mother had taken it. She had apparently forgotten."

"Journey-money? Of what was he talking? Journey-money?

"What journey-money, Father?" Even as he spoke his voice faltered because, altho he still did not know in the least of what his father was speaking, danger hovered suddenly near him like a large black bird, the wings obliterating the dusty light. Mr. Cole, who had much to do, grew a little impatient.

"Yes, yes. The money that we sent to your master for your journey home. Your mother fancied from what Mr. Thomas wrote to her that she had not sent quite enough on earlier occasions, that the former sum had not been quite sufficient. This time we sent at least a pound more than the fare demanded."

The bird came closer. Even now he did not understand, but his throat was dry and his heart was beating violently.

"The money that Mr. Thomas gave me the day before the end of term?"

"Yes, yes, my boy."

"He gave me fifteen shillings and the ticket."

"Well, let me have it."

"I spent it."

THERE was a pause. Mr. Cole stared at his son.

"What do you say?"

"I spent it, Father."

"What?"

"I spent it."

Fright now was upon him—terror, panic. But behind the panic, like the resolution under torture not to betray one's friend, was the resolve never; never to say upon what the money had been spent.

"*What?*"

"I haven't got it, Father. I thought it was for me."

"You thought it was for you?"

"Yes. Mr. Thomas didn't say anything about it—only that it was for the journey."

"And did you spend it on the journey?"

There was no answer.

"Will you kindly tell me how, having already your ticket, you managed to spend one pound between your school and your home?"

He felt the tears rising and desperately beat them back. How he hated those tears that came always, it seemed, when one least wished to cry!

"It wasn't a pound." One tear came, hesitated, and fell. "It was—fifteen shillings."

"Very well, then, will you kindly explain to me how you spent fifteen shillings?"

No answer.

"Jeremy, how old are you?"

"Ten—and a—half."

"Ten and a half. Very well. You have been a year and a half at school. You are quite old enough to understand. Do you know what you have done?"

Tears now were falling fast.

"You have stolen this money."

No word.

"Do you know what they call some one who steals money?"

No answer.

"They call him a thief."

Through convulsive sobs there came,

"I didn't steal it."

"Do not add lying to the rest." Mr. Cole got up.

"Come with me to your room."

They walked into the hall. Hamlet was waiting and sprang forward. At once he saw in the sobbing figure of his master trouble and disaster. His head fell, his tail crept beneath his legs. He slowly followed the procession, only looking at Mr. Cole's black legs with longing. Up-stairs they went, up through the tranquil and happy home. Barbara was being bathed; gurgling and applause and the splash of water came from the bathroom. They were in Jeremy's room, the door closed—Hamlet on the other side.

Jeremy stood, the tears drying on his face, his sobs coming in convulsive spasms.

"I am determined to know what you have done with this money—on what you have spent it."

There was no answer.

"It is of no use to be obstinate; Jeremy, tell me—on what have you spent this money?" He looked about him. There must be something in the room that would show him. Not many things here. The little case with some books, the pictures of "Napoleon on the *Bellerophon*" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the white bed and wash-hand-stand, the chest of drawers— Then his eye fell on the play-box. He went to it and opened it.

Jeremy gave a long, convulsive sigh; then between his sobs, "Father— Please— I'll get the money. I will really. I didn't know it was wrong. Those are mine—they break—two of them. I'll get the money. I will really. Please, Father."

A WORD here is needed in defense of Mr. Cole. A word is not in truth necessary. His action was inevitable. He truly loved his son, and because that very love he was now shocked to the depth of his soul. His son was a thief. His son had lied and stolen. He was old enough to know what he was about. To himself, who had been brought up in a poverty that was martyrdom and an honesty that was fanatical, no sin could be worse than this, save only the sins of the flesh. For more than two years now he had been troubled by Jeremy, seeing many signs in him of a nature very different from his own, signs of independence, rebellion, and, as it seemed to him, hardness of heart and selfishness. Now the boy was a thief, deliberately spending money that did not belong to him in the hopes that his parents would forget.

He bent over his play-box, saw the parcels so neatly laid out there, took one up in his hand. He looked back at his son.

"What *is* this, Jeremy?"

There was no answer.

"Did you get these things with the money?"

"Yes, Father." Then he said, "They're presents for Christmas."

"Presents!"

Mr. Cole took up first one parcel, then another, holding them up to the light. Then, very slowly, with that deliberation with which he did everything, he undid the parcels. Jeremy said nothing, only stood there, his face white and dirty where the tears had left marks, his legs apart, his fists clenched.

One after another they were laid bare and placed upon the bed; rather pitiful they looked. A white-backed hairbrush, a coral necklace, a little brooch of silver-gilt, a pair of woolen gloves, a baby's coral, a story-book, a dog-collar, two handkerchiefs, a work-box, a cheap copy in a cheap frame of "Dignity and Impudence," a tea-caddy. Obviously all the servants had been included in this—no one had been forgotten Had not Mr. Cole been so wholly and so truly shocked by his son's wickedness he must have been touched by the thought that had plainly gone to the buying of each gift. But imagination was not Mr. Cole's strongest part.

Jeremy watched him. Suddenly he broke out, "Father, don't take them away. Let me give them to-morrow. You can punish me any way you like. You can beat me or take away my pocket-money forever or anything you like—but let me give them to-morrow. Please, Father. Please, Father."

"That must be part of your punishment, my son," Mr. Cole said very sorrowfully, and finding it difficult to balance the things one upon another in his arms.

In another second of time Jeremy was upon him, screaming, beating with his fists, scratching with his hands, crying. "You sha'n't take them! You sha'n't take them! They're mine! You're wicked! You're wicked! They're my things! You sha'n't take them!"

He was mad, wild, frantic. His hands were round his father's thigh, his head beating against his father's chest, his legs kicking against his father's calves.

He screamed like something not human.

For a moment Mr. Cole was almost carried off his balance. The things that he was carrying—the hair-brush, the necklace, the picture—went tumbling on the floor.

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"'FATHER, DON'T TAKE THEM AWAY. YOU CAN BEAT ME OR TAKE AWAY MY POCKET-MONEY FOREVER—BUT LET ME GIVE THEM TO-MORROW'

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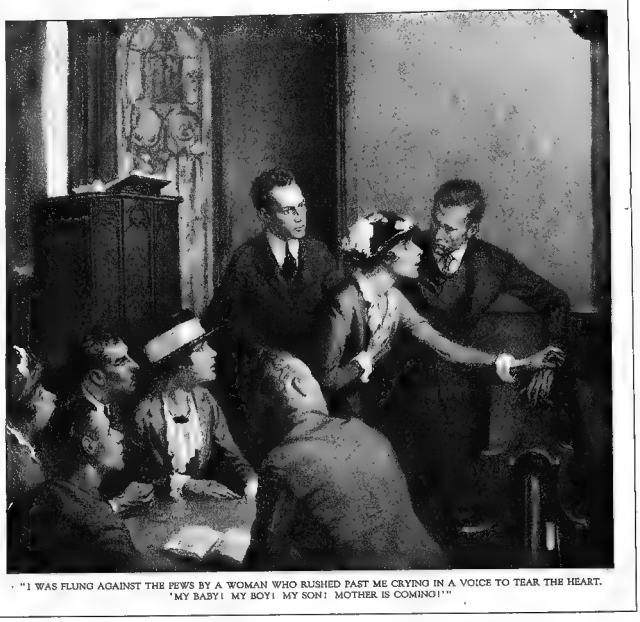
THE MASQUERADE OF JUSTICE

Another
"Alpin Stone" Mystery Story

BY
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE



"I WAS FLUNG AGAINST THE PEWS BY A WOMAN WHO RUSHED PAST ME CRYING IN A VOICE TO TEAR THE HEART. 'MY BABY! MY BOY! MY SON! MOTHER IS COMING!'"

ALPIN STONE, my neighbor, approached his home more hurriedly than I am accustomed to see him walk. Instead of turning in at his house he passed it and ascended my own steps, deposited a great armful of rare editions upon the railing—for Alpin is a second-hand-book dealer of discretion and taste—and drew a chair close to mine.

"Look," he said, thrusting into my hand a clipping from a morning paper.

His eyes were glowing; his voice exhibited that tense vibratory peculiarity which I notice only when he has come upon something fit for that other—and secret—collection of his, a collection of human actions which have at their root strange motives.

I read the clipping. It was, to my comprehension, a very ordinary piece of news, made interesting only by the personality of the man mentioned, namely, Mr. Overholt Ruggley, multimillionaire automobile manufacturer. In our city whatever touches Mr. Ruggley is news. The clipping stated, in the somewhat crude and florid language of the newspaper reporter fresh from college, that Mr. Ruggley's infant, a child of some six months, had been taking the air with his nurse, when a woman, unidentified, rushed up to the baby's cab, snatched at the child, muttering unintelligible words, and was only prevented from carrying it away by the prompt intervention of the nurse. It appeared further that the woman uttered a shrill cry and thereupon took to her heels, being, from that instant, undiscoverable.

"A woman demented," said I.

"Possibly," said Alpin, "but not probably."

"An attempted kidnaping, then."

"Possibly," said Alpin in the same tone, "but not an ordinary kidnaping."

"I don't follow you," said I.

"I believe the woman was not demented—in the sense you use the word, and I am confident her purpose was not to kidnap the child for ransom, as the reporter hints. Of course a demented woman, or one of low mental order, might plan a sordid kidnaping in some such crude manner; but the probabilities are against it. As I read, it was the act of a woman suffering from some emotional strain—acting, not as a civilized citizen of a modern city, but naturally, savagely—er—prehistorically."

"Your eyes are keener to read between the lines than mine," said I.

"I should like to talk to that nurse. But, doubtless, she would be useless as a source of real information."

"I cling to my opinion the woman was demented."

"I shall undoubtedly hear from Mr. Ruggley—if the matter has an importance not apparent at the moment. But I hope he calls me at the shop. My wife, you know. She—to put it mildly—objects to my interest in crime."

"But no crime has been committed here," said I.

"That," said Alpin, "remains to be seen."

"But the child is safe."

"The child is safe," said Alpin.

"Then, at worst, it was an attempted crime."

"I doubt if crime were the motive of this incident. It was characteristically—*spontaneous*," he said.

"Then where is the crime?" I asked.

"Hidden," said Alpin in his impressive way.

"Bosh!" said I.

"Possibly," said he without being in the least ruffled. At that moment Mrs. Stone appeared upon her piazza.

"Telephone, Alpin," she called.

"Um—" he grunted uneasily, and then in an aside as if thinking aloud, "I wish I could convince my wife a telephone is unnecessary."

He gathered up his books and hurried home—hurried laggingly, if I may use an apparent contradiction. There was haste and there was reluctance in his movements.

Ten minutes later he appeared waggling his tightly curling, reddish-gray crop of hair. He came and stood by the railing.

"I don't think she suspected anything," he said with relief. "It was Mr. Overholt Ruggley."

"Indeed," said I.

"Laboring under great emotion—all but speechless—incoherent. He begs me to come to him at once, and how can I explain to my wife hurrying away without my lunch?"

"By remaining to eat it," said I.

His whole demeanor had altered. As he stood there he was a picture of restlessness. He might have been the victim of some unspeakable appetite inhibited from an opportunity to satisfy it. It was apparent he found difficulty in restraining himself from rushing hatless down the street.

"Alpin," said his wife, coming to the door, "come at once to your luncheon."

He cast a pitiful glance upward at me, and obeyed. "You will go with me," he whispered. "It will be interesting."

I disposed of my own luncheon of crackers and milk, my invariable midday meal, and waited for my neighbor. He came out hurriedly, and I joined him. As we raced toward the car—Alpin set a difficult pace, and I trotted at his heels—he did not speak. Once aboard the conveyance the silence became more pronounced. He was absorbed and fairly trembling with eagerness. Every now and then he would remove his hat, a thing which transformed his appearance by bringing into view that remarkable shock of tightly curling hair, and run his fingers excitedly through the mass. He sat upon the edge of the seat as if poised for a leap toward the door, which actually was the case, for no sooner had the car stopped at our destination than he was up and gone. It was necessary for me to run a few steps to take my place abreast of him.

MR. OVERHOLT RUGGLEY'S house was upon the corner—a huge cut-stone mansion, guarded by an ornate iron fence with beautiful gates which must have cost the owner as much as the value of an average man's home. We entered and rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. Ruggley it is Alpin Stone," said my friend. "He directed you were to be shown to him immediately you arrived, sir."

We traversed a gloomy hall and were bowed into an expansive library, where I saw Ruggley pacing up and down, his hands clutched together before him, and apparently in a state of high nervous tension. He was a big man, perhaps forty-five years old, with a business face, a characteristically American business face. It wore a bewildered look now, a helpless, futile sort of look which was painfully incongruous upon features of that mold. He strode toward Alpin without extending his hand. "You've been hours getting here," he said, and then, pointing to me, "Who is this? No police. I won't have the police notified. They're nothing but volunteer reporters for the newspapers."

"Mr. Jenkins is not an officer," said Alpin, after which Ruggley seemed to accept me without question, or to forget me utterly. At any rate he plunged headlong into his trouble.

"My baby's gone," he said.

"Since yesterday?" asked Alpin. "Since that incident in the park?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. I don't think so. I don't know if that *was* my baby yesterday."

Alpin drew a breath which might well have been a sigh of satisfaction. It was almost a purr.

"You mean—?" he asked.

"There's a baby in the nursery," said Ruggley. "It's not mine. I don't know whose it is. I don't know when it was substituted for mine—but it's not *mine*."

"SLOWLY," said Alpin. "Let's start at the beginning. I'll ask, and you confine yourself to answering. How old is your baby?"

"Eight weeks."

"In whose care has it been?"

"Two trained nurses. One days and one at night. Its mother died at its birth."

"Who selected the nurses?"

"I did."

"After adequate investigation?"

"I'm willing to vouch for both of them."

"Um— Who discovered the substitution?"

"Myself."

"By what means?"

"This morning I stopped in the nursery as the child was being bathed. I—I like to see the little beggar then. My baby had a tiny purple speck on his left shoulder-blade. This baby had none."

"Eight weeks' babies look alike," said Alpin. "The mark might have disappeared."

"Physicians had pronounced it permanent."

"Um— When did you last see your own child, to *know* it was your own?"

"Six days ago. I saw him in his bath then."

"The nurses had not noticed the absence of the mark."

"It was very tiny. A paid nurse does not notice as a father does."

Alpin nodded. "It makes the affair of the park perfectly clear," he said. "There is no method of establishing any moment within six days when your child was in its place?"

"None."

"Then we must act upon the supposition that he might have vanished within ten minutes after you left him. Six full days— Let me speak to the nurse who saw the woman in the park."

The nurse was summoned, a buxom but frightened young woman, who stood and wept. I listened with some astonishment to Alpin's questions. They seemed trivial to me and far from the mark. Instead of asking the young woman, as I should have done, about herself and her connections, and of making some coherent effort to establish facts which would lead to some solution of the Ruggley baby's disappearance, he appeared interested only in the crazy woman.

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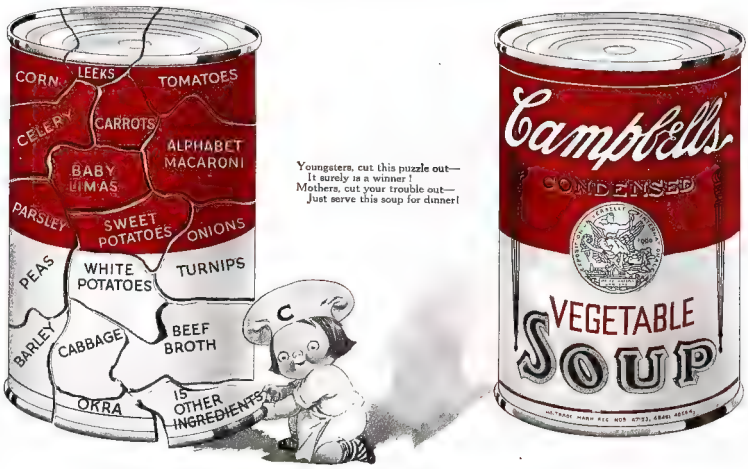
HAVE SOUP EVERY DAY FOR LUNCHEON



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"Will you fix your mind upon yesterday morning's incident?" he said. "Visualize it. React it in your mind."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

He gave her a few moments' time, and then asked,

"What sort of hat did the woman wear?"

"A small straw hat, a turban, with a bit of fur on it."

"Expensive?"

"I've seen hats like it for fifteen dollars."

"Um— Shoes?"

"Brown ties."

"Neat? Her feet, I mean."

The nurse nodded.

"How much did her coat cost?"

"IT WAS one of those blue rain-coat things that look like silk. Maybe forty or fifty dollars."

"Stylish dress?"

"Her skirt hung well. It was a shade of brown."

"Then you'd say she was well dressed?"

"Not expensive—but neat. Like I could afford to dress myself."

"Her face?"

"I don't remember it much, except that it seemed kind of young and—and *frenzied*."

"Can you describe her features?"

"No, sir," she said after some hesitation.

"Did she say anything?"

"I—I don't remember."

"Did she look like a gentlewoman?"

"I—I couldn't say, sir."

"I think that will do."

The young woman hurried away, and Alpin shrugged his shoulders. "No use to ask them anything that instinct doesn't photograph on their brains. Or to draw conclusions. I knew that girl would remember clothes and nothing else, but we've done very well; we've eliminated poverty; we've eliminated slatternliness; we've eliminated middle age. The woman was young. She wasn't pretty. The nurse would have remembered that. I would stake my life on her recollection of clothes, but I wouldn't bet a cigar on her recollection of any other detail. They're that way. If you want the truth out of anybody, ask them questions whose answers have been automatically registered on their memories. Anything else is valueless. Women can always describe clothes. I could describe a library. Jenkins could give faithful answers about a man's expression and features, but as to his clothes or his size he would be unreliable. Um——"

"Do you want to question the other nurse?"

"No. You investigated her. You're better at that than I could be. If you're satisfied, I am. Anyhow, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but the woman in the park."

"You think she took the child?" said I.

"Absurd," said Alpin. "She had nothing to do with it."

"I'm sure," said I, "that I don't follow you at all."

"Very possibly," said Alpin, in a discourteous way he has in moments of absorption. "Come on, Jenkins. Afternoon, Ruggley."

"But—but—" Ruggley said.

"There's nothing else I want to know here. I've got to do some research. Don't meddle with me. I'm encouraged. Just sit tight and wait for me to report—or——"

"Whatever you say," Ruggley said piteously, "but—naturally—I'm in torment."

"Yes—yes," said Alpin vaguely. "Yes—yes— Come on, Jenkins; come on."

We left the house, and Alpin started off again at top speed. "Hurry, hurry," he said under his breath. "I've got to get to the shop— Crimes with babies in them!— I've my starting-point. Put in the afternoon studying my classifications. Baby crimes indexed and cross-indexed. Um— You go home, Jenkins. See you to-night."

It was eight o'clock that evening before I saw Alpin Stone again. His demeanor was placid now. The restlessness and excitement had vanished for the time being, and he had assumed what I have come to term his academic character. He wanted to expatiate, to be lengthily dogmatic. It was not his least interesting phase.

"What progress?" said I.

"Little concrete progress," he said, tousling his hair, "but the imponderable progress is satisfying. I am by way of saying that I know what has happened, and, more or less exactly, *how* it happened. It remains to discover who was the actor."

"That is," I said a trifle acidly, "you know a child has been abducted and another left in its place. Really, Alpin, I had to consult no card-indexes to arrive at the same point."

He stared at me a moment, unwinkingly, without rancor. "I," he said, "know more than that. I know the motive."

"Ah!"

"Motive in crime is the great eliminator," he said. "Let us suppose a crime. We have only the fact of its commission. At that moment the entire population of the world is under suspicion. There are no eliminations. Anybody might have performed the act or procured its performance. Then we hit upon a motive. Say it is the murder of a woman we are investigating, and we discover the motive to be frustrated love. At once one-half the world is eliminated at a stroke. We know a man is guilty. Let us go farther, eliminate farther. We are safe in eliminating certain classes of men and ages of men. We narrow our circle. We study the motive more closely in the light of what we know of the woman. Let us say she consorted with men of a certain violent type, men who hold human life cheaply. We have made a new elimination. Disappointment in love affects one class of men far differently than another class. We continue scrutinizing the motive and fitting it to our available facts, until we arrive at a moment when we know that the crime was committed by a man of a certain class, possessing certain characteristics, mental and moral. We are almost at our destination."

"Granted," said I, "but in this case?"

"Would you care to go down-town this evening?" he said.

"If you have something of interest," said I.

"I make no promises. I shall find it interesting."

He moved toward the door, and I, after searching for my hat, an article of apparel which ingeniously eludes me whenever I require it, followed him.

"I want to find," said he, "a man between thirty and forty. A man who has found life not to his liking. A man who kicks against the pricks."

"Accost the first man of that age you meet," said I.

"It must be a man of temperament, a man who broods, a man of thought, a man of some intellectual attainments."

"The city is full of them."

"It must be a man capable of a great love and of a great sacrifice."

"There," said I, "you eliminate."

"And," said he, "a man who is lovable."

"They are rare," said I.

"The motive in this case," said he, "is complex. Love enters into it, disappointment, ambition, and that other matter which produces astonishing results: I mean that bias of mind which leads the individual to arrogate unto himself authority which God can not delegate."

"For instance?" said I.

He ignored my question. "And he must possess a sort of righteous ruthlessness, the strength to tear his own heart and the heart of one he loves, for a purpose he believes to be just."

"You describe a strange man," said I.

"Strange," said he, "and not despicable."

"Unbalanced," said I.

"No, not unbalanced. But there are men who see too clearly, too sharply to be normal. They perceive right and wrong, not in pale colors, overlapping, and sometimes indistinguishable, as does the average man, but in vivid red and black and yellow, sharply edged, never impinging upon each other. Their sense of proportion is not regulated. They exaggerate the evil of evil, and stand aghast that the wicked prosper. This is such a man."

"Not a criminal, then."

"I wonder what percentage of crime is committed by individuals who are not criminals; who, from their own point of view and understanding, act from lofty motives. I would like to know how God regards such individuals. If I were God—Jenkins, my conception of right and wrong is that an act which is in tune with the individual's honest conception of righteousness is righteous in the eyes of Deity. I doubt He troubles overmuch with human legislation and statute-books."

"UM—" said I. Some of Alpin's notions of morality are a bit askew to my way of thinking. "You fancy you know the man," said I.

"The difficulty," said he, "is that I know eleven of him."

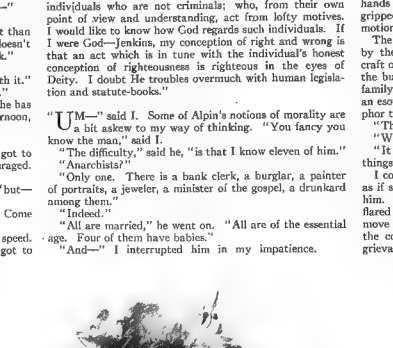
"Anarchists?"

"Only one. There is a bank clerk, a burglar, a painter of portraits, a jeweler, a minister of the gospel, a drunkard among them."

"Indeed."

"All are married," he went on. "All are of the essential age. Four of them have babies."

"And—" I interrupted him in my impatience.



"A WOMAN RUSHED UP TO THE BABY'S CAB, SNATCHED AT THE CHILD, MUTTERING UNINTELLIGIBLE WORDS"

"My interest is in those who have babies," he said.

"They are?"

"The anarchist, the burglar, the jeweler, and the minister."

"And we are in quest of those? Where shall we find them?"

"The anarchist is addressing a meeting; the burglar will be speaking from a soap-box in the square; the minister presides over a queer open forum."

"And the jeweler?"

"Is teaching a class of foreign-born children in a filthy upper chamber."

"And," said I, "you suspect such a man of sordid kidnaping?"

"Not sordid," he said gravely.

"Which one?" said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps none. They are the only four men I know who could have done the thing—if I am not deceiving myself as to what has been done. There may be others in this city, but it would be hard to conceal them. Men of that mold stand out distinctly."

We went first to the open forum of the minister. It was a tiny chapel crowded with questioning humanity, with men and women of troubled lives and vexed problems who came, asking hopelessly for answers they knew could not be given. But one could see the mere asking, the mere forming of their grievances into words, dulled and softened the edges that chafed them.

The minister was a young man with deep-set, glowing eyes and a voice soothing as the fingers of a nurse. He was no John crying in the wilderness with stern, raucous warning, but rather he reminded me of that other John, loved of the Master. And yet, as I looked and listened, I became aware of a certain inflexibility, a kind of desperation, a hint that he would be ruthless in following a path that seemed to him the path of righteousness. One could perceive that the people worshiped him.

ALPIN STONE touched my arm and cast a significant glance toward the door. "The burglar," he said.

A young man, not uncouthly dressed, entered the chapel with soft, nervous strides. He was not tall and ascetic like the preacher, but of heavier, more powerful build. But the faces— I thought in that instant of some sculptor who uses one model for many statues, and inadvertently carves into each the salient characteristics of the living face before him. What one said of the preacher one might also predicate of the burglar. He dropped into a seat beside a young woman, who pressed his hand.

Alpin Stone shook his head from time to time as he glanced from burglar to minister. It was evident to me the coming of the former was a surprize to him and somehow complicated his problem, but his uneasiness at this moment was negligible to the excitement he manifested half an hour later when two other young men entered in company.

"The anarchist and the jeweler," said Alpin, and his hands trembled with the suppressed excitement which so gripped him that he clutched them together to hold them motionless. "Impossible," he whispered.

The newcomers found seats which had been kept for them, by their wives, I judged. Their faces showed the handicraft of the same sculptor who had carved the minister and the burglar. Not, you must understand, that there was a family resemblance, an indication of physical kinship, but an esoteric resemblance. I was tempted to whisper a metaphor to Alpin Stone, but he anticipated me.

"Their faces bear the scars of the same fire," he said.

"What does it mean—their coming here?"

"It is incomprehensible. It should not happen. Such things do not happen."

I could feel him quiver as his body touched mine, quiver as if some powerful engine throbbed within him and shook him. His very ordinary face was ordinary no longer; it flared with character, a cold flame of character. He did not move or speak again until the meeting came to an end and the company, which had nothing in common save some grievance against life, began to remove itself from the place.

We joined it, but remained in the dingy vestry until all had gone. I glanced through the door into the chapel. It was still occupied—by eight persons, four men and four women. As I watched, they arose and drew together. There were no amenities, no greetings. With a certain tense purposefulness they seated themselves about the table which stood before the pulpit and bent toward one another.

"Come," said Alpin Stone, and we advanced toward them.

Each of the eight looked up, regarding us, not with curiosity, but with a still, intense scrutiny which aroused unpleasant emotions. They waited, but it was such waiting as I have never before beheld.

Alpin continued until he stood at a corner of the table before he spoke.

"I do not understand your being together," he said.

"We are friends," said the pastor.

"Strange friends," said Alpin.

"Not if you know us;" said the pastor.

"I know you very well, indeed. I have come to lay a matter before you."

"Proceed," said the pastor.

"It concerns a baby—two babies," said Alpin, and I watched the eight closely for some indicative sign. They, on their part, watched, not Alpin Stone but one another. The pastor's wife allowed her hand to flutter to her throat, but one could not assert that her gesture preceded an identical one by each of the other women.

Alpin nodded. "That was well done," he said. "It was superlatively intelligent."

"Proceed," said the pastor.

"A mother has been deprived of her baby," said Alpin, and I wondered, for it was well known Mr. Overholt Ruggley was newly widowed. "That is an evil thing."

"Justice often masquerades as evil," said the anarchist.

"Never," said Alpin. "Let me describe what has happened. The baby of a man hated by many has been spirited away and a strange baby left in its place. It was a matter requiring great intelligence and courage—and fortitude. It required a fortitude almost too great for human nature to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

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PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSE-PLANNING

Third Article—The Living-Room and Its Arrangement

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

ABOVE IS SHOWN A TYPICAL LIVING-ROOM CONTAININO A NUMBER OF THE POPULAR FEATURES WHICH WILL HELP TO MAKE IT TRULY LIVABLE

AS HAS been previously explained this series is intended as a help to those who wish to assist in the planning of their own homes, this class comprising a far greater number than is commonly supposed. And, as was described in the previous articles of this series, I have prepared a sort of chart sheet for the aid of such amateur architects, which contains scale-drawings of all of the individual rooms that usually comprise the well-planned small house, each of which is shown in a variety of sizes, so that you can make a selection of the various units in accordance with your taste, pocketbook, and the other conditions which affect your building problem.

Also the standard furniture pieces are shown, at the same scale as the room-plans, and such of these as are desired can be cut out with a pair of scissors and a plan arranged to suit your needs. This can then be studied and worked over until the final solution is as free as possible from the mistakes which are so commonly made.

In the last issue the kitchen and breakfast-room were discussed, and in the course of the series it is the intention to describe each of the other rooms, so that at the conclusion practically all of the details which enter into the planning of an ideal modern home, of whatever size or degree of elaboration, will have been illustrated.

The living-room here shown is simply a typical room suitable for almost any type of house, the colonial mantel shown being the only feature which belongs especially to any particular architectural style. No dimensions are given for the reason that these may be almost anything desired, within reasonable limits, altho the width of the room should be such as to permit of using some one of the lumber-lengths sold commercially. This confines us to a width of 9 feet 2 inches, 11 feet 2 inches, 13 feet 2 inches, 15 feet 2 inches, 17 feet 2 inches, or 19 feet 2 inches; these sizes being such as will accommodate, without cutting or waste, floor-beams of 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 feet respectively.

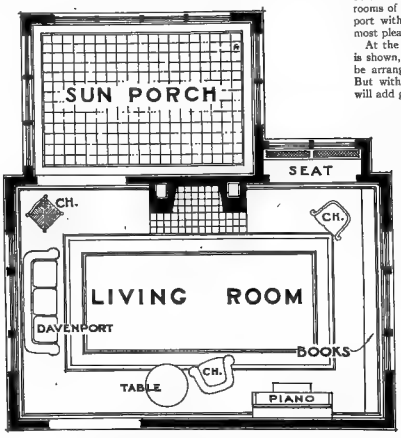
THE length of the room is not affected by lumber-length, since the beams run in the opposite direction, and the lengthening of the room simply means the addition of more beams. However, there is a certain relation of length to breadth which seems to produce a harmonious sense of proportion, and it is therefore well to see that we do not depart too far from these proportions. This is to be found in a room which is oblong rather than square, and yet with the increase in the length over the breadth of not more than 50 to 75 per cent.

This proportion will, of course, have to be varied to suit other conditions of the plan, but the area required can usually be so disposed as to avoid any waste of materials as well as to give the effect of harmony desired.

The accompanying plan and perspective view show several important features in typical arrangements, but all are of course subject to much variation.

For instance, the bookcases are indicated across the entire right-hand end of the room, and about 5 feet high, the top of them extending to the sill-line of the windows above. In a room of even average dimensions this will give room for a great quantity of books, more perhaps than many families possess. In cases where the volumes to be accommodated are less numerous, another attractive arrangement is to place a smaller section on each side of the fireplace, and designed so as to be built in with the mantel.

And there are still other solutions, but, wherever they go, these built-in bookcases are certainly a most useful and ornamental adjunct to the living-room, as they contribute largely toward producing a truly homelike aspect, and have a strong tendency to eliminate the abhorrent stiffness of the old-fashioned parlor. They can be built either with or without doors, but in the latter case the appearance of your collection will be something to consider.



A FLOOR-PLAN SHOWING A TYPICAL ARRANGEMENT, THE DIMENSIONS OF WHICH ARE ENTIRELY FLEXIBLE, AS THE ARTICLE EXPLAINS

At the right of the fireplace is shown a typical window-seat effect, with the radiator (assuming that your heating system will be either steam or hot water) placed under the seat. Where the radiation is so located a metal grill should be provided under the front of the seat to allow the cooler air to enter, as shown in the picture here, and another in the top of the back of the seat, as shown on the floor-plan, to allow the warm air to rise and circulate through the room. The picture shows the base-board running in front of this radiator-space at the floor-line, as in this way a better appearance is gained, but a more efficient working of this radiator will be secured if the grill is extended practically to the floor.

THE opening at the left-hand side of the fireplace is shown leading to an enclosed porch, but this is only for illustration and is, of course, in no way essential. This can be arranged as another window-seat or as an opening leading to any other room of the house, to an open porch, or it may be simply a window opening to the outside.

The placing of furniture as I have shown it is not intended to indicate any scheme in particular, except to convey one important idea. If your room is small it is much better to keep the center of the room clear of furniture as far as possible, as its limited area will be made to look still smaller if there is a table or davenport obstructing the central passage. However, in living-rooms of liberal size the scheme of placing the davenport with table adjoining in front of the fireplace is most pleasing.

At the angle of the wall and ceiling a small cornice is shown, and if a picture-molding is wanted this can be arranged as the bottom member of this cornice. But with or without the picture-molding the cornice will add greatly to the attractiveness of the room, and the cost is comparatively little.

Or the ceiling may be treated with beams, in which case it should be remembered that while they are of course purely artificial and are in reality suspended from the ceiling, they are supposed to give the appearance of carrying the weight of the floor above.

This means that the logical arrangement of such beams would assume one of two forms, either comprising a series of beams spaced from two feet to four feet apart and running across the room in the shorter span; or with the length of the room divided into three or more spans by large beams, with smaller beams running in the opposite direction. In any case avoid any design in which the beams are run in all sorts of irregular patterns which show plainly a lack of carrying capacity.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you want to help to plan your own home send for one of our free chart sheets, containing a large assortment of ideal rooms, in many sizes, which you can put together in various combinations until you have arrived at a satisfactory arrangement. After you have done this send us your plan if you care to, and receive a free criticism of your efforts.

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"In her face—the charm he seeks to find"

Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness—lack of daintiness in your toilet. Any girl *can* have a smooth, clear skin free from little defects and blemishes. Your skin is what *you make it*. For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

For each type of skin—there is a special treatment

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—there is a special Woodbury treatment which will meet its special needs.

For instance, you may have the type of skin that is subject to that distressing trouble—the breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria and parasites which are carried into the pores of the skin by dust in the air. Use the following simple treatment every night to free your skin from this disfiguring trouble:

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The first time you use the treatment given above it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After a few treatments this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten days you will be astonished at the improvement in your complexion.

This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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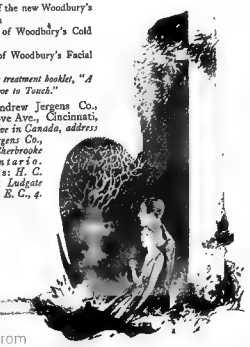

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YOUNG cooks take confidence at the sight of Morton's Salt. You know why; it's reliable salt that combines strength of flavor with convenience. It's full of flavor because it's scientifically made; convenient because when it rains it pours—out of table cellars—out of the handy package, with a spout that makes measuring easy.

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Do you know—that a cup of Morton Salt added to a gallon of hot water will set the color of the most delicate fabrics when left to cool in it?

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THE MASQUERADE OF JUSTICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

bear. The mother of the strange baby broke under it. She tried to take back her own."

The eight sat motionless and gray.

"So you will know I am not talking at random, I shall tell you how the thing was done. It was planned detail by detail, and the plans were carried out meticulously. One minute trifle escaped attention, a trifle provided by God. A birthmark, a tiny spot of the bigness of a pinhead. If that had been counterfeited, the substitution would never have been discovered. It would appear God wanted it to be discovered."

"Go on," said the rougher-appearing man who was the burglar.

"The details—a complete outfit of baby clothes identical with those of the rich man's child. A baby's cab identical with the cab in which that child took the air. Little trinkets of jewelry in replica." Here Alpin's eyes sought those of the jeweler, but they looked back at him unblinkingly. "On a day the house was watched. Word was passed that the baby wore a certain dress and certain trinkets. The nurse wheeled the rich man's baby down the street. At a distance behind came another baby in another cab in all points identical with the first—so far as the human eye could see. But the human eye could not see through the baby's clothes to the tiny mark on one baby's shoulder. At a point on the way the nurse's attention was attracted for a brief moment. The second cab rolled abreast of the first. The person who pushed the second cab shifted his hands to the handle of the first and walked on. It was very simple, because very intelligent. The rich man's baby was rolled away; the poor man's child remained in its place."

"And what," asked the anarchist, "became of the rich man's child?"

"That," said Alpin, "remains to be determined."

"You have your suspicions?"

"I suspect one of you," said Alpin.

The minister nodded his head. "Not without grounds, surely."

"Without any grounds which might be built into a framework of evidence acceptable for a court and jury."

THE jeweler moved his head as a man does who hears his own belief confirmed.

"I find the matter complicated," said Alpin, "by the presence of eight of you. There will be four babies," he said. "The one who has custody of the rich man's child will have discovered the birthmark."

"That would be inevitable," said the anarchist.

"It would be duplicated on the three babies having no birthmark," said Alpin, "making it impossible to identify the baby in question."

"Common intelligence would require that," said the burglar.

"So," said Alpin, "I have reached the conclusion that the truth can be arrived at in only one way."

"And that?" said the jeweler.

"By confession," said Alpin. "Otherwise the wrong will never be righted. I fancy," said Alpin, "that this is a crime committed so skilfully that apprehension of the perpetrators is impossible."

"It would appear so," said the minister. "You use the word crime."

"Advisedly," said Alpin.

"Why?" said the anarchist.

"Because the mother of the substituted baby has been made to suffer."

"Your point of view is novel. Does not your rich man suffer?"

"It may be his suffering is deserved. That is not for me to judge, just as his sins, if any, are not for me to punish. That would be to usurp God's prerogative."

"But you would punish the criminal—the abductor of the baby?"

"No," said Alpin. "I want only to return each child to its proper home."

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The Man Who Wrote "The Masquerade of Justice"

THIS popular novelist and short-story writer, also a determined golfer and reformed editor of a boys' magazine, thinks he has discovered a brand-new kind of mystery story. This is the second of the series.

Mr. Kelland was born in Michigan (it is not necessary to say when), and of all his remarkable accomplishments he probably is proudest of the fact that he has written a series of best-selling boys' books.

"God's prerogative," said the burglar. "God chooses agents for His work."

"But does not permit them to choose themselves," said Alpin.

"How can the agent know if he be chosen, or if he choose himself?"

"If he make the innocent suffer," said Alpin, "the choice can not be God's."

The minister nodded.

"The motive of this crime," said Alpin, "lay in idealism. In its fashion it was lofty. But it was mistaken. A man, or a group of men, said, here is a man who deserves a subtle punishment. They said that an unjust inequality existed. Two babies were born into the world, one destined to wealth and luxury and to all its heart could desire; the other to poverty and struggle. It was injustice. This man, or this group, said to themselves that this wrong could be righted. They were in error. They would take this rich baby and rear him to poverty and virtue, where he might be reared to wealth and indulgence. They would replace him with a baby born of parentage and blood which, so they said, would insure his growing to decent manhood in any surroundings, and a consequent wise and beneficial use of great wealth. One baby would be saved the pit, another baby would be placed in a position of power to serve the world. It was a great conception. And, in addition, a man against whom much evil has been charged would be punished in a terrible manner. Perhaps without his knowledge. He might rear to manhood, lavishing his affection and money upon it, a child not his own. There was the complete irony."

"Strangely complex," said the minister, "for a motive not sanctioned by Deity."

"You forget the motive," said Alpin. "Did *He* sanction her heartbreak? Would He look with favor upon her broken life, her heart never with the child upon her bosom? Would He look with favor upon the plight of that child, possessing yet not possessing a mother? Could that mother cherish a changeling, giving him the love and tenderness which were his by right? It would be impossible. And the other child——"

"Suppose steps had been taken to oversee his upbringing?" said the minister.

Alpin shook his head. "Even then," he said, "the mother lies at the heart of the matter. The crime is against her."

"But if she has shown the wisdom, the virtue of her sacrifice?"

"She could not be shown," said Alpin. "I am appealing to you on her behalf. I is for her I speak——"

"In vain," said the anarchist. He shrugged his thin shoulders. "Why tell this story to us?"

Alpin looked from face to face and shook his head. "You are all agreed," he said.

"It is a matter with which we have no concern," said the jeweler, and the others nodded.

Alpin shook his head wearily. "Appeal would be vain?" he said.

"You knock at the wrong door," said the minister.

THERE was a moment's heavy silence. Alpin stood with his eyes upon the floor, motionless. The silence continued until it became unbearable, yet none spoke. Alpin remained immobile. I felt that I must cry out if that silence were not broken. It was eating into me, and I knew it must be eating into those others. Still Alpin neither moved nor spoke. It was an ordeal; it was torture.

Then, of a sudden, Alpin turned to me. "Jenkins," he said, "fetch in the baby."

I turned, wondering, for there was no child, but I was brushed aside, flung against the pews by a woman who rushed past me crying in a voice to tear the heart. It was the minister's wife.

"My baby! My boy! My son! Mother is coming! Mother is coming!"

The seven sat motionless. Alpin spoke. "You see," he said, "God indicates His will."

A Clog in The Carbureter—
A Lonely Road—
And a Dark Night

A very little thing can paralyze the mechanics of an engine, and bring annoyance and hardship.

Everyone realizes the necessity of taking care of a machine, and of taking warning when it "knocks."

Yet some people expect the body to take care of itself, though its mechanism is far more delicate and complicated than that of any mechanical device.

Carelessness in selecting food, and neglect of warnings has stalled many a human machine when the trip was far from finished.

Grape-Nuts feeds the body scientifically, and it has a wonderful charm for the appetite. The full richness of wheat and malted barley, together with the vital mineral salts which the blood corpuscles and bone structure must have are in this food; and Grape-Nuts is so processed in the making, that it digests quickly and completely.

Try Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk for breakfast, or in place of a heavy, starchy meal for lunch. You'll greatly relish the delicious crispness and flavor of this splendid food, and you will be helping yourself to better health—away from the danger of accidents along the road.

Grape-Nuts—the Body-Builder

"There's a Reason"

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The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

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FIGHTING-COCKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

I was in the devil of taking that we might find the hurricane-flag, a signal for the stoppage of all trains, fluttering from the station pole; disproportionately thankful to find it still clear, tho the very thought had thrown me into a cold sweat. For something of the sense of fear and haste which possessed my companion, the few people we saw, was upon me also, adding to that fretful restlessness which showed itself among the rest of the dusty, wind-beaten figures waiting upon the platform: so dried up that I would not have been surprized to hear their skins rustle like a grasshopper's mail.

It seemed that we would never get off; and my eyes kept swiveling round like a chameleon's to that there blamed flag-post; while the intervals between the gusts of wind became shorter and shorter. At last, however, we started; and in the midst of an incredible tumult, sitting opposite to each other, seeing Mrs. Cavan's mouth open now and then, but unable to hear a word that she said, we got as far as Port Louis, where there was no single conveyance of any sort in sight.

"We'll have to walk to the quay," I shrieked in my companion's ear, holding on to her arm; with a mad sort of fear that we might be torn apart and never see each other again.

I TELL you, we pushed out into the road flattened back by the wind, pressing against it as tho it were a wall, a double wall, for half-way down the mountainsides the sky had sorted seemed to funnel and the rain streamed like a sloping sluice.

That bleached look was gone. Above us was nothing like a solid lead tank, black as the Earl of Hell's working waistcoat, flooding out its waters. The street whirled with loose papers and débris, scraps of devil flags from the native huts and any sort of filth.

It seemed as tho we would never get across the short space of the quay-side, tho I felt pretty sure that the wind was nothing to what it would be before it had done with itself.

I fully expected to see that *The Pox* had lifted her mud-hook and run for the open; as she should have done; but there she was, alone in the bay, pretty near in too, lucky for us, but frightfully dangerous for herself.

"He's not such a bad old chap after all," I thought. "He waited for us."

I waved my handkerchief and hat; waved and waved, incredulous of the fact that there was no answering signal; holding on to the woman with my other hand, thinking every moment that she'd be blown away; feeling like cursing her because I loved her— There you have it, I loved her, and I'd got her into a devil of a mess; there was no mistake about that.

"We must try and find shelter in the town," I said at last, giving it up, turning and fitting my teeth, gritting at her with a sort of savage tenderness as tho wondering whether she were worth all the trouble she was giving me; whipped and torn by the wind, her hat gone, her fair hair hanging limp and straight round her white face.

"No—no—we must go; get on board!" she cried.

"But how, how? Don't you see? Good God, woman, don't you see?" I yelled, indicating the utterly forsaken line of the quay with outthrust jaw.

"I tell you—go—go—go!" she cried again. Her voice was cracked by the effort of making herself heard, but the spirit behind it was unbroken. "Can't you— why—" I missed the rest, torn from her mouth; but I readily believe that, at this moment, she was fully as angry with me as I was with her.

"No boatman, an'—look at the sea!" I shrieked back, foolishly enough, for of course she had looked—who could help looking at anything so infernally ugly as that there sea?

"There 're boats—you—row—row!" She caught at my coat and shouted the words in my ear; then dragged herself free from my grasp and darted off toward the row of boats which were pulled up high on the slips, moving in a way which made me sure that if I refused to take her she'd put off alone; and that's the sort these gentle women are: once set, there's no turning them.

SOMEHOW or other we got a boat launched and tumbled into her, the to this day I have no idea of how we did it. But Mrs. Cavan was quick as a streak o' light upon her feet, seeming to cut the wind, and I well mind that it was she who saved me from going over the opposite side as I jumped in after her, the frail craft leaping like a bubble beneath my feet.

We reached the side of the bark—don't ask me how, for upon my soul I don't know; all I can remember is the seas that submerged us, our miraculous, breathless recoveries—but even then we were not at the end of our troubles, for the second mate, leaning out over the taffrail with his hands rounded to a trumpet, shouted at us, oddly enough, to go back, or at least that was what it sounded like.

"He said we—not to—you not to—go back—go back—go back—" like any perished guinea-fowl, while I yelled in reply, bidding them throw us a rope, for I dare not catch at any one of the banging chains for fear of being dashed to pieces against the side of the vessel, while the companion-way was not to be thought of; wondering not to see the skipper, wondering if the second, always a bit mealy in the head, had gone completely over.

At last the bosun's mate and a couple of other men appeared; there seemed to be some sort of a dispute between them: I saw the bow'un make a movement with his head in the second's direction, as tho to throw him aside, then shake his fist in his face; upon which the chicken-livered creature sneaked on one side, and a rope was thrown, with a running loop at the end of it.

They got Mrs. Cavan aboard first, and let me tell you this: I never knew what funk was until I saw her dangling, in an agony lest she should get her head smashed against the side of the bark.

It was easy enough for me; I caught the rope and kicked the boat clear, with never a thought as to whom it might belong; my one thought to get at that damnation mate, batter him to pulp, behind it all, and beckoned him to follow me to the salon.

Mrs. Cavan was sitting on one of the settees, her wet hair and clothes still clinging round her, her head bowed forward on her arms.

I told her to go to her cabin and get changed, but she took no notice of any words, and I believe that she felt she could not bring herself to enter it; for as she looked up her small heart-shaped face was ghastly, her eyes dark with fear.

"WHERE'S the captain?" I questioned the second, standing there hanging on to the edge of the table, caddling the deck with his feet like an old hen that's just laid an egg; fairly dithering with terror.

I was obliged to clip my face close to his and shout—if it hadn't been for that I'd not have thought to catch hold of his ear and twist it, for I was mad with my violence; but we were in the throes of a fresh burst of wind, and the uproar—externed and interned, so to speak; that battering and banging above, that grinding and groaning and tearing below, which make it seem as tho a ship's entrails were being well-nigh cramped out of her at such times—was terrific.

"He's gone ashore."

"In this weather—glass where it is—I away—"

"Gone— Told me I wasn't to let you and her—" he jerked his head in the direction of Mrs. Cavan, the unmannerly brute —"aboard again—I would me."

"Told you—well, I've you—!"

"He told me—he—he—!"

Shouting so, it seemed as difficult to find words as tho we were both speaking a foreign language, and I gave up that part of it, the part which related to us being kept off the ship, and began again.

"Why—why—where—where—when will he be back?"

"Gone—to get the cock."

"We'll have to run out to sea—we'll have to run out to sea," I shouted to myself, a shouting soliloquy, for I could make no sense of what he said. "She'll drag her anchor—be driven on shore."

"We can't—not till he comes back—gone—gone—to get the cock—to get the cock—"

Our faces were almost touching as each turned sidewise, bawled in the other's ears.

"E—eh—"

"The cock—the cock—" he took my arm and shook it—"the cock, darn you," he shrieked, even he, driven by funk, and exasperated by my stupidity.

And then it came upon me. Attempt after attempt had been made to steal, or in some fashion wangle away, that cock, which its owner, the half-caste proprietor of a sugar estate somewhere up Vacoas way, had refused to allow to fight the "Red King."

Man after man, boy after boy, had been sent forth at all hours of the night and day, but it was all of no avail. When *I* left the vessel with Mrs. Cavan early that afternoon the progress of the preparations was away, on what had seemed like the last forlorn hope, for in any case we were sailing next morning.

"Pierson?" I shrieked.

"Got back—ten-time—Old Man—rope's end—went off 'itself—telling me— Look here, Harrison, he told me—"

He had me by the sleeve, shaking my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

HOW FAMOUS MOVIE STARS KEEP THEIR HAIR BEAUTIFUL

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to-do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruinsit.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WHAT A CHILD'S HAIR NEEDS

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For either a boy or a girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

MAKES YOUR HAIR BEAUTIFUL

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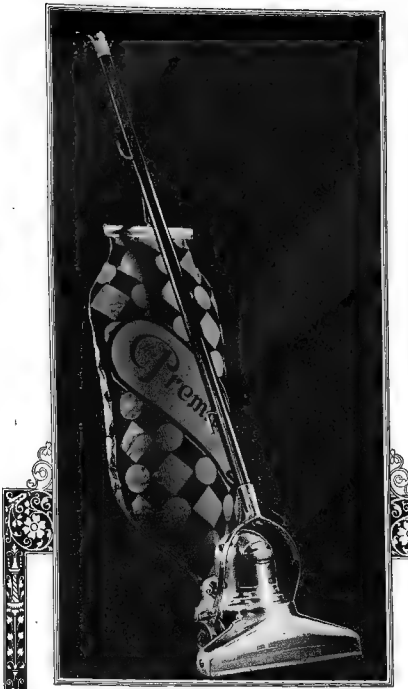

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FIGHTING-COCKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

arm, yelling furiously; but I flung him aside. The whole thing seemed unbelievable; that's it, unbelievable. If the boy Pierson did not get back to the boat until tea-time, the storm was well on its way; and for a commander to leave his ship at such a time—for anything, for anything on earth, above all for such a reason! Unbelievable, unbelievable, but, all the same, there it was, for that there blamed mate had not imagination enough for such a lie.

Oh, well, that was enough, that was all; that put the lid on it. I flung the cringing wretch aside, and moved to the cabin door, opened it and entered—that cabin where she had slept: she and those others, blast 'em.

I tried to keep my eyes from her bunk, feeling my face crimson, all stiff with brine as it was—the upper bunk of course; it wasn't often that the Old Man would have been in a condition for anything else. There was a pink wrapper of crêpe or some such stuff lying on it, hanging over the side. Hang it all, I couldn't well miss that in raising my head (the curtain-rod); to tell the truth, I lifted a hem of it to my lips; then, finding what I had come for, I tweaked the "Red King" from his perch and, tucking him under my arm, holding his neck in one hand, left the cabin and passed through the salon, where Mrs. Cavan lifted her head and gave us a long gaze of that sort of detached indifference which spells despair.

Opening the door and stepping over the high board which kept the wash of water from the salon, the second mate caught at my arm:

"She'll be on shore—her anchors will part— Good God, good God! What are we to do?"

The bos'un too: "We must get away out to sea while we can," or something like that; other men were round me, drenched specters, hanging like spiders to the life-lines. Swaying to meet the roll, my disengaged hand touched the deck, with a swell of water up my sleeve, and that will show you what it was like. The short ten minutes I was in the salon the wind had gathered a new passion; it was like some personal, wildly fanatical, enemy; every direction in which the ship labored, desperately, despairingly, she was met by a rain of savage blows, and the strange, long-drawn shrieks with which a tempest of this sort punctuates her onslaught.

Of course we must get up the mud-hooks, and double quick sharp too; but for all that, possessed by a sort of cold passion, I pursued my purpose. The men who had staggered out of the corners where they had taken refuge, to reason with me, to shriek their fears, were hurled and washed against me, heavy, exasperating bodies.

Hanging on to the life-lines with one hand, I moved forward to the quarter-deck, staggering and swept by the water about my legs, halted beneath the mainmast, and took a length of twine from my pocket, knotted it round the "Red King's" neck with a savage twist that did for him—not trusting to his own weight—and, raising him up by the halyards, hung him to the maintopmast crosstrees.

Mad—mad! Oh, well, so I was; so is every one at times. But then—well, just you picture that there harbor, like a slut mouth, and the more than chance of us driving up between the teeth o' the town, trailing our tackle behind us; and you'll see just how mad I was to have no single thought apart from the hanging of a cock; for, Lord, the drive we had on us!—enough to take us clean over the quay wall, and up the street, breaking our backs on that ramshackle old Government house; spewing us out upon the Council, supposedly sitting there this very day.

Mad, mad! an' yet if we did get up our anchor, where were we to run with the wind as it was now, driving straight in to shore?

SOME sort of reason, memory of the ways of cyclones, came back to me, and I climbed, clinging like a monkey, with a feeling as tho my legs were being torn away from me, or belonged to some one else, on to the bridge, and glanced at the barometer; saw that there was not a moment to waste, and, seizing the megaphone, leaned over the rail shouting.

I might as well have whispered, for there was not a soul in sight upon the swept deck, and he could not have heard me if there had been.

Scrubbing down again, I washed around till I found the bos'un and shrieked in his ear. Somehow or other we got together a handful of men. By this time they were most of them huddled in the alleyway under the bridge, and as I saw their craven faces I found myself wishing I and the whole contraption together had fallen on the skunks, crushed them like beetles.

The body of the "Red King" still hung aloft, his tail-feathers ridiculously rakish. The sight of him minded me of Mrs. Cavan—for a man's not always thinking of love the way a woman is—and I made my way to the salon, bursting in with the wind and water.

She was still sitting on the settee where I had left her, but she had drawn her feet up to the edge of it, wedging her knees between the table and her body, while her arms were hooked round over the back; and so she sat, immobile in herself, the changing her angle each moment with the general and terrific slant. Her face was like that of a dead woman as I inclined mine to hers and shouted,

"We'll get through all right."

"Not that—not—afraid—" I caught her meaning to be this: that it was not death, but life, which terrified her.

We were at the angle of a sharply tilted looking-glass. One moment it seemed as tho the deck beneath our feet might hit us in the face, then again that we would fall forward with the upper deck smashing our face, seeing it as a fly sees the ceiling.

Suddenly with the amazing suddenness of a banged door, the tumult ceased; the ship still rolled, but with a difference, the force gone from her movements, trembling, quivering; the roar of the wind had dropped, giving place to a multitude of lesser sounds.

I RAN to the salon door and threw it open.

There was not a breath of wind; the air was heavy as lead, the sky like lead, the ship in the trough of a sea which would take hours to get true. The silence was terrifying; as it always is terrifying in a way which one can never get used to: withering the soul, shaking it like the last dry leaf on a dead tree, inducing a feeling of utter and helpless nullity in the way nothing else can ever do; for I contend that this calm center of a cyclone is beyond words more awful than the height of the tempest, appalling, by reason of its very strangeness, the fear of what is coming.

With my feet dragging like lead through the water, I splashed my way to the cathead, where the greater part of the crew were crowded round the capstan; for we all knew the sort of devilry in the way of a blow that would be down on us once the center had passed, our only hope to run out to sea afore it.

"Heave an' she come, heave an' she goes, heave an' break her out"—the tramp of feet, the heavy breath of the men, the clink of the pawls, all alike was clear in the heavy air; the sky close round us as any room. We'd both mud-hooks catted and fished, were setting the main lower topsail, the crew moving languidly like men in a dream, oppressed by the weight of the atmosphere, when there was a sudden cry from one of the apprentices, a pointing and shouting.

"A boat—a boat—" Then—"The Old Man!—the Old Man!" Even in the midst of all that other horror, he told upon us; the men crowded to the taffrail staring aghast, the mate clinging to my arm with his eternal whine of "I told you—he told me—not to let you aboard; now—now—I'm in for it— Look here— O Lord, O Lord, what's to be done now?"

He picked up a stray length of rope and began to coil it, groaning, "My God! My God!— I told you—I told you—and I with a wife and family at home."

The men on the yard had turned to again, working as tho they were mad, loosing the gaskets and clear-lines, hanging like flies along the stirrups.

How in the name of all that's holy he ever got a Mauritius longshoreman to put to sea at such a time is beyond me, but there he was; the small boat painted on the leaden sea, disappearing in and emerging from its immense troughs.

I let him down a rope ladder and up he came; as he topped the rail he was a sight to make a cat laugh—tho no one of us had so much as thought of laughter—with the brim of his sun-helmet hanging in a pulp, limp as the frill of a baby's bonnet, round that great, puce-tinted face.

No one spoke. It seemed as tho no one breathed. We were flabbergasted. At the back of my amazement was a savage rage at the trick time had played upon me; another few minutes and I'd been out at sea with his ship and his wife; within my rights, too, seeing that he, the skipper, had deserted them both at such a time and for what—for what? You may well ask that!

As he swung his leg over the rail in the midst of that amazing silence, human and elemental—the salt junk of slab of a face, festooned with limp white, showing a sort of grin like a schoolboy—we realized what he carried, clasped to his breast.

A cock—*the* cock—*the* cock—there was no doubt of that. He did not care a hang about his ship, what might happen, what was going to happen; for there was that grin.

The ship was rolling heavily, and he was a heavy man, but he dropped on deck lightly enough, his leather garments clinging

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Make this face powder test

TO cling and blend with the irregular surface of even the smoothest skin—all tiny mounds and dimples when you observe it under a microscope—a face powder must be *super*-fine.

Coarse powders *show*, producing that coated or "calcimined" look you see so often, because they fill these tiny depressions. Only a *super*-fine powder will follow the invisible contours and lay a uniform, transparent bloom over all.

There is only one face powder which satisfies this *super*-fine requirement of complexion beauty. American inventive genius has again led the world in developing the exclusive *air-sifting* process by which Melba face powders now are made.

So fine it floats on air

Air-sifting means that every scented atom in a Melba package is so fine it *floats on air*. As the powder cloud falls from the last sifting frame, a current of air blows through it and carries the *super*-fine particles to the settling chamber for perfect powder. The coarse granules drop down to a bin below and go back to be milled again.

Test this *fine*-ness for yourself. If you are not a Melba user, rub a little of your favorite powder on the back of your hand. Near it apply Melba powder made in the new, revolutionary American way.

Comparison the true test

Note the difference. Note how much finer Melba *air-sifted* powder is. How closely it clings. How hard it is to blow—or even wipe—away. How natural and transparent is the effect it gives. How smoothly it blends with the tone and texture of your skin.

Because it clings and blends so intimately, Melba face powder is not affected by wind or moisture. You can dance or motor or ride or golf without fear for your complexion's charm. Instead, Melba's transparent *fine*-ness allows all the radiant color stimulated by exercise to shine through.

You can keep that rich color permanently if, daily, you clear the thousands of oil-laden pores your face contains. Melba Skin Cleanser, applied for a few minutes, will dissolve and bring the mingled waste matter and dust to the surface. A soft cloth will remove it. Then a tonic massage with Melba Face Cream Skin Massage will flood the tissues with invigorating red blood, will restore radiant color to cheek and brow, will narrow the pores and refine the texture of your skin.

Send for this test package

Melba *air-sifted* powders and face creams are for sale at toilet goods counters of 30,000 drug stores and department stores in the United States. Buy them and test them *today*. Or send the attached coupon with 25 cents in stamps or silver and we will mail you liberal samples of Melba *air-sifted* powders, Melba Skin Cleanser, Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, Melba Skin Lotion and Melba Vanishing Cream. To the first ten thousand who accept this *test offer*, we will send also a copy of our helpful little de luxe booklet, "The Art of Make-up."

MELBA

Melba Face Powders, 30 cents to $2.00
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Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, 50 cents

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Gentlemen: I enclose 25c (stamps or silver) for which send me sample packets of Melba Face Powders in various colors, a trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, a trial tube of Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, a trial tube of Melba Vanishing Cream, and a trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion. You are to include a copy of your booklet, "The Art of Make-up," *free*. Print plainly in pencil.

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Beautifies The Table

Genuine Pyrex not only insures better food, more attractively served, but saves fuel and the labor of pan scouring. It never chips, nor changes color. Makes the kitchen a pleasant place to work in and gives the table new delight.

Five of the essential Pyrex dishes (shown below) comprising a Pie Plate, Utility Dish, Bread Pan, Casserole, and Pudding Dish, are the selection of thousands of women as the right beginning of a Pyrex equipment—useful every meal, every day. A Royal gift for any occasion or season.

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Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

5 of the Essential Pyrex dishes for every home

FIGHTING-COCKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

to him as tho the boat—which had dropped away from him, Heaven only knows where, which we had all forgotten as wholly as I had forgotten mine, for in any great crisis one remembers and forgets in the most extravagantly unreasonable manner—had been half full of water.

The cock which he held, glancing round with bright snake-like eyes, preening its neck, was untouched by water, unruffled by wind. I suspected he had folded it beneath his coat; he held it now as a mother might hold a beloved baby.

Thinking of Mrs. Cavan, I turned and ran toward the salon. At the door of the alleyway I swung round; why, I don't know, but something seemed to catch my shoulder.

The Old Man was staring up at the maintopmast crosstree where the "Red King" still hung shaken out over the sail. His free hand pointed; his mouth was open; I could see it dark in his darkly purple face. But for all that, he was silent in the midst of the great silence, steadying himself with straddled leg to the uneasy plunge of the deck beneath his feet.

For an eternity, or what it seemed, he hung there; then with a dreadful hoarse, choking cry he dropped, while at the same moment the wind swept down upon us once more, blowing straight from the shore, sweeping us before it like a leaf before a broom: the impetus of the old wind fighting against the new, piling up the seas, pyramid-like, upon us, hanging the great arched green-throated waves above us, high as the maintop; sweeping us with ruining sluices of black water, wastes of yellowish foam; tearing two of our boats from the davits, raking us as we ran.

What happened to the skipper, felled by some sort of a stroke—that much seemed clear enough—dropping insensible, swept away by the sea, which engulfed the maindeck, so that the bridge looked like a hen-coop, floating upon its surface, who can say?

For eight hours we flew before it, and I for one never thought we should come out alive. There was another man lost, a man with full command of his senses too. I saw him go, the savage delight of the wave that got him: a broken arm, a smashed knee—most of our pots and pans lost, through the breaking in of the galley doors, tho in the worst of it all, hearing a shrill crow, I glanced up to the maintopgallant rigging and caught sight of that there blasted—or was it blessed?—cock of MacAffan's, rejoicing over the dangling body of the "Red King"; raising his head triumphantly, uttering a peculiarly shrill and silver-clear note, cleaving the tempest.

"Never again to ship on any vessel where the captain carries his wife aboard with him"; that's what I said, was it? Oh, well, I've stuck to it, haven't I? For I'm still aboard *The Rose*, where the owners gave me command, and there's but one woman on her, or ever will be either; a silver-fair woman, too, but with such a bloom, such a swing of life about her, that few would recognize my wife, bless her heart, remembering her for what she was as the wife of "the cock captain."

CONSCIENCE MONEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Then Jeremy was picked up, and, still kicking and breathless, flung onto the bed.

Then the door closed and the boy was alone.

The first real agony of Jeremy's young life followed. Two years before, just at this time, he had been in disgrace for telling a lie. His misery had been acute for an hour or two, and then with the swift memory of eight years old it had been forgotten and covered up. This was another business. When, after lying stunned for a long time, thoughts came to him his first emotion was one of blind-mad rage—an emotion quite new to him, never felt before. Injustice! Injustice! That was a new word written on the pages of his life's book, never again to be eradicated.

There came before him at once, as tho it were being presented to him by some new friend who was with him in the room for the first time, the picture of the afternoon when he had bought the presents. The group of boys who had gone into the little neighboring town for a few things that they were "taking home"; his consciousness of the fifteen shillings as absolutely his own; his first thought that he would buy sweets with some of it and keep the rest for the holidays; then the sudden flash of inspiration, presents for everybody, and with that the sudden flooding of his heart with love for home, for Polchester, for every one, even Aunt Amy and the kitchen-maid, and then his delightful discovery, in the general shop where they were, that there were so many different things to buy and so many so cheap.

The half-hour that he had and the wonderful excitement of taking back his parcels, himself packing them in his play-box—and it ends in this!

He hadn't *known* that the money was not for him; he hadn't thought for a moment that it was not!

HE SAT up on the bed and looked about the room and saw the things scattered about the floor—the brush, the necklace. The glass of the picture was broken. At the sight of that he suddenly began to cry again, kneeling on the bed, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. He felt sick—his head was aching, his eyes were red-hot—and he felt anger, furious, rebellious anger. He hated his father, hated him so that it made him more sick to think of him. What would his father do to him? He didn't care. He would be terribly punished, beaten to within an inch of his life, because then he could with more justice than ever devote his life to hating his father. He would hate him forever, forever and ever. And all this time he was crying in a snivelling sort of way, like a little animal whose limb is broken.

The house was utterly silent about him. No sound at all. Then he caught a thin, feeble scratching at the door. He climbed off the bed and went to it. Opening it cautiously, he peered out. Hamlet was there, wagging his tail. He pulled him into the room, shut the door, dragging him onto the bed, folded him into himself, suffering himself to be licked from one ear to the other.

HOW terrible the time that followed! None of the Cole children could remember anything at all like it. Even Helen, who was nearly grown up now, because she was at the Polchester High School and had won last term a prize for callisthenics, was impressed with the tragedy of it all. How awful that Christmas was, never by any of them to be forgotten for the rest of their lives!

Jeremy came down-stairs, and there was a pretense of gaiety. Presents were distributed on Christmas evening. Turkey and plum pudding were eaten. A heavy cloud enveloped every one.

The fanatic that then was in Mr. Cole began now to flower. For the first time his son appeared to him as a conscious, developing individual; for the first time he really loved him; and for the first time he felt that there was a soul to be saved and that he must save it. For the first time also in their married lives a serious difference of opinion divided the father and mother. Mrs. Cole yearned over her boy, who was now in some strange way escaping her. She was no psychologist, and indeed thirty years ago parents never conceived of analyzing their children. She was only discovering, what every mother discovers, that a year's absence had taken her boy away from her, had given him interests that she could not share, taught him ambitions, confided to him secrets, delivered him over to hero-worshipings that would never be hers. Not for ten years would he return to her. To be a mother you must have infinite patience.

Secretly she rebelled against her husband's policy; outwardly she submitted to it.

During all the week following Christmas the Coles were a miserable family, and in the middle of them Jeremy moved a figure of stone. They wished him to be an outcast; very well, then, he would be an outcast. They thought him a criminal and not fit for their society; very well, then, he would be apart and of himself. The presents were there, at the bottom of his playbox. His only definite punishment was that he should receive no pocket-money throughout the holidays—but he was a pariah—and a pariah he would be

ONCE his mother talked to him, drawing him to her, putting her arms round him.

"Jeremy, dear, just go to father and say you're sorry and then it will all be over."

"I'm not sorry."

"Well, if you're not sorry about spending the money because you didn't know that

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May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time? Which is correct? Which is the proper thing to do?

There are countless other problems that arise every day between men and women. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Women who have no beauty can often be charming; men who have no wealth or influence can make themselves welcome nearly everywhere when they know exactly what to do and say on all occasions, do not commit embarrassing blunders, and are well-poised and well-mannered.

Those who know how to act under all circumstances, who do and say at all times what is absolutely correct, are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do the wrong thing at the wrong time and say the wrong thing at the wrong time, betray themselves as ill-mannered and uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, as it is more generally called, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

For generations men and women have met in good society. Contact with one another made necessary certain rules of conduct, certain rules of etiquette. Through generations of observance in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The existence of these fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know at once whether one is doing, saying or wearing the thing that is absolutely correct.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do YOU Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances. Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Every day, in business and social life, important problems of etiquette present themselves. If you know what to do or say, you immediately impress people with your charm, your ease of manner. If you do not know what to do or say, you become embarrassed and often suffer keen humiliation.

How Many of These Questions Can YOU Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

By teaching you the correct thing to do on all occasions, etiquette eliminates mistakes, and embarrassing blunders. It gives poise, grace, self-confidence. It makes contact with people more agreeable and pleasant. It gives one the manners of a lady and a gentleman, and helps pave the way to welcome and admiration in business and society. It makes easier the road to social success.

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" In Two Volumes Sent To You Free For Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes, and after a good number of years one's contact with cultured people would bring one the correct charm of manners.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette, written and arranged in so interesting a form that it is like reading a story. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted. Every phase of everyday etiquette is covered in an exhaustive, authoritative, interesting manner.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will serve as an armor to protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send $3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! **Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 845, Oyster Bay, N. Y.**

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How Women Save Money With Mirro

You can benefit from the experience of several million women who have found the way to save money on their kitchen utensils.

These women have learned through experience that Mirro Aluminum cooking utensils last far longer because they are made of thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum.

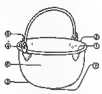
Mirro ware is built to withstand the abuse to which kitchen utensils are subjected, day after day. Mirro utensils keep their shape. The sides are rigid. The handles are strongly riveted and the no-burn cover knobs are securely and permanently fastened.

Not once only, but many times during its long life does a Mirro utensil, such as the Preserving Kettle shown above, save the replacement cost of a short-lived article. And Mirro prices are very moderate—every woman can afford Mirro.

You can readily see the difference between Mirro Aluminum utensils and others by inspecting them at your nearest dealer. Lift them, feel the difference in weight! Note the heavy, turned edges of Mirro ware, the many features of convenience such as those listed at the right.

In addition to these advantages, each Mirro utensil carries the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with a successful experience of nearly thirty years.

Get this Mirro Preserving Kettle today. It will demonstrate the economy of Mirro. You may buy Mirro ware at leading stores everywhere. Send for Mirro miniature catalog No. 14.



Here are the seven special features of this Mirro Preserving Kettle:

1 Well-formed, easy-pouring lip

2 Solid, tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevices

3 Smooth, rounded edges—easily cleaned

4 Handle ears permit handle to be moved to any one of three different positions without coming in contact with sides of utensil

5 Tilting handle with eye for convenient hanging

6 Beautiful silvery Mirro finish

7 Famous Mirro trade-mark which is stamped into the bottom of every piece, and your guarantee of excellence throughout

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General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

MIRRO ALUMINUM *Reflects Good Housekeeping*

CONSCIENCE MONEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

you oughtn't to—say you're sorry because you kicked father."

"I'm not sorry I kicked father."

"But father loves you. He was only doing what he thought was right."

"Father does not love me or he would have known that I didn't steal the money."

"But, Jeremy, dear, father wants you to realize that you mustn't spend other people's money as tho it were your own. You're too young to understand now—"

"I'm not too young to understand."

Mrs. Cole sighed. This Jeremy was utterly strange to her, so old, so oddly different from the boy of a year ago, so hard and so hostile. She was very unhappy. And Jeremy too was unhappy—desperately unhappy. It was no fun being a rebel. Sometimes he was on the very edge of surrender, longing to go and submit to his father, fling his arms round his mother, listen to Mary's silly stories, play and shout and sing and laugh as he used to do.

Something kept him back. It was as tho he were in a nightmare, one of those nightmares when you can't speak, a weight is on your chest, you move against your will

He was so unhappy that he told Hamlet that he was going to run away to sea. He had serious thoughts of this. Then suddenly Uncle Samuel returned from Paris.

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

HUGH WALPOLE
Author of
The "Jeremy" Stories

BORN in New Zealand in 1884, son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, Hugh Walpole was educated in English schools and colleges. Received his early training by working on London newspapers. Is the author of a score of successful, best-selling novels. Among them you will remember "The Captives," "Dark Forest," "Fortitude," "The Green Mirror," "Maradick at Forty," etc. Last season his book "Portraits of the Period" was being read on both continents. It is a collection of his rarely beautiful short stories which had previously appeared in Pictorial Review. His recreations are walking, fishing and music. For his services with the Russian Red Cross during the Great War he was decorated with the Georgian Cross.

It was a wet, windy evening. The rain was blowing in streaky gusts up Orange Street, sending the lamps inebriated, and whipping at windows as tho it would never find outlet sufficient for its ill temper. Out of the storm came Uncle Samuel, in a black cape and a floppy black hat, straight from that mysterious unseen, unfathomed country Paris. As usual, he was casual and careless enough in his greetings, kissed his sister quickly, nodded to his brother-in-law, grinned at the children, and was in a moment transported to that strange region at the back of the house where was his studio, that magical place into which none of the children had ever entered. He did not that evening apparently notice Jeremy's desolate figure.

ON THE following afternoon Jeremy, Hamlet at his heels, was hanging disconsolately about the passage when his uncle suddenly appeared.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" said Jeremy.

Uncle Samuel was in his blue painting-smock. Whereas the other members of the family were so well known to Jeremy that they were almost like the wall-paper or the piano, Uncle Samuel's appearance was always new and exciting. With his chubby face, the gray hair that stood up rather thinly about his crimson pate, his fat, stumpy body, ironical blue eyes, and little, rather childish, mouth he always seemed nearer to Jeremy than the others—younger, more excitable, more easily surprized. He had the look of an old baby. Jeremy sometimes thought. He looked at Jeremy consideringly.

"Got anything to do?"

"No."

"Come on into the studio."

"Oh, may I?"

"Well, I wouldn't ask you if I didn't want you— Yes, you may bring the dog."

Jeremy's excitement was intense. Once long ago his uncle had said that he might go into the studio, but he had never dared to venture. He walked carefully, like Agag. The door was opened, a curtain pulled aside. A long empty room with wide, high windows overlooking meadow and hill, a low bookcase running the length of the room, a large sofa with cushions, two rugs, some pictures with their faces to the wall, some other pictures hanging, funny ones, a girl with a green face, a house all crooked, a cow (or was it a horse?)—

Uncle Samuel went to the sofa and sat down. He called Jeremy over to him and pulled him in between his knees.

"Been having a row?" he said.

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"Kicked your father?"

"Yes."

"What was it all about?"

Jeremy told him. Uncle Samuel listened attentively, his eyes no longer ironical.

He put his hand on Jeremy's shoulder, and the boy, feeling the unexpected kindness, burst into tears. The misery of the last week overflowed from his heart. "I didn't—know—I didn't really—I wanted to give them the things —I wasn't wicked."

The man bent down and picked the boy up and held him tight. Then he talked to him.

"Look here, you've not got to mind this. You were wrong, too, you know. Your father was right from *his* way of seeing things. His way isn't yours, that's all. When you get older you'll find people often don't see things the way you do, won't like the way you're prudent of, simply won't understand it. There are as many different opinions as can be in this old world, and you've simply got to face it. You've just got to be ready for anything—not to get angry and kick. Don't let yourself be too sensitive. You'll go up and you'll go down, and when you're up people will say you ought to be down, and when you're down there'll be a few kind souls will help you up again. Misunderstood! Why, bless my soul, you'll be misunderstood a million times before you're done. If you've got work you like, a friend you can trust, and a strong stomach you'll have enough to be thankful for.

"You won't understand yet all I'm saying, but you soon will. You come along in here and be kind to your old uncle, who's never had anything right all his life—largely through his own fault, mind you. There, there—Bless me, you're as soppy as a shower of rain. Fond of your uncle?"

Jeremy hugged him.

"That's right. Well, mind you keep it up. I can do with some. Will you say you're sorry to your father?"

Jeremy nodded his head.

"That's right. Now, listen. This studio is for you to be in when you like. Not your beastly sisters, mind you. But you *and* your dog if he'll behave himself."

Hamlet promised. Jeremy ceased to cry. He looked about him.

WHEN they had come in, the room had been in dusk. Now it was too dark to see. He felt for his uncle's hand and held it. Nothing so wonderful as this had yet happened in his life. He did not know, however, how wonderful in reality that evening would afterward seem to him. All his after-life he would look back to it, the dark room, the dog quiet at their feet, the cool strength of his uncle's hand, the strange, heating excitement, the happiness and security after the week of wild loneliness and dismay. It was in that half-hour that his real life began; it was then that, like Alice in her looking-glass, he stepped over the brook and entered into his inheritance

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Wonderful New Complexion Clay Unmasks Your Hidden Beauty!

Read Here How Marvelous Discovery Gently Lifts Away and Absorbs Every Blemish and Impurity of the Skin

BENEATH the most unsightly complexion, beneath the most persistent blackheads and pimples and blemishes there is a skin as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Every woman has a beautiful complexion, and she can find it at once if she will only remove the film of dust and dead skin-scales that are clogging and stifling the pores.

The face is a mass of interwoven muscular fibers overlaid with soft, delicate membranes called the skin. These membranes expel acids and impurities, and are provided by nature with millions of tiny pores for the purpose. When dust clogs up these pores, or when the use of wrong creams or powders stifle them the acids and impurities *remain in the skin.* They form blackheads, pimples, blemishes.

Plastering the skin with cosmetics that are harmful will not correct this condition. This will only clog the pores even more, and aggravate the blemishes. The skin will become harsh, colorless, unattractive. Massage may clear the pores temporarily, but it will *stretch* the skin and cause it to droop and wrinkle.

Yet, under the most unwholesome disfigurements, under the most coarse and sallow skin, there is exquisite beauty! Remove the dead scales on the surface, remove the blemishes and impurities beneath the surface—and the complexion will be left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty!

This New Discovery Clears and Beautifies the Skin *at Once*

Science has found that there is just one natural scientific way to remove the blemishes and impurities *at once,* revealing the beautiful complexion underneath. A wonderful new discovery actually accomplishes this in a few minutes. Almost while you wait the hidden beauty of your complexion is brought to the surface!

This new discovery has been given the most appropriate name of Complexion Clay. It is not a cosmetic; it is not a skin tonic. You do not have to wait for results. The soft, pliant, cream-like clay is applied to the face with the finger tips. It dries and hardens. And as it hardens, it draws out every skin impurity with gentle firmness. When it is removed, the skin beneath is found to be smooth and clear and beautiful.

The marvelous new Complexion Clay removes all blemishes and impurities as though they were some unclean moth, and the wholesome, youthful beauty of the complexion is revealed underneath. It does not cover up blemishes. It removes them—AT ONCE

Brings New Life and Youth to the Complexion

Everyone knows that beauty is the chief source of happiness for women. And, after all, the beauty of the face is more largely determined by the texture and quality of the skin than by the features. With a clear, radiant complexion any woman is beautiful.

Never before has the attainment of a smooth, clear complexion been as simple, as instantaneous as now. Complexion Clay is one of the most amazing discoveries known to science and chemistry. It is a preparation of wonderful potency, and it brings new life and youth to every skin cell and pore.

Does Not Cover Up the Blemishes

Complexion Clay does not cover up or hide the defects. It removes them—at once. When the fine, delicately scented clay is applied every pore in the skin hungrily absorbs the nourishing skin foods it contains. There is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay dries and hardens. And as it hardens you will feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, giving up the impurities that clogged them, freeing themselves of the self-poisons that caused the pimples and blackheads.

Easy and Pleasant to Use

The Clay remains on the face only a short time. You may read or relax while the beauty mask is doing its work—you may even go about your housebold tasks. A warm towel applied to the face will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And as it comes off, every blemish and impurity will come off with it, every blackhead and pimplehead will vanish in the magical clay! The skin beneath will be left soft and smooth and satiny as a child's.

The Danger of Clogged Pores

When dust clogs the pores, pimples and blackheads make their appearance. Complexion Clay does not cover up or hide these blemishes—it draws out and absorbs the dust and impurities and the complexion is left soft and beautiful

The Whole Face Rejuvenated This New, Quick Way

Whenever you want to appear at your best, when you want to look young and fresh and charming, give yourself a Complexion Clay treatment. Not only will it bring the beauty of your complexion to the surface, but it will tone up the sagging face muscles, smooth away wrinkles, add new brilliance and sparkle to the eyes.

Only one treatment with Complexion Clay will convince you that here at last is the natural, scientific preparation that rejuvenates the complexion—makes it young and beautiful and keeps it that way. The same wonderful potency that clears the skin of all blemishes, stimulates the facial nerves, normally closes enlarged pores, contracts bagginess under the eyes and chin, softens mature lines, and firms and strengthens the entire face.

Read These Letters!

Am using your Complexion Clay and I think it really wonderful. It clears the skin, leaving it soft and smooth
Mrs. F. A. Aldrich,
725 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Pa.

I wish to state that I find the Complexion Clay a remarkable remedy. It has completely removed all signs of unsightly blackheads from my face.
I really thought I should never be rid of them, until I tried your preparation
Mrs. S. Wagner
200 Hamilton St., New Brunswick, N. J.

I think your Complexion Clay is wonderful and no woman should be without it, and you can tell anyone who wants to write to me regarding same. I used it twice and my friends say I am looking fine. I want to thank you for letting me know of your wonderful preparation.
Thanking you again, and a thousand times again. Nothing I ever tried can beat it.
Miss A. Potter,
137 N. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Just to inform you that your Complexion Clay has been received, and I have already tried it and am very pleased with it, as I think you.
Mrs. Florence Gnazzo,
2416 First Ave., New York City

Jar of Complexion Clay Sent FREE

Every woman owes it to herself to try this remarkable new Complexion Clay, to see for herself how beautiful her complexion can really be, to bring her own charming youthfulness to the surface. As this preparation cannot be obtained anywhere but direct from Domino House, we are making the very special offer of sending a jar on free trial to anyone sending the coupon below to us at once.

Don't send any money—just the coupon with your name and address. A jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you promptly. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus the few cents postage) when it is in your hands. This special reduced price is made for introductory purposes for a short time only. The regular price is $3.50—but if you take advantage of this offer at once you pay only $1.95 (plus postage) and in addition you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after the first application.

Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which is authorized to return to any purchaser the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful, new discovery.

A New Complexion for the Old—Act NOW!

Please bear in mind that this Complexion Clay is an entirely new discovery. No matter what the condition of your skin may be, it will work, for it is natural. It will give you a new complexion for the old—it will transform the ugliest complexion into one of beauty. And it is positively harmless; will not hurt the most sensitive skin.

Take advantage of our special free-to-your-door offer. Mail this coupon at once, and get your jar of Complexion Clay before the present supply is exhausted. Many will have to be kept waiting. Mail the coupon NOW! Address Domino House, Dept. 155, 267 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House
267 South 9th St., Dept. 156
Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of your Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first jar with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole and only judge.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

If you are not to be out when postman calls send remittance with this coupon.

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Millions of mothers, in fifty countries, have for decades done it this way.

They serve Quaker Oats—the extra-flavory flakes. Some send 10,000 miles to get it.

This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

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As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame. Then why not get this extra flavor and make the flakes enticing? It costs no extra price.

Quaker Oats

Just the cream of the oats

Quaker Macaroons

A Confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP IN MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

looks of Jane's skirt, or of what it failed to hide; her brand of rouge and lip-stick and powder and cigarets; also her "line of talk." But he did not know that Jane was in the habit of getting up at ten o'clock; that her mother did the housework because sweeping made Jane's hands stiff, bed-making hurt her back, and dish-washing broke her nails.

Jane thought Willie "adorable." Such lovely polished hair! and his slender belted waist! What a fetching angle he made when seated on the middle of his spine in a striped roadster, with one foot on the accelerator and the other cocked on the cowl as a danger-signal to all who thought to pass him on the road! He was "some" dancer, too, was Willie. He "parked" and "slummied" and "shook a mean ankle" just "too cute." Every day at five o'clock, with a silver flask on his hip, he picked up Jane, undressed to the eyebrows, and sped over the highway with her, dancing here and there until the flask was empty and the birds began to sing. It was a "low" night that got Jane home much before dawn. One fine night, when they were whisking along a moonlit shore, they kept right on until daylight landed them in a town where they procured a license and were married. The honeymoon was short.

Dad said to Willie that "all allowance was off." "As young people have seen fit to go it alone. So go to it." He gave Willie a job in his office at $150 a month—not even enough to keep a stripped roadster.

Jane's dad welcomed her marriage as a chance to get from under the debt accrued from buying lip-stick and "sheer" stockings. Sad days followed for Jane and Willie. "Going it alone" with a "brisk bunch" was no easy matter. The "brisk bunch" soon forgot all about them. Jane could not and would not cook, sweep, nor make beds. So they took lodgings and ate at a cafeteria -poor pickings for Willie. One night he met an old comrade and went out to the beach to "shake a mean ankle," forgetting to come home. The next evening Jane forgot to come home. For a while their life was a series of battles and truces. Then Jane and Willie and their parents decided that Jane should go East to visit relatives for a year, when Willie could get a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

When the case came before me and I discovered that Jane had returned to town ten days previously, I called her into court, refusing to grant the decree until I had made some attempt at reconciliation. Jane cried and said she would go back to Willie when he could keep her in the "style she had been used to." Willie had about as much desire to keep Jane in style as Jane had to be kept out of style. So I granted the decree. A reconciliation in such a case would only have led to a more serious breach of the marriage vow.

The Judge Has a Hunch

NO LESS trivial was the case of another couple who sought my judgment. Their accusations and denials almost swamped the court reporter. The husband had left home, remaining away for a year, altho he had regularly sent his wife an adequate allowance. He must have had a sense of responsibility or he would not have done this.

I made up my mind to find out what had brought about the declaration of war. After much questioning on both sides, I discovered that the husband was a fiend for duck-hunting. When the birds began to fly low he felt the call of the wild. Every Saturday he jumped into his jitney and whirled away, leaving his wife to dry her tears on the parlor couch. Sunday night he was home again, cheery and full of pep, with a string of birds for her to clean, thereby adding grossest insult to deepest injury. She wanted to dine at a café on Saturday night or go to a dance. On Sunday she liked to take a spin down the ocean shore in the jitney. Instead she stayed at home or went to tell mother all about it. She nagged and nagged, and at last he got tired of it and left home. To all appearances they were deadlocked. The wife was entitled to her decree.

In talking with me, however, she said that she still loved her husband. He had not a word to say against her, his only excuse being that they did not get along together and they might just as well be divorced. Bringing them together in my chambers, I touched on the memories of their sweetheart and honeymoon days. When the moment was ripe I asked how they spent their time. It was a sore and delicate subject, but a friendly talk upon the joys of duck-hunting aroused his interest, and I then forced an admission from the little lady that his love of sport might be pardoned since he was such a model husband otherwise. Then I popped my scheme.

"Why don't you compromise?" I asked the husband. "One week-end you can take your wife to the theater or to a dance on Saturday night and motoring on Sunday, and the next week you can take her duck-hunting with you. You're a strong, husky girl," I suggested to her, "and should be able to stand the kick of a No. 12 and no end of tramping. It will do you good to get out in the country every other week." The suit was dismissed. At the end of a year I read in the papers that a woman had been arrested for shooting more birds than the bag limit. The culprit was my litigant.

Chicken Complications

SMALL tyrannies are not by any means confined to the young. Not long ago a man of sixty-five and a woman of sixty came seeking a divorce upon the grounds of desertion and wilful neglect, the wife having left home. Married for thirty years, things had gone smoothly with them until the husband sold out his little shop and they had moved into the suburbs and took to raising chickens and ducks.

The old lady had her own theories about feeding poultry and the best remedy for pip. The old gentleman was also an independent thinker. Quickly their love had turned to hate over the rival methods of achieving flavor and productivity in their feathered progeny. They were brought to see that the yard could be cut in half and the poultry divided, when they would be able to prove who had the right idea. A few yards of chicken-wire and a little composed discussion saved two old people from a cheerless and lonesome dotage.

These instances may seem absurd. They are. But the majority of divorces are nearly always attributable to some infinitesimal disagreement which, festering, has produced an ulcer.

Desertion as a ground for divorce often covers a multitude of evasions. Conservative couples, rather than bring more serious charges, agree to separate for the statute period of a year, the wife usually bringing suit at the end of that time for a divorce on the ground of desertion. It is the saving grace of a law often too loose in its interpretations, for it preserves the self-respect of children and parents and precludes feeding the public upon fulsome and nauseous sensation. This is an example of good sportsmanship in divorce.

Wilful neglect, a good and sufficient reason for divorce—for no woman should be indissolubly bound to a man who leaves her alone most of the time and who does not provide properly for her—has within the last three or four years been much abused. The War had much to do with this, as the following anecdote shows. Shortly after the troops returned from overseas a warbride sought a divorce from her soldier husband. They knew each other but ten days when he received his commission as junior lieutenant and they were married. According to her testimony he had not been back six months when his love waned. He stayed out nights and only half provided for the home, finally forgetting about her entirely. The defendant did not appear

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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Dolly Dingle, Tommy, and The Story of Kittie Cutie

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

KITTIE CUTIE GOES GOLFING

got up one lovely morning
The were singing and the was shining brightly.
Kittie took her
put on her
and her
and started out on a run. She lost a right away - and then sent another into the
That made her
Then she remembered that she had gone out without her breakfast and she started to
as fast as she could.
When she got to her she met her Brother
He was licking his whiskers and said he had eaten up all the food
But then had saved a big
of milk for Kitty so it was all right after all.

MORAL

Eat your breakfast before you play.

GG. DRAYTON ©

G. DRAYTON ©
DOLLY DINGLE
DOLLY'S GOLF SUIT
DOLLY'S HAT CUT ON DOTTED LINE
TOMMY MAKING A "PUT"
CUT BASE OF FIGURES AND INSERT STANDS.

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LILA LEE, known to her friends as "Cuddles," now a popular leading star with Paramount Pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY APEDA

ELSIE FERGUSON, successful star, in her latest triumph, "The Varying Shore"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRA L. HILL

GRACE MOORE, the charming prima donna of "Up in the Clouds."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Google

Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn't get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather, which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal card request. Just say "Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo" and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-256.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, ONT.
Also manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles

New size, price 50 cents

PALMOLIVE
SHAMPOO
The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

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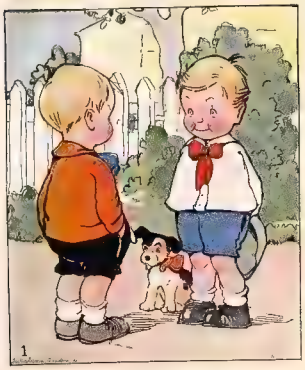
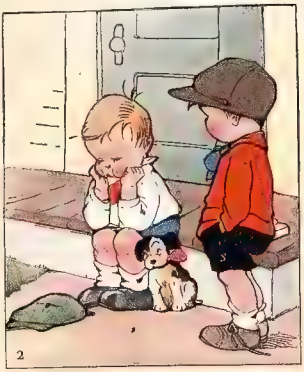
Alec and Al

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

The course of true love refuses to run smooth for Al until Alec takes a hand in the proceedings and makes him happy again

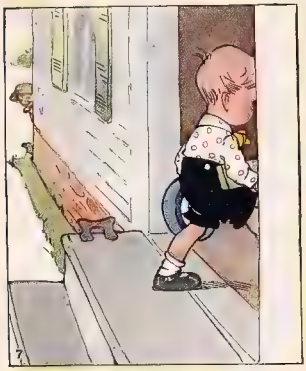


Said Alec: "Why are you dressed up?"
And Al said: "Lily Lowe
Is going with me and the pup
To see a movie show."



"Say, Al, why aren't you off with Lil?
And why are you so blue?"
"She's going there with Dicky Brill—"
Said Al. "I wouldn't do."

"Well, don't you worry," Alec said.
"Just wait till I get through—
I've got an idea in my head
That Lil will go with you."



Delighted, in went Master Dick
To take Lil to the show,
Not dreaming that through Alec's trick
She'd never, never go.

"How dare you bring me stuff like that?"
Said Lil quite angrily.
"All filled with pepper, glue, and fat—
Don't ever speak to me."

As soon as Alec saw just how
The trick he'd played turned out,
He laughed and said: "By golly! Now
We'll hear Al laugh and shout."

"Right on that shelf I see from here
There's cheese enough to last a year."

"That darned old lid that's made of glass
Is saying: 'No, they shall not pass!'"

"Now tie the string around it quick
And then you'll see a clever trick."

"Hey! Hurry up; don't take all day!
You've no idea how much you weigh."

"Now drop the bone—straight down is best.
Then call the dog—he'll do the rest."

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and the Nibbler Boys

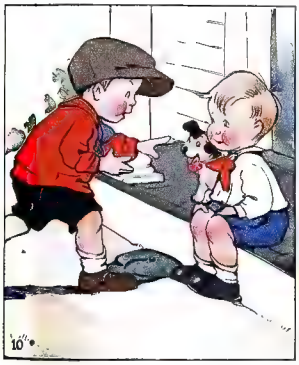
Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

The Nibblers prove once more that necessity is the mother of invention by discovering a new way to remove lids from cheese

"Stay where you are—good-by, old pal!"
Called Alec from the gate,
And left the pup to soothe poor Al,
Unhappy at his fate.

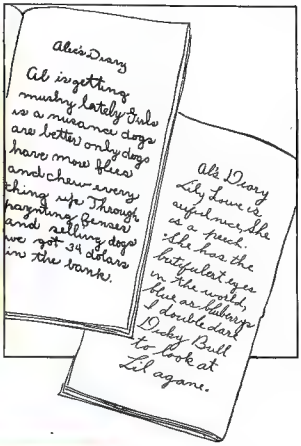
He waited round the corner till
Al's rival came in sight;
Then Alec muttered: "Dicky Brill—
We'll see if you're so bright."

"Ooh! What a toothache I have got!
This candy's much too sweet.
Please take it, Dicky—take the lot—
I've too much pain to eat."



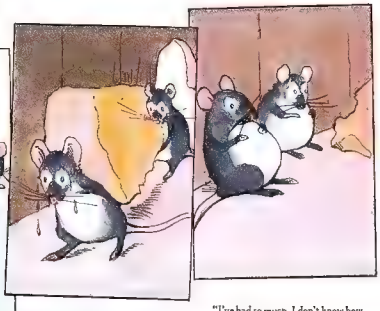
"Quick, Al!" he said. "Go call on Lil;
She's waiting home for you.
She'll never speak to Dicky Brill;
She's mad with him all through."

And after all, as Alec said,
Lil did go off with Al,
Which shows that hope is never dead
For those who have a pal.


Alec's Diary
Al is getting mushy lately. Lils is a nuisance. Dogs are better only dogs have more fleas and chew every thing up. Through arguing Bennet and selling dogs we got 34 dolars in the bank.
Al's Diary
Lily Love is awful nice. She is a peach. She has the beatiful at eyes in the world, blue as bluberys. I double dark Dicky Bull to look at Lil again.

"Good boy, good Mutt!—pull hard, old pup!
And lift that cover 'way, 'way up."

"Hey! Over here; one second, please,
And help me move this load of cheese."



"Great cats! It's heavy as a ton.
Oh! I'll be glad when this is done."

"I've had so much, I don't know how
I'd run if pussy saw me now."

Next month you'll all get thrills enough
When once the fight begins
Between an awful-looking tough
And Alec—guess which wins.

And next month to her great distress
The Nibblers get puss in a mess.

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Free to Mothers Liberal trial packages of Bauer & Black's two new nursery requisites. Mail coupon below.

What I learned about babies

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

New Principles Now Applied to Overcoming Baby Rash and Skin Irritations

THREE babies in five suffer with diaper rash, prickly heat or other form of skin irritation.

Baby specialists say those disorders are responsible for more crossness and discomfort, among healthy babies, than any other disturbances of infancy.

But many mothers, they add, are ignorant of this fact, and when baby is fretful and trying, charge every source but the true one.

For that reason, the correct care of a baby's skin is being urged as second in importance to no other detail of the nursery.

The purpose of the following is to explain, in simple terms, the *cause* of baby rash and skin irritations and to offer mothers, free and postpaid, liberal test packages of a new and radically different way to overcome them.

This new preparation was perfected in the Bauer & Black Laboratories, for 28 years specialists in filling doctors' wants. It is called B & B Talc, and embodies principles based upon the experience, in daily practice, of more than 100 baby doctors, dermatologists and heads of maternity hospitals.

Highest authorities urge all mothers to use it, for it marks a new era in infant hygiene.

Simply mail the coupon below, and soon your baby will be enjoying the soothing comfort it brings.

Important Facts Mothers Should Know

The pores of baby's skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body.

Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine, but more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender, susceptible to rash. *Infection often follows.* Urine scald is sheer torture—yet few babies escape it.

Hence the problem, as your doctor will tell you, is to combat these acids—to make them harmless to the skin.

Now We Combat the Acids

B & B Baby Talc goes to the basis of preventive skin treatment. It combats the irritant acids of perspiration and of urine—*makes them harmless to the skin.*

This is a new effect, the result of months of experiments in our laboratories. *Old-time methods failed to achieve it.* They aimed merely to dry the moisture—did not effectively combat the acids.

Thus B & B Baby Talc strikes at the *cause* of irritation. Discomfort is prevented. Present irritation is allayed. Results are quick and amazing. Thousands of mothers will tell you this. Tell you, too, from practical experience, that this new way not only makes *baby's* days happier, but *mother's* days less trying.

How to Use It

Simply apply B & B Baby Talc after baby's daily bath. Then sprinkle it freely on diaper cloths, on all garments that come in contact with the skin. Where irritation is already present, apply three or four times a day to the affected parts.

A Soap, Too!

B & B Baby Soap is offered for use in place of those soaps, strong in caustics, which often cause irritation. It is made of edible fats; lathers freely and rinses off readily. It contains a slight percentage of zinc oxide and is mildly healing—a safe soap for your baby.

Mail Coupon For Free Samples

So that *all* mothers may know this way to baby comfort, liberal trial packages of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap will gladly be sent free and postpaid—simply mail the coupon.

3 Babies in 5 Suffer This Hidden Discomfort

Recent investigations show that 3 in 5 healthy babies are fretful and cross because of skin irritations in one form or another.

The cause of these disorders has been learned and is now successfully combated. Noted baby specialists and prominent maternity hospitals are employing a new way, which is fully explained elsewhere on this page.

It places at mothers' disposal the most recent discoveries of modern science in overcoming diaper rash, skin irritations and urine scald.

B&B Baby Talc
B&B Baby Soap

B&B Products

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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MAIL THIS

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, U. S. A.

If you live in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Ltd., Canadian Laboratories, Toronto, Canada.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap — these without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

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A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

• THE BABY'S DIET-KITCHEN

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your report came promptly as usual, and I am glad to say it is a very good one. Little Paul's weight of 14½ pounds at four months of age is very satisfactory. You were wise to have him vaccinated last month, and I am sure you will not regret it. I will now answer your questions according to number.

1. "I get very tired late in the afternoon and have very little milk for the 10 P. M. meal. Paul does not sleep quite as well as he used to, and I am wondering if he is hungry and whether I ought to give him another bottle-meal. Will you please advise me?"

Ans. Yes, I think you might give Paul the second bottle at 10 P. M. now, the first one coming at 12 M. It is quite time to begin to add a cereal gruel to the milk, and if you give the two bottles now, the amount required can be easily made. Now that you are to begin a gruel you will need several other articles for your little nursery diet-kitchen, and I will describe an ideal outfit, as I promised you I would some time ago.

Always have a special place and special utensils for the baby's use exclusively: even the dish-towels should be kept for baby alone. Select a place where you can have a good supply of running water near at hand; a corner of the kitchen will do if you can not have a small hall-room. Cooking in the nursery is not advisable if any other clean place can be arranged.

A small white porcelain- or enamel-top table is ideal; over this table a cabinet or small closet should be hung, in which all the utensils may be kept behind closed doors, out of dust. I have seen beautiful feeding-cabinets made by a baby's father at very little expense. The following articles make a complete diet-kitchen outfit for a young baby: an electric stove (if no electricity is at hand use a small gas-stove or oil-stove, or solidified alcohol outfit will do), as many nursing-bottles as you give bottle-meals in twenty-four hours and two or three over, in case of breakage; a supply of nipples kept in a covered glass jar, a reliable quart measuring-glass, bottle-brushes, a two-quart pitcher, a fine wire strainer, a small glass funnel, a tablespoon, a teaspoon, a kettle large enough to sterilize the bottles, glass jars for sugar, cereal flour, salt, and one for the cotton you stopper the bottles with, a small jar of bicarbonate of soda and boric acid for preparing solutions, a good double boiler for the cereal gruels, two dish-towels, a bottle-rack, a special bottle-warmer or else a quart-measure in which the bottle may be placed when it is to be warmed for baby at meal-time, a little dish-pan for washing bottles, etc., pure soap, and a dish-cloth or mop. If you can not obtain certified milk, then you will need a Pasteurizer for Pasteurizing the food. There are several good makes on the market, with directions for using them.

The baby's refrigerator is most important; bottles of modified milk should not be kept in the family ice-box if it can be helped. Small metal ice-boxes for the baby may be bought and kept up-stairs. If they are placed in a wooden box or covered by a heavy "cosy" the ice will not melt so quickly. The bottles of milk should either be in actual contact with the ice or else very near to it. If they are kept too far away from the ice the milk is not cold enough to be safe. Every day the nursery refrigerator must be scrubbed inside with hot water and soap, then carefully rinsed and dried before the fresh supply of ice is put in. You can not be too careful about this matter.

To prepare the baby's two bottle-meals with the gruel proceed as follows: Take one level teaspoonful of a good prepared barley-flour, blend it with a little cold water to a smooth paste; now stir this into five and one-half ounces of boiling water, add a tiny pinch of salt, and boil in the double boiler for half an hour. At the end of this time measure the barley gruel to see if you still have five and one-half ounces. If it has boiled away add enough boiling water to make up this amount. Now stir into this hot barley gruel four level teaspoonfuls of milk- or malt-sugar, mix well until dissolved, strain carefully through the wire sieve, and cool; then add six and one-half ounces of the cold, certified milk, mix well, and pour six ounces into each one of the two bottles, stopper with sterile cotton, and place on ice until meal-time, when the bottle should be warmed by placing the bottle in hot water, as usual. Wheat, oat, or rice gruels are prepared in the same manner from the cereal flours of these grains.

This formula is for a four-month-old, partly breast-fed baby weighing what little Paul weighs now. Do not pass it around to your young friends whose babies are of different ages or weights or who are having all bottle-meals; but tell them to write to me for special directions, if they need formulas. When they enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop for the reply, they will receive prompt help.

2. "I have a bad cold. Is there danger of little Paul taking it from me? If so what can I do to prevent it?"

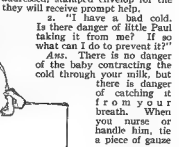
Ans. There is no danger of the baby contracting the cold through your milk, but there is danger of catching it from your breath. When you nurse or handle baby, use a piece of gauze over your own nose and mouth, and be careful to wash your hands frequently and keep your handkerchiefs away from him. Have a paper bag in which your collection of handkerchiefs may be kept until they can be boiled in the laundry.

3. "We have some warm days here in May. Shall I change Paul's flannels to Summer weight now, or wait until later?"

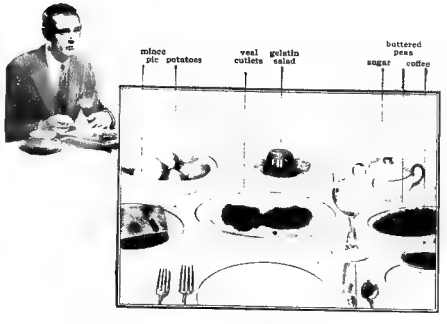
Ans. May is rather a treacherous month. Do not be in a hurry to change to Summer things just yet. Use a lighter-weight coat, but unless you can afford a Spring and Fall set of flannels, wait a little while before using the lightest Summer weights.

4. "Paul has worn long silk-and-wool stockings and also knit wool booties up to this time, but now these seem too warm for him. What shall I use on his feet at this age?"

Ans. You may use either chamois moccasins or soft kid shoes with a soft sole in place of the knit booties. The stockings should be the same as at present. If mothers were more particular in keeping their babies' legs and feet warm, there would be much less colic and indigestion. Remember that a baby can not get up to change his position if he feels cold; he has to lie where he is placed and suffer the consequences.



EVERY mother having a baby *under* six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given to you until the baby is two years old. Mothers having older children up to the age of twelve years may ask questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene. To receive a reply, *all* letters must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



The crime you commit against your body tissues

Each year over 100,000 men and women still young pay the penalty for this wrong habit of eating

VEAL cutlets, boiled potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, mince pie and coffee—all good foods. Recognized by thousands of American families as a satisfactory dinner.

And yet this dinner, unless supplemented with certain vital food factors, is a crime against your body tissues. Because thousands of men and women do not supplement this diet with these factors they undermine their health and succumb to diseases which prove fatal.

It was easy for primitive man to secure an abundance of vitamin and other necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables. But our modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks these vital elements.

A protective food—not a medicine

Yet with no trouble at all each one of us can make good this lack. By adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet, men and women all over the country are securing for themselves the health and vigor that is their birthright.

As a result many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and best of all are feeling a vigor and energy they have not known for years.

They have better appetite and their digestion is greatly improved. They also find that waste matter is eliminated regularly and naturally as a result of supplementing their diet with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food. It contains in a natural form the elements your body tissues crave. It is rich in the water-soluble vitamin, for yeast is its richest known source. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast contains a number of important mineral salts and other food factors essential to health.

What laxatives can never do

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is just the natural corrective you need.

A noted doctor says fresh yeast should be much more frequently given in cases of intestinal disturbance especially if constipation is present.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The ways they like to eat Fleischmann's Yeast

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in boiling hot water, still others like it in milk, fruit juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

The vitamin which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in such abundance improves the appetite, stimulates and strengthens digestion. Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a food it does for you naturally and permanently what habit-forming drugs do only artificially and temporarily. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most of the so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs of various kinds have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann's Yeast—2 or 3 cakes regularly every day. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.*

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 305, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

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Women of all types and all ages have found in the Angelus Lemon Creams the heart-warming secret of a beautiful complexion. These famous creams impart that healthy glow and softness to the skin that is facial charm regardless of profile or configuration.

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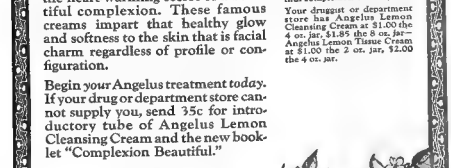
First use Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream to cleanse thoroughly the pores of the face. Then apply Angelus Lemon Tissue Cream. Let it remain on overnight—and in the morning let your mirror tell the story.

Your first trial of Angelus will convince you that the clear, healthy depth, the glorious pink and white tints of a beautiful complexion can be yours.

Your druggist or department store has Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream at $1.00 the 4 oz. jar, $1.85 the 8 oz. jar—Angelus Lemon Tissue Cream at $1.00 the 2 oz. jar, $2.00 the 4 oz. jar.



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GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP IN MARRIAGE

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in court, so there was nothing for me to do but to grant her the divorce with alimony of sixty dollars a month.

In a year the defendant appeared in court seeking a reduction in alimony. This brought them both before me, when I found that things had gone all right with them for the first two months after his return from overseas; but that when he was demobilized and had to take a position in which his salary was lower than his pay in the army, the trouble began. She did not want to do housework. She nagged the poor boy morning, noon, and night. He stood it for a while and then sought cheer outside the home. I tried to patch things up. He was willing to try things again. She said nothing would induce her to live with him another day. He was an average young man, and I saw that his marriage was the result of war-time conditions; that what he had thought was love was a fleeting emotion, due part to loneliness and part to youthful passion. With her it was an opportunity to escape work. When she refused to return to live with him, I asked her what she wanted to do.

She said, "I want my alimony; it's my right."

I told her that when she had refused to help him to readjust his life after the War, she had forfeited the right to alimony. She had worked before she was married and she could work now. I did not intend that this boy should go through life with a monthly alimony hanging over his head. So I got him to consent to a payment of seventy-five dollars a month for six months longer, during which time she could find work.

I no longer grant alimony when the wife is to blame. Even where she is not I can not see the justice of making a man support a woman all his life just because he has been married to her for a few months. The economic status is pretty evenly divided these days, and there is plenty of work for women. So unless there are children, or a husband has neglected a wife of many years because he is ashamed of her or because he is in love with a younger woman, or where his neglect has ruined her health, or where he has taken her from a home of comfort and luxury and neglected her when he has had plenty of money, I grant a temporary alimony until the wife can find work with a living wage.

Cruelty as a justifiable reason for divorce may be either mental or physical. The former has many grotesque features, yet not so grotesque when the stake is human happiness, nor when it is realized that constant pin-pricks may become as destructive as a vital blow on the solar plexus. One husband sought liberty because his wife was so jealous that she would not allow him out of her sight. She followed him everywhere, even going to his office and raising a scene. Every woman who spoke to him was to her mind a vampire, conniving to corrupt him. Twice I persuaded her that she was in the wrong. Twice the husband gave willing ear to her pleas for forgiveness. The third time I saw how unjust was her constant harangue, and I gave the man the freedom to which he was entitled.

Baiting Wife-beaters

ABOUT three years ago physical cruelty cases increased in number until about seventy-five per cent. of all applications for divorce were based on this charge. These husbands were pretty generous with their blows, but were loathe to paying alimony they were not so generous. In this I saw a cure. For every beating a man gave his wife I made him pay fifty dollars. While there was some falling off, it was not prompt enough to suit me. I raised the price to a hundred dollars. Conditions were bettered, but husbands continued to be too free with their fists. Again I raised the premium and their physical wit to one hundred and fifty dollars. This has been an efficient preventive, and I now rarely have to try cases for this charge.

The climax in this series was that of a lovely young wife, scarcely more than a débutante, who had been reared in a comfortable home. The husband was a pampered rich man's son. Her testimony, verified by unimpeachable witnesses and uncontradicted by the defense, was shocking. Not more than three days had passed during the eight years of their marriage in which she was not the victim of his drunken fury. I had reason to know that a money settlement made out of court was not adequate. I asked her how many times he had beaten her.

With a gasp she answered, "Oh, I don't know—so many times I couldn't count."

"Well, do you think about five hundred?" I questioned again.

"All of that," she replied through her tears.

"Well, then, he will give you one hundred thousand dollars. This is at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a beating, with an extra payment of twenty-five thousand dollars to make up for any under-calculation on your part," was my judgment in the case.

The papers gave the occurrence wide publicity, and I believe it has been a factor in reducing the physical cruelty cases.

In California infidelity is not a frequent complaint. The reasons for this are: First, most couples prefer to bring less sensational charges; second, if freedom is obtainable when mental cruelty can be established, which separates a couple before they have arrived at the stage of incontinency. Strange as it may seem, men are more prone to charge infidelity than women. The latter are more forgiving. While I do not condone the breaking of the marriage vows, I think there is room for more forgiveness than is the rule when infidelity is the only ground upon which divorce is sought. I know men fairly well, and I believe they have more regard for their marriage vows than women give them credit for. Breach of faith is too sadly often the result of inharmony in the home. Many husbands have been nagged into the arms of other women. Many husbands have gradually followed temptation because their homes were disorderly, their meals were not properly cooked, and no effort was made to insure comfort in their leisure hours.

Many wives, too, have digressed because they were neglected or were not properly appreciated. Therefore when I am called upon to try such cases I postpone my decision until I have gone very thoroughly into the circumstances. If husbands or wives have been flagrantly or constantly unfaithful, it would be a poor alinement to suggest forgiveness. Where the sin was casual, I try to patch things up. Particularly, however, do I prescribe a fair amount of forgiveness where there are children and where the wife is the plaintiff. A woman's responsibility in the rearing of her children is a big one, and a man is apt to forget a family with whom he is out of daily touch.

The Way of the Weak

LAST Spring in one of the interior towns a scandal excited the whole State. The man occupied a high civil position. The girl in the case tried to commit suicide. Her attempt was unsuccessful; she gave as its excuse that she could no longer look the world in the face. Bashful as she was, however, she told everything she knew—and more too. Now, this girl was twenty-six years old; she knew the man was married, and yet she blamed her sin upon her youthful innocence. She had been earning her own living for many years, and it did not seem credible that she should be so ignorant of the world. The wife, a fine, upstanding type of woman, stood by her husband even when he was forced to resign from his position, to sell their home, and to move away to a far State to begin life over again. That wife was both wise and brave. She might have left him and sued for a divorce, but she would have had to go out into the business world to support her children, which would have entailed placing them in the care of strangers. Without a lifting hand the husband might have gone steadily down-hill. His wife's nobility has made a humble penitent of him, and with her help he is rehabilitating himself.

A new phase of infidelity proceedings is the declaration by injured husbands that the youngest child born to their wives is illegitimate. It is not equitable that a man should be bound to acknowledge and provide for a child that is not his, but the claim of illegitimacy may be employed by a scheming and dishonest husband and father in order to get out of fulfilling his duty. After all, it is the child who suffers most, and all State laws should do as the California law—sustain the legitimacy of a child born in wedlock, unless the mother admits its illegitimacy.

I make short shrift of such allegations.

I shall say only a word about felony as a ground for divorce. In the large majority of such pleas there is no disputing the right of a man or woman to freedom from such an ignominious tie. There are isolated instances, however, where forgiveness is commendable. Many men have committed embezzlement and forgery because of their wives' extravagance. True, any man who will commit a dishonest act for love of a woman is a pretty weak sinner. But even strong men are weak when they love, and certainly any woman whose uncontrolled desires have brought about the commission of a felony by her husband should be made to bear her part of the burden. The least she can do is to stand by him while he is paying penalty and to be waiting for him at the prison gate to give him courage in his reconstruction.

Intemperance in marriage is becoming, through force of prohibition, a dead issue. In the past there were many reconciliations brought about through appealing to the better instincts of the defendants in divorce

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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A SPLENDID LIKENESS OF WALLACE, ORIGINATOR OF A REDUCING METHOD SO EFFECTIVE AND ENJOYABLE THAT HIS RECORDS ARE IN USE ALL OVER AMERICA

THE MAN WHO MAKES THEM THIN TO MUSIC

How Wallace Reducing Records Have Removed the Last Reason for Any Woman Remaining Overweight

By William R. Durgin

FAT has been conquered at last! The phonograph standing in your home is a reducing-cabinet of magic power! Thanks to Wallace and his now-famous reducing records, your weight and bodily proportions are now a matter of choice. Here are a few sidelights on this novel course that plays away the last ounce of superfluous flesh; how it was discovered, what it is and the way it works.

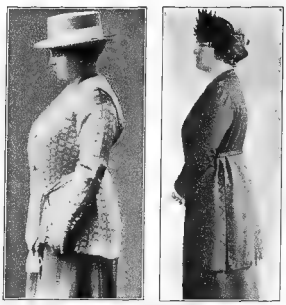
I might say that every fact which follows is of my own, actual observation. Of the twenty-five thousand women reduced by Wallace I have seen scores; talked with them, taken pictures of them, and confirmed the stories of their swift return to normal weight and measurements.

Playing-Off 31 lbs. in Five Weeks

SO MANY friends of Helen Woesner had got thin to music, she decided to try the same method; the scales showed her just 31 lbs. too heavy for her height. In five weeks to the day, her weight was down to normal. The two photographs (taken by the writer) show the improvement to her figure. Mrs. Woesner resides at 316 W. 61st in Chicago, and kindly consented to this use of the facts. In a previous article I showed pictures of another Chicago lady who reduced 74 lbs.; this took longer, of course—four months as I recall.

In New York, I found it extremely easy to investigate getting thin to music, for at almost any social gathering conversation would at some stage touch on Wallace's melody-method of slenderizing to fashion's edict. In some circles his course has become fairly a craze; at one affair my hostess counted among those present seven users of Wallace records.

Now, why is it that Wallace has so completely solved the problem of overweight, when so many determined efforts and so many desperate attempts have been made to reduce? Simply because his twenty-year study and experience in his profession went deep enough to find the real *cause* of excess fat. He found it was not food, but what *became* of food that regulated one's weight. By bringing about a condition of the system that compelled the bulk of all nourishment to go into bone, blood, sinew and *nothing else*, he naturally and effectually prevents fatty accumulation at any point—and there you are.



PICTURES SHOW WHAT ONLY FIVE WEEKS WITH WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS DID FOR MRS. WOESNER, WHO LOST 31 LBS. IN THIS SHORT TIME

Quite as important a factor in the wonderful success of Wallace's method has been the fascinating form in which the instruction is given and taken. For few women can be made to do the drastic and doleful things commonly offered as deliverance from a bulky form! What Wallace tells you to do, you'll do for the sheer joy of doing it. It's play, not punishment. His own voice counts you correctly through each move—to the thrilling accompaniment of a full orchestra! He doesn't have to urge you through the daily lesson; rather, his difficulty is in making people *stop* (only 20 minutes is allowed to the lesson.)

If You Wish to Weigh Less

WHILE Wallace and his reducing records are the talk of a continent, and his ability to reduce the heaviest man or woman demonstrated far beyond a sensible doubt, he has never changed his original offer of proving he can reduce anyone who so requests. His first lesson is sent free, with nothing asked of you but to *try it*. Unless results decide you to take his course, you owe nothing, nor are you obligated in the least. This, in itself, should be answer enough to the woman who says: "I wonder if he can reduce *me*?"

For a free trial of the music method, full-size, double-face reducing record with complete instructions, plainly wrapped, use the handy form of application below.

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago: Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. (194)

(*Miss or Mrs.*)_____

(*Address*) _____

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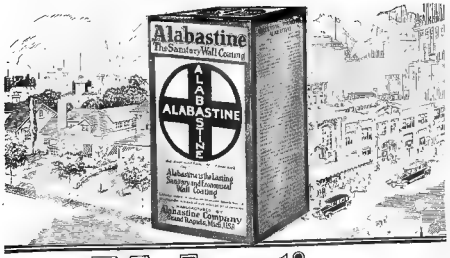

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Ask for Hires at the fountain, or carbonated in bottles, or buy it ready to drink from your dealer.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP IN MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

cases based upon this ground, and so I can dismiss the subject without further argument.

I think I have shown pretty clearly that wherever there is divorce it is because of the lack of sportsmanship in those who marry. Most of the cases that I have cited are typical ones. The next step, and the concluding one in my observations on divorce, is to find a remedy.

It is easy enough to perceive and condemn evil upon its face But there is a practical side to divorce. Human nature can not be changed in a day. At the same time we must always keep in mind that the family relation is the progressive agency and its defilement means the degeneration of the race. Hence the laws governing marriage and divorce must be restrictive, but not so much so that they will result in individual hardship. In some instances they need tightening. In just as many they need loosening. Divorce should be obtainable upon the grounds of desertion, neglect, failure to provide, physical and mental cruelty, and infidelity. But the law should be so constructed as to make it impossible for irresponsible husbands and wives to break up their homes upon the slightest pretext.

Wherever it is humanly possible, both parties to a divorce action should be made to appear in court. The New York law, which grants divorce only upon the ground of infidelity, contributes to immorality, dishonesty, intrigue, and the most pernicious practices, often creating nauseous sensations. It is seldom operative with those who have money, as they can take up temporary residence in other States where the laws are more elastic.

Marriage Tests

NO LAW that was ever framed by mortal man can keep together a couple determined on separation. You can not make a woman love and respect a man or a man love and cherish a woman by the process of the law. It may prohibit open practise, but it does not inhibit human instincts and impulses. Therefore there should be a uniform national divorce law to free wives and husbands who can not maintain harmonious relationship. At the same time it should not invest a man or woman with the power to slough off obligations lightly or selfishly Then, too, marriage should be made more difficult. As it is now, there are marriages for money, to get a home, to obtain greater personal liberty, to satisfy a momentary passion or infatuation. Young people—or people of any age, for that matter—should be made to pass both a physical and mental examination before the issuance of a marriage license.

No girl should be permitted to marry unless she has a practical knowledge of cooking, sewing, household economy, and understands the administration of a home from the cellar to the attic. She should know something of her own physical make-up, and should be instructed in both the prenatal and postnatal care of her child. She should be made to see that marriage is a matter of give and take, and that she has no right to demand of the man she marries one iota more of consideration than she is ready and willing to give him in return.

No man, young or old, should become a husband until he is fully able to fulfil the duties of husbandhood and fatherhood. He should have a clean bill of health. He should be equipped to earn a wage sufficient to keep himself and his wife comfortably and with an outlook insuring provision for future children.

When Speed Spells Spill

THE publishing of bans for a month or two before marriage would be a great help in curtailing the easy and thoughtless marriages which are a note of the times and which lead to the divorce court nine times out of ten.

But laws, after all, strike only at effect. The only way to bring about a decrease in divorce is to inculcate the gospel of fair play and good sportsmanship in the hearts of the young. They should be taught the doctrine of unselfishness. For selfishness—the glaring fault of the age—is the cause of all discord And the young people are not alone to blame for it. We are just now coping with the first generation of adolescents who were members of the small family. In large families, where there were all the way from five to eight children, no matter what the financial status of the father, consideration and generosity were necessary. Small families do not exercise this discipline. The selfish parent of twenty years ago is the skittish middle-aged man or woman of to-day. The offspring of these parents are the unthinking, over-privileged youthful speedometers of this decade. Until there is a new sense of marriage values we are going to have more and more divorces.

Jazz, stripped roadsters, polished hair, lip-stick, and beaded eyelashes have nothing to do with happiness. A steady pace, and not speed, is the measure of a happy marriage. If divorce keeps on as it is going—and it shows no sign of lagging—fifty years from now our great-grandchildren will gaze bewildered at Exhibit "A" in the circus side-show while the spieler barks "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen; step up and see the greatest living curiosity—Mr. and Mrs. Stadwedd—the only couple in captivity who have been married to each other for twenty years!" This is not a joke, but a warning—one which should be political thought for men and women who hope for a day of sound social justice.

WHEN A MAN RULES

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no man could pay—her soul, her love, which was hers to give of her own free will.

Far better would I have been that poor Lipovan boy who had not had the money to pay to her father. Because of her thoughts for him he was nearer to her even then, when she sat as my bought bride, near me, than she was to me, her husband.

BUT she let none of that be seen by the others. Only the cheapest wares are put in the windows. The good silks are kept within, where the dust does not soil and the sun discolor them. So did Katrusha not show what was within her. She laughed and joked with the other brides. She danced with the young men and even sang a Lipovan song, which nobody understood but me. Not because I knew the tongue. Because I knew other things.

Our people drank a good deal that night. The moon had begun to put the stars to sleep when the last string of Jonitza, the fiddler, snapped. So the music stopped.

"First we bring the chief and his bride to their tent," some one cried. And so we walked around seven times seven fires to chase Beelzebub from our tent, drank seven gulps of water, ate seven bits of bread, and counted seven times to seventy-seven, before we lifted the flap of our tent.

We were alone. Three oil-lamps were burning on the table, near a divan made of white-down mattresses. The floor was covered with pine-branches and evergreens. Katrusha took off her naframa as she sat down on the bed. I remained standing before her.

For a long time we looked into each other's eyes without talking. Then I said, "You are my wife, Katrusha."

She did not answer immediately. After a while she said,

"I have told you that I love another man. My heart now wavers between you and that other man. For tho you are old and have bought me as one buys a lamb, I have grown to feel for you, Costa. You have treated me well. You have won me with your ways. And if you want to give me proof of your wisdom and goodness, proof that you understand and really love me, that you make me your wife, not only because you have paid for me, because I am in your power, if you want to win my entire love, do what I shall ask of you."

"Speak, Katrusha."

"What you paid for me does not count. It is as man against man I measure you with Tudor, the young Turk. Give him ten days' time. If he finds me within those ten days he will prove himself worthy of the love I have for him. Then you two will fight it out in a manly way. The one who wins me, not the one who buys me, has me body and soul, and of my own free will. That would be fair. What you paid does not count. But were you to force me to be your wife, now, as you have the power to do, I shall never love you; I shall lose whatever feeling I now have for you. Choose, Costa, between a slave and a loving wife."

THUS she spoke to me. I looked at her. I thought how useless such talk would have been were Stancu or Vlad or Vasile to hear it. But I was Costa. I had wisdom. None of them could have sensed what I sensed: the value of the love of such a woman as Katrusha.

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WHEN A MAN RULES

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What no man could pay for in gold I was to have in ten days. And my wisdom said, "Wait." I reasoned. Ten days! That Tudor boy could never reach us in ten days. And if he were to find us, was I not Costa? Could I not beat him in a thousand ways? And so I said to her, "It's a bargain," and I held out my hand. She kissed it and answered,

"Even now you have grown in my eyes. But understand me: even because of that I want you to be fair. I want to feel I have done all in my power to give Tudor a chance to prove his worth. If his love be of the strength I desire a man's love to be, then is he worthy to fight for me. The best man wins."

Then she took off her boots and blew out the oil-lamps, while I went to sleep in the adjoining tent and stretched myself on the bare ground.

"Fool, fool!" my blood cried. "Fool, fool! Your wisdom is folly. You have paid. She is in your power! She is yours. She is rocking you. She is stifling her laughter with her soft, round, warm arms. You are the knave of your wisdom."

But my wisdom answered,

"Ten days for what is priceless. And if you have twenty more years to live what will ten days count?"

Was I to lose what I had already won by my wisdom, because the Spring air had intoxicated me? How many times have I not had to resist the stupid rashness of my men? Whip them for their own good? Where would we be if I had allowed the unreasoning beasts to stampede me into actions I deemed not wise to take? Was I to listen now to what was Stancu and Vlad and Vasile in me? No. I was Costa, the chief.

To them a woman was a woman. All were more or less alike To them all wine also tasted alike. As long as it made one drunk it was good wine. Not so to me. I had always preferred little of a good vintage to the cheaper kind. They could eat with unclean hands. I could not. It is by reason of all that that I was chief Better than they. Wiser. I could not fall myself when the great test came.

IN THE stillness of the early dawn I heard her breathe as regularly as wave succeeds wave at noontide on the river. My own heart sank and swelled to the song of her sleep. I dared not turn or budge for fear of waking her.

Suddenly there was great noise. The sun was high. According to the custom, the people began to invade the tents of the newly wedded couples, to make merry at their expense. I entered Katrusha's tent and explained the custom to her. They were not to know of our bargain. So I made believe I was just getting into my boots.

They came in and joked and poked fun at us. Katrusha and I joined in the play. When they had all gone she jumped from her couch, was dressed before I could count three, and went to join the women who were preparing the seven-day feast.

I would have gone mad had I lingered longer in the place she left. Her warmth and the sweet, youthful odor she left behind made me drunk. As I stumbled out of the tent and saw the young newly married husbands, happy, laughing, their eyes twinkling, my heart sank. Yet, after looking at their brides, and comparing each one to Katrusha, I began to feel differently. For not one of the men could have won of love what I had already won from such a woman as she was. Only nine more days and she would be my wife; of her own free will, as if I had won her by fair words or great deeds, and not bought her as one buys a cow or a mare.

I slept that night again in the adjoining tent, while she slept on the couch: I slept more peacefully than the previous night because she had kissed me before blowing out the oil-lamp.

THERE were many things to do the following day. Wheels to straighten, axles to be rewelded, whips to be pleated, horses to be clipped and prepared for the fair.

The waters below were subsiding. The great Easter fair was approaching.

Toward the evening I found Katrusha at the edge of the plateau. It commanded a view of the valley. Whatever roads were still visible between the trees snaked and wound until they lost themselves in the brownish-blue distance toward the hills and the mountains on which the sheep were pasturing.

"Another day has passed, Costa," she said when she had noticed me.

Great joy filled my heart. For it seemed to me I discovered in her voice contentment and not sorrow that another day had passed and Tudor had not appeared.

The shadows on her face were golden, not only because of her fair eyebrows and blue eyes. They melted the light of the setting sun. When a woman is sad, be she ever so fair, the shadows on her face are dark and irregular.

I could not look at her much longer and repress the desire to fold her to me. Afraid of myself, I kissed her when we reached the entrance of the tent and said, "Business leads me down the valley. I shall return late. Good night."

Much wine and brandy flowed that night at the inn.

"See. Costa has married a young wife recently," the innkeeper told the peasants. "So drink with him; to his health and the health of his wife."

THEN musicians appeared, fiddlers and cobzars. The peasants forgot all about their worries, even the inundation, when they had drunk the well-vinted wine and had heard the "Doina" played by Pietru Cobza.

"Another one, Jancu. Here, here. Some brandy. Some lard. Some dried meat. And you, fiddlers, sons of fiddlers, play. For I have wedded myself to a woman the like of which one could not find in the whole country; the like of which is born only once in seven hundred years. Even the Sultan has not enough gold to pay her value."

I said this, and many more things, for I wanted the whole world to know of Katrusha's great worth.

At daybreak I staggered up the path leading to the top of the hill.

Katrusha waited for me at the head of the path. The sight of her sobered me up instantly; made me ashamed of the smell of wine and brandy on my breath.

"Katrusha," I pleaded.

She put her arm around my waist and led me to the tent I threw myself down on the floor and buried my face in my arms.

She bent low over me.

"Costa, I know, I know," she said. "I know why you went to the inn."

And as I did not answer she lay down near me and sobbed so that my heart would break to hear it long.

Then she turned my head so as to look into my face, kissed me, and begged, "Let me take off your boots, Costa. For as yet I am unworthy of more while you have proved ten times your worth."

I let her do as she wanted.

That evening there was unmistakable joy in her voice when she said, "Another day has passed."

And so, I worked the day after that as I never worked before. I longed for the evening, when I would find Katrusha at the head of the path, leading down the valley, look into her eyes and hear the words, "Another day has passed."

AND the people, watching us go to our tent, laughed and called, "How happy the barosan is now! How happy with that clean-limbed, blue-eyed wife of his!"

I had forgotten all about Tudor, the other man. It was merely a few days more that Katrusha wanted me to wait.

We talked to one another late into the night.

"When will you take me home to see my people?" she asked me

"Next Spring, Katrusha, after you have given me issue. And if thy father needs another hundred ducats—"

"Hundred ducats!" she called.

"Hundred, or a thousand, I shall give him all he wants, if he but asks."

The following night I entered the tent I found she had made me a couch of boughs and straw and down-pillows.

"I can see you thinking thou sleepest on the ground," she said.

Another day passed. Then another day and another night.

The ninth day. I had worked hard the whole day. Youth had returned to my limbs. I felt a tingle in my blood and flesh. Have you ever bathed in a crystal-clear, cold lake on top of a mountain on an early Summer morn? You come out and run around on the grass in long strides, yelling from the depth of your lungs. You feel that you could fly, that you could defy strongly enough. Only the earth is too good to leave from under your feet. That's how I felt that day. As I worked, my eyes never left Katrusha, who was watching the roads below. She was sitting on a stone and watching. There had been greater and greater joy every evening when she had said, "Another day has passed."

Greater and greater joy in the evening, and more and more anxiety as she watched during the day.

Suddenly I saw her standing upon the stone and shading her eyes with her open palms. My heart sank and all youthfulness left my limbs. The hammer fell out of my hands, and I turned to watch her. She bent forward as far as she could, and then with a loud cry, a cry that echoed and re-echoed as it hit the slate walls of the neighboring mountains, she rushed into the tent. I slowly approached the place she had left.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

You cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through in places to the delicate nail root that lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the surface of the cuticle.

What causes hangnails?

You need never again have a raw, ragged cuticle

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravels out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

These two new polishes will delightfully complete your manicure

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Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly, leaving a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week. It is a wonderful protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last twice as long.

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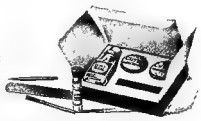

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WHEN A MAN RULES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

Below, on one of the narrow paths, a man was making his way. He was half running, and reeling like a drunkard. He stumbled, fell, got up, took a few hasty steps, fell, got up again, continued his way toward the path leading up to our plateau. As he approached I began to make him out better.

A tall, thin youth of about twenty. His feet were bare His trousers were in rags. A few tatters of what had been a shirt once, hung on his back. The hairy chest was bare. He had no cap. His beard, sparse as a youth's will be, was pasted to his face, because of the sweat caused by fatigue. In all, a youth exhausted by great fatigue. For tho youth's flesh is strong, the framework does not hold out as well and as long as when the hardness of age has set in. Resistance comes when the bones are no longer sensitive, as in youth.

I watched him come up the path. He had hardly seen me when he leaped like a young lion, and was fairly on top of me before I had time to step aside. I just caught his raised arms, in one of which he held a dagger. I shook him off me. There was not enough strength in the dagger-arm to hurt a newly born kid.

But there was enough will to pierce even a steel coat of mail. The eyes were blood-shot and wild.

I TOOK the dagger out of his hand and faced him. Altho his body was spent I could see that it was built on marvelous lines. Katrusha came out of the tent. The noise of our people, on seeing the stranger in rags leap with dagger in hand upon their chief, had brought her out.

"All of you back to work!" I yelled. When we three (Katrusha, Tudor, and myself) were alone I spoke as follows:

"You are a worthy enemy, Tudor. We shall compete for the love of Katrusha, who has remained faithful to you. It takes truest valor to come till here, on such a road, at such a time, in so few days. That you have had to endure great hardships on your travels I can see by the torn clothing and the spent limbs and the sores on your body. It takes great valor to come here as you did; into my tent-palace, all alone, with dagger in hand, to fight for your beloved. As you can understand, you are no match for me now. You are too weak, too weak to fight Costa. So until you are well again you shall be my guest. I shall use salves to heal your sores. I shall wash them and anoint them, and it is I who will be judge as to when you will be strong enough to fight for Katrusha."

I hardly finished talking, when the youth fainted in my arms. I carried him to my tent, revived him with a little brandy, undressed him, washed him, fed him, and laid him down to sleep on my couch.

As I looked at him I could not help thinking of the great courage that was his. No wonder Katrusha loved him! For a youth of his kind was not to be found every day.

Katrusha came in to look at him. "What sayest thou, Costa?" she asked.

"That I love thee more than ever now, seeing this youth."

For a man suffers doubly when he loses his woman to a man he does not consider his superior or, at least, his equal. For a man loves more a worthy enemy than an unworthy friend. And now, lest I weary you overmuch with my tale, I come to the end of it.

THE third day, as I entered the tent, I found it empty.

Tudor was gone. So was Katrusha. A horse was also missing. I rushed to the edge of the plateau and caught a glimpse of them as they disappeared in a by-path through the forest.

In a second, with gun slung over my shoulder, I was on my fastest horse and after them.

That evening, as I came out of the forest, I saw them both sitting on the grass, the horse grazing near them. I raised my gun. It was the rule I had made for the tribe: The woman which had betrayed her husband must die!

But the sight of them, two young, beautiful beings embracing one another, made me reconsider. Tudor had done exactly what I would have done in his place. To shoot him or her would have been like committing suicide, nay, murdering oneself, from behind. What were seven hundred ducats in gold and one horse compared to what she was worth?

She and he? He had done exactly what I would have done. She loved him more than she loved me.

So I let them be. But before I gave up the leadership of my tribe, because I had broken one of my own rules, I made a new rule: That no matter how much a man had paid for a woman, she must come from her father's home alone to his tent and call loudly, so that every one should hear, "I come to you of my own free will, because I love you, and not because you have paid for me."

Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides

Home Packed Vegetables Are Economy

IN my day, my dear, economy was the watchword of every young housekeeper, and it still seems to me a most important duty.

You can really save a great deal, my dear, by packing all kinds of foods in quantity. You can pack all kinds of vegetables, soup stock and meats, besides delicious apple butter, jams and preserves. And you can pack enough eggs in big stoneware jars, when they are cheap in spring and summer, to save you a great many dollars when the price goes up in winter.

I always put up everything in good old-fashioned stoneware. It preserves the flavor and delicacy as nothing else can. Indeed, I keep my fresh vegetables, spices and everything in my pantry in stoneware jars.

I have a book that you should have, by Dr. Goudiss, the food authority, on preserving foodstuffs. He makes many valuable suggestions for you and gives splendid recipes for packing and preserving, including those endorsed by Government officials. You can get a copy by writing the nearest stoneware manufacturer. Be sure to do it.

Yours as ever,
COUSIN MARTHA

White Hall Sewer Pipe & Stoneware Co.	White Hall, Ill.
White Hall Pottery Works	White Hall, Ill.
American Clay Products Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
Zanesville Stoneware Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
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P. S.—I know that Grocery, Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jugs for every purpose.—C. M.

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COMMON SENSE AND CENSORSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

could have taken all the magazines off the news-stands. In other States the magazines would have to get out special editions eliminating parts of the killing done. The Pennsylvania edition could not be read in Ohio, nor the Kansas one in New York. Such a condition is frankly unthinkable. Yet that is what the motion-picture industry has to do, to trim in every direction to meet the demands of varying boards. And we the people who pay for the industry set the net results.

One pretty general idea of the regulation of crime by the censors is to forbid the pointing of a pistol right at an intended victim. In "The Sage Brusher" a girl was kidnaped and shot the man who kidnaped her. A censor board decreed that she might point the pistol, *but not at the man*, and that the man could be shown wounded later. It was left to you and me in the orchestra to determine how the wounding was done.

In "The Man of the Forest" there was a scene showing the hold-up of a home. One of the censor boards decided that the hold-up men could be shown with their guns in front of the house, but they were not allowed to fire. Yet the house yielded to them. Cuts like these are so numerous that a hundred instances could be cited. If you are a picture-goer you must have been conscious of gaps in the picture like these, of jerky scenes where you arrived at a conclusion without any logic of events to help you on. Naturally you blamed the picture-maker. The censors will tell you that they eliminate these parts so that the young will not learn how to commit crime. It may be that the young do not know that you point a firearm at a man in order to kill him. In this event they will never learn it from the pictures as censored.

The same regulation of crime extends to safe-robbing. In both the daily press and in stories detailed explanations of how a safe is opened on a particular occasion are permitted. But the censors do not permit any one to actually see a safe blown open. In "An Unwilling Hero," that charming story made from O. Henry's "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking," Will Rogers, as the hobo, was shown by the producer opening the safe, taking out bags of money and placing them in his pockets. The censors cut the scenes showing the opening of the safe and the taking out of the money. Rogers is shown looking at the safe, and the next scene shows him with bags of money in his pockets.

In the picture "For Those We Love" there occurred the robbery of a father by a wayward son, a subject used in literature and drama a hundred times over. Some censors banned the picture entire, saying that "it would teach the youth of the land to rob their fathers," and this despite the fact that the wayward son was killed as a result of his evil ways.

I ought to explain how a censored State controls an uncensored one. Yet you may be looking at censored pictures and never know it, as your State has no censorship.

The distribution of films is usually made by releasing companies, not by the producing ones. These releasing companies send out films to a certain area which may comprise two or three or half a dozen States which are scheduled so that the picture can travel a regular route all through. This of course is in the interests of economy and expedites distribution. Before censorship it worked very well. But if there is a group of five States has censorship the picture has to be altered to meet the approval of that censor board. Also the print is shipped at all the releasing company arranges to have it shown to that particular board and not at accordingly. If the other four States have no censors it is passed on just as it is, cut to suit the censors of the one. If all the States have censors the process costs more; the film must be cut, retitled, and sent out to suit every one of the five. Small wonder that the producers are trying to make censor-proof pictures where crime is already regulated, and even in this case it is impossible to determine at any one time just what a particular board of censors will object to.

THE second issue with the censors is the sex-stuff. A good deal of this isn't hurt by cutting because it is not good, and had that nothing could hurt it. Motion-pictures are a new art, and they are going to progress as an art to the point where the present-day pictures will be shelved, never to see the light again. But, like every other art, they must progress through constant trying, and the spectators will know when they are right or wrong. I have wished often that we in this country would applaud pictures when they are good and hiss when they are bad. I can think of nothing as effective for the hurrying along of the art of motion-pictures. Recently in England the men of a motion-picture audience threw their boots at the screen as a mark of disapproval. The American screen to-day would be better for a few boots.

But to get back to sex and the screen, how much has censorship improved matters? There is no question but that the pictures of to-day are less licentious than those of a few years past. The censors take the credit for this, and those to whom I talked assured me that they had taken out many offensive scenes. But after going over the notes of more than a thousand cuts made by censors all over the country I found no scenes that were, to me, offensive. What I did find was cut after cut like these:

The cast of "The Branding Iron" read, "Prosper Gael —cosmopolitan, novelist, playwright, and pagan." The censors ordered, "Cut 'and pagan.'" To see if there was any reason why a film should be altered because of the word "pagan," I actually got a dictionary and looked it up. But "pagan" meant just the same as ever, "one who worships false gods; one who is neither Christian, Mohammedan, nor Jew," etc. Then followed, "Wen-ho, his servant, silent and inscrutable," and the censors ordered, "Cut 'silent and inscrutable.'" What that censor board saw in those innocent words I can not imagine. But just supposed that the vocabulary of a magazine-writer was censored in the same way! What possible chance would a writer get to convey his ideas? The censors would be just the chance an author and producer have now through motion-pictures.

LAST Winter I went to see Rudyard Kipling's story "Without Benefit of Clergy." Any one can guess what the title means, and the original story was that of an Englishman in India who loved a native woman and lived with her and remained faithful to her until her death, altho the call of his kind was drawing him away from her. The whole story was pure and loyalty unquestioned. But when the releasing company tried to send the picture out the censors demanded that it pass it. This was showing immorality; these two were not married. So the releasing company looked up a native marriage ceremony in the encyclopedia—so the head told me—and the pair were shown sitting on a floor; dancing girls garlanded them with flowers, and a man in a turban handed out a wedding-ring. Then followed the original story, showing the anxiety of the native woman lest she lose her lord, which seemed utterly illogical as she was firmly wedded to him.

It was after this patching of Kipling's story that David Wark Griffith remarked mournfully,

"Now I know that I shall never produce 'Faust.'"

The issue of sex-relationship covers maternity. Illegitimate children are banned by the censors. This whole question, which has occupied so big a part in literature and in life, is practically cut from motion-pictures. Legitimate children in most cases seem to be produced without any of their coming. An ex-censor from Chicago, who had served on the board there for years, said humorously:

"In pictures of the future it's going to be hard to be born. Why, we had one little picture, 'Baby Mine,' in which even the name, I am sorry to say, but it contained a very tender, appealing little scene showing a young husband lying in bed sitting in their living-room. The young chap was reading, the young woman mending. But she was not doing that; she was concealing work and furtively took a paper from the table drawer—a grocery list it happened to be—and put it under her sewing. Presently The young husband noticed her occupation, and she at first refused to show him the paper, but finally consented. He interested it. It was a double list of names, boys and girls. The scene closed with the tender embrace of the young couple. Now, I thought that scene was a good scene; it showed just what ought to happen to a young couple. But the other members of my board said that the scene was indelicate and immoral, and they cut out the whole scene."

This board does not stand alone in branding motherhood, parenthood, birth in general. Many boards ban pictures showing expectant mothers sewing on baby-clothes, allowing an infant to appear, but with no intimation of its coming. One example of this kind, destined to become a classic, occurred in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which was a reverent handling of a book that will live through the ages. Rex Ingram, the director of the picture, followed it to the censor boards in some States in order to tweak the face of the picture In Pennsylvania the board insisted upon altering the scene which showed the old man waiting for news of the birth of a much-wanted grandson. When the announcement came the original title read,

"The boy is born." The censors disapproved. They changed the title to read, "The boy is born." A statement made

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

No Need to Be Fat!

Take Off 5 to 10 Pounds a Week—In New, Easy Way

"The first week I lost 10 pounds," writes a grateful woman. One man removed 22 pounds in two weeks! Other women have taken off 30, 40, 60, and even as much as 70 pounds—ALL WITHOUT EXERCISES, MEDICINES, APPLIANCES, STARVING OR BITTER SELF-DENIALS—and with great improvements in health. Try this safe, natural way on Free Trial.

JUST follow one simple, easily understood law of Nature, and you can quickly take off unsightly, burdensome surplus fat—as rapidly as you wish.

It sounds simple—and it is—but until they heard of this remarkable new discovery thousands of men and women suffered with obesity for years—and were hopeless of ever getting rid of this dangerous, disfiguring excess flesh that was seriously impairing their health and vitality.

Here is part of an enthusiastic letter from a woman who was one of these "hopelessly fat" people until she applied this new discovery.

"I weighed 240 pounds. Could not go upstairs without feeling faint. Had indigestion so badly I had to see a doctor. Then I sent for your method. The very first week I lost 10 pounds. I got so I could RUN upstairs. My weight is now 166 pounds (74 pounds lost), and I am still reducing. I never felt better. There is no sign of indigestion. I have a fine complexion—something I never had before, as I was bothered with pimples."

(Mrs.) Mary Denneny,
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Finds "Every Meal a Pleasure"

Many who have reduced large amounts by this remarkable new method (like the man whose letter is printed below) say that they find the correct flesh-reducing food combinations so appetizing that they enjoy their meals more than ever. They are even able to eat many dishes which they have denied themselves, for the lessons show how to arrange meals so that these delicious meals are no longer fattening. This man lost 40 pounds and is still reducing:

"That was the best money I ever spent. I lost 40 pounds very quickly and then decided to keep on reducing—but more slowly. Another thing about your course—one does not have to starve one's self, but can eat plenty. I find the delicious menus make every meal a pleasure."

Mr. Clyde Tapp, Poole, Kentucky.

The Secret of These Astonishing Reductions

It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard about this stand. It simply a matter of following directions and learning how to combine your food at meals so that fat is consumed instead of deposited in the body.

And the beauty of this safe, natural method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal, youthful figure. Your general health improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step, and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Elated with his discovery, and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on free trial.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight, we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits. [illegible]

Read These Results! Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in reduction of 22 pounds in two weeks. Before I started I was a nervous, heavy, sick woman. Now I am fully bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now."
MR. BEN NADOLE,
302 Fulton St. N. Y.

From 167 to 147 Pounds

"I will always be thankful that I ever saw your course. I weighed 167 pounds. After getting the course I secured results right away and now am down to normal weight, having lost 40 pounds. It is a great help to a girl to have such a figure again."
MRS. IRENE CAPON,
Manhasset, L. I

Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."
(Signed) Earl J. Kutsel,
225 W 37th St., N. Y. C.

Above are just a few of the hundreds of letters on file in our office. Nearly every letter we receive first mentions the quick reduction of weight, and then states that the reduction is accompanied by better health and improved complexion.

No Excuse for Being Fat Since New Discovery

Free Trial

Free Trial—Send No Money

Send no money; just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER, and $1.97 (plus postage) to the post man will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt, and your money will be instantly refunded. *If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.*

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in two days or so and note the results. You will be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a normal, beautiful figure in this simple, scientific way.

Remember, send no money; just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for those reasons. *If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.*

Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-885, 43 West 16th Street, New York City.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. W-885, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me, IN PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to refund my money if I thus return the course.

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Price Outside United States, $2.15 Cash With Order

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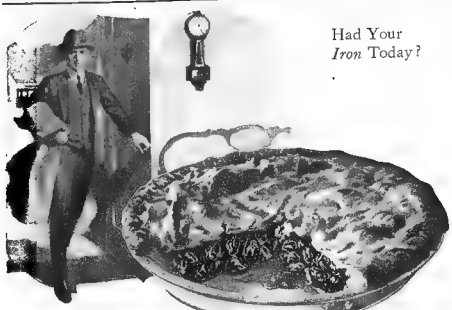

Had Your *Iron* Today?

Successful Men

are Well Fed in Three Ways

YOU have important work to do in choosing men folks' food. It affects their happiness, their health and their success.

Their food must please the palate, be nourishing, digestible.

A luscious raisin pie like this meets all three of these requirements.

Here's the rare flavor of plump, tender, meaty raisins which all men like. The rich juice forms a luscious sauce.

And here is energy, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Here, too, is digestibility, raisins being 75 per cent. pure fruit sugar in practically pre-digested form—so the nourishment is felt almost at once.

Men like the taste, and the *refreshment that they feel* from a dessert like this at the end of busy days.

This pie is rich in food-iron also. Men need but a tiny bit of iron daily, yet that need is vital.

Simple, easy to prepare, tempting and healthful—this dessert is of real value to all homes.

Try and see. Hear the approval of the men. You'll want to serve it regularly at least once a week.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Ask for Sun-Maid Raisins made from plump, meaty, tender, thin-skinned, juicy California *table* grapes only.

Get Sun-Maid *Seeded* for your pie, fine big raisins with the seeds removed. Washed, sterilized and ready. You'll always want this brand.

To save home baking order Sun-Maid Raisin Pie from groceries and bake shops. Try one today.

Blue package (seeded) best for pie and bread

Free Recipes—A New Book

Mail coupon for new book called "Recipes with Raisins." It's free. Every woman needs a book like this. Send for your copy now.

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS
Membership 13,000
Dept. A-305, Fresno, Calif.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS,
Dept. A-305, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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COMMON SENSE AND CENSORSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

concerning a child who at that moment had arrived in the world!

In the same picture the old question of marriage came up. The story of "The Four Horsemen" is the study of the effect of the terrible experience of the World War on a small group of people. It began with the love of a dissipated young man for a married woman. The censors objected, despite the fact that because of the influence of the War the woman returned to her husband and became a loyal wife to him. They suggested that Madame Laurier could be engaged to her husband and in love with Julio and they would pass the picture, but married she could not be. So the story was changed, making Julio a young man who made love to a girl who was engaged to some one else, and mademoiselle had her morals improved by the terrible experience of the War to the extent of preferring the first man she was engaged to to the second. Had a board of censors altered the book of "The Four Horsemen" thus, we would probably never have heard of it.

CUTTING all anticipation of births naturally cuts out all portrayal of ideas of prenatal influence, a topic which literature has used to great extent.

There is no question that the censors have succeeded in changing sex-stuff as shown on the screen. Under censorship there is shown no illegitimacy; no man and woman may live together without a marriage ceremony, and the human problems that concern these phases of human life are absent from motion pictures and will be absent as long as censors prevail.

The third issue, that of exposure of the human body, has also undergone regulation by censorship, and on this subject the wildest confusion prevails. "The Queen of Sheba," which revealed a state of undress calculated to call forth disapproval, was passed at latest reports—uncensored. Comedies so called are rarely censored, and all kinds of indecencies are passed under the guise of humor. But let a picture show a female leg in modern stockings and it takes chances with the censors.

In "Old Wives for New," David Graham Phillips's story, Wanda Hawley played the part of a country girl who took off her shoes and stockings and waded in a brook. Not a censor cut. But in "The Affairs of Anatol" Gloria Swanson, playing the part of Anatol's wife, is hypnotized and takes off her shoes and stockings to wade in an imaginary brook which appears in the middle of her drawing-room floor, and many censors cut the whole scene. Yet Miss Swanson appeared clad in a leopard-skin and was dragged in by two Nubian slaves with little on in illustrating a dream of the poem,

When you were a king in Babylon
And I was a Christian slave,

in a scene in "Male and Female," which was a picturized version of J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," and the censors did not cut at all.

Censorship does not stop with imaginary scenes. Censors cut our news reels. None of us would consent to read a permanently censored newspaper, but that is just what a news reel amounts to. At this writing a certain motion-picture company is using the New York Board of Censors because it removed from the screen—as offensive or immoral—a picture of a girl in a one-piece bathing-suit taken at Atlantic City. The censors contended that the law at Atlantic City forbade one-piece bathing-suits, and so the picture was transgressing the law. But the releasing organization retorted that the New York board was exceeding its rights in enforcing a New Jersey law on a picture shown where one-piece suits are permitted. The censors also cut a news film of a medal being pinned on a girl's breast as a swimming award. This was done in the presence of thousands of spectators, none of whom had seen anything objectionable, yet the censors cut.

The picture producers have, most of them, agreed not to try to present any picture showing any strife between capital and labor. Literature has all through history played its part in the big problems of mankind by tackling them at the vital moment. But under censorship there will be no "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the screen.

These, then, are the main issues covered by censorship—crime, sex, exposure of the human body, and, if it shows its head, the question of capital and labor. But censors have done more than this. In looking through cut after cut I found literally hundreds of eliminations which came under no head, but which seemed to have been made to suit the personal belief of the censor cutting.

In "Joan the Woman," the story of Joan of Arc, Joan is shown in prison the night before her execution. She is in prayer before a crucifix. In her misery she calls out the words used by Christ in the last agony,

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

THE story of Joan was handled with reverence; the whole picture was built as a historical document, but the censors objected. The producer defended his picture.

"But why," he argued, "do you want to take out that particular title? The words, you know, are from the Scriptures."

"Well," replied one woman censor, "the title implies that God might forsake her, and we all know He wouldn't."

Instances of this random exercise of authority could be multiplied endlessly. But one word in defense of the censors. As many of them told me, they are expected to act when they see anything wrong. There is the instance of a board in Canada which passed everything entire for some months and which was dismissed and a new board appointed to take its place. To be sure, that was not in this country, but censor boards feel that they are expected to do something. If a picture is pretty good, it may be better. So that no matter how much the producers try to make censor-proof pictures they fail. But between the constant drawing in of the bounds of censorship by producer and censor where do you and I come in? Will the screen grow more and more limited, and the result be passed over to us? Is that what we want for it? After all, the screen belongs neither to the producers nor the censors, but to you and me, who pay for it.

DAY-DREAMING AS A FINE ART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

important ends, so would the creation by the parents of a home atmosphere of useful, self-forgetting effort. And while the little dreamers should by no means have been altogether deprived of their fairy-books, they should have been encouraged to read more serious books as well, notably simple biographies of men and women who had achieved greatness.

In Paris there used to be—perhaps there still is—a physician who specialized in the cure of laziness by this very method of well-directed day-dreaming. Most lazy persons are addicted to day-dreaming of an inferior sort, and this physician made it a point, by reiterated suggestions, to convert their day-dreams into incitants to action. Here is his own account of the procedure he adopted and his reason for adopting it:

"It often is possible in the practise of life to replace an absurd idea with a good fixed idea, and to form excellent habits in the place of deplorable ones. It is precisely in doing this that the psychological treatment of laziness consists. And to induce a lazy person to become possessed of a good fixed idea is not a superhuman work. In fact, the means to be employed remind one of a woman who wishes to make herself loved.

"First of all she dresses herself with care so as to show off her charms to the full; then she finds opportunities for constantly being seen, increases the number of meetings; her presence must become habitual—in fact, necessary; he must suffer when she is no longer near. Finally she kindles the flame of passion to make it understood that she is an incomparable treasure, and that another will grasp her if he does not stretch forth his arm in time.

"Imitate her, you who wish to learn the marvelous art of reclaiming the lazy. Help your patient to choose a work really suited to his abilities; embellish the idea of it with all the hope that it is possible to raise—self-content, worldly importance, glory, and fortune to be conquered. Talk about it without ceasing; like a Wagnerian motive, repeat it again and again, and soon you will find that the brain seizes the idea and can no longer exist without this good obsession. Then, when the idea becomes cherished, when the brain loves it as one loves and desires a woman, make it to be understood that it belongs to all, that it is in the air, that another, braver and more manly, may step in and carry it off."

It is in the change gradually wrought in the character of the lazy one's day-dreams that the secret of the success of this treatment consists. In proportion as the suggestions given to him "take," day-dreams of eager ambition more and more occupy his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

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Bon Ami

for Windows

Principal uses of Bon Ami
—for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

Crystal Clear—

Wouldn't you like windows as spotless as mine?

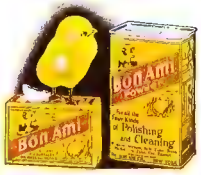
It's easy—with Bon Ami. Just spread the thin, watery lather over the glass—in a minute it dries to a soft, light, powdery film. Then—a few whisks with a soft cloth, and—

Straightway the window shines forth in crystal transparency. Never a smear, nor a trace of cloudiness.

Read the list of principal uses above.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

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This old building, erected in the fifties, was moved half a mile overland, placed on a barge and towed five miles down the Allegheny River. To get it under a low bridge the barge was sunk, pumped out, floated again, and moved on down the river to Pittsburgh, where it was placed in the center of the Heinz plant.

Where the "57" began

The Little House *that was floated down the* River

When you visit the "Home of the 57" you see the little "House where we began"—surrounded, overshadowed by large modern buildings. To the visitor the little house may seem but an interesting relic—a thing of purely historical interest, signifying growth and prosperity. To us, this homely little brick building stands as a symbol—a constant reminder of the ideals established there, the principles on which the Heinz business has been built. It was because of this, of what the little house meant to us all, that we moved it from its original location, floated it five miles down the river on a barge, and placed it where its inspiration would be most manifest. Loyalty to the standards which the little house represents is reflected in the spirit of service, care in preparation and pride in workmanship which characterizes the whole Heinz organization.

H. J. Heinz Company

57 *Varieties*

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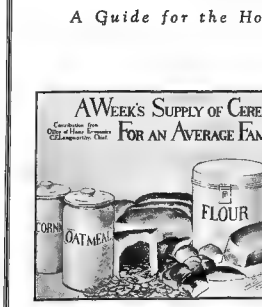
EVERY-DAY HEALTH INSURANCE

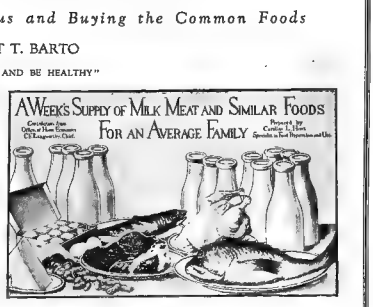
A Guide for the Housewife in Planning Her Menus and Buying the Common Foods

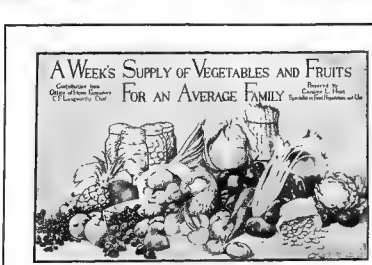
By JENOISE B. SHORT and HARRIET T. BARTO

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "EAT AND BE HEALTHY"



THE accompanying illustrations are reproduced from a new series of eight charts on food-selection and meal-planning recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture. These are fully described in Farmers' Bulletin 1228—"A Week's Food for an Average Family"—which will be sent free of charge to any one writing for it to the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.





DO YOU know the common foods? While they are few in number—you can almost count them on the fingers of one hand—milk, meat, fruits, vegetables, cereals, fats, and sugars, knowing how important each is in our diet helps us to answer the "whys" and "hows" of buying wisely and the common complaint of "My money won't reach."

The Friendly Milk-pitcher

"M" IS for milk; makes muscle and brawn." So the children say. But the family may not like milk. It may seem foolish to you to buy it when your people enjoy other foods more. "I thought milk was only a food for children," we heard one girl say not long ago. Milk belongs in the diet of grown-ups as well as children, for no other food is so nearly a complete diet as milk. It is a *food*, not a drink; a necessity, not a luxury; a cheap food, not an expensive one. She is a wise housewife who thoroughly respects the milk-pitcher!

Milk is a many-sided food. It provides its generously with—

1. An easily digested form of protein to build and repair our bodies.

2. Large amounts of mineral. Milk is the cheapest source of calcium. The average diet is deficient in the calcium necessary to build bones and teeth, coagulate the blood, and help regulate the heart-beat. A quart a day for children and a pint for adults and every one will be sure of his calcium. Milk supplies us with a considerable amount of phosphorus, which is also a builder of tissue. While milk is poor in iron, what is there is in an especially usable form, and so is very valuable.

3. The body-regulators known as vitamins, especially vitamin A, which is found in the fat of milk.

Milk is a good source of energy, providing 675 calories to a quart, but does not furnish fuel as cheaply as the cereals, sugars, or fats. On an average, milk is composed of 87 per cent. water, 3.3 per cent. protein, 4 per cent. fat, 5 per cent. sugar, and 7 per cent. ash.

Milk is sometimes called constipating. It is not what milk contains but what it does not that accounts for this statement. Milk lacks the roughage necessary to an anticonstipating diet.

There are so many ways of serving milk that the glass need not be the medium unless desired. Try cream soups, chowders, creamed and scalloped dishes, as well as milk desserts, such as custards, junket, tapioca, rice, and bread puddings.

If you have removed the top-milk from the bottle or skimmed the cream from the pan do not scorn what is left. Remember that all the food value is still there except the fat which has been removed.

Buying by Grade

THE question is often asked, "What is meant by grades A, B, and C?" Milk is graded not according to richness or amount of butter-fat. The number of bacteria per cubic centimeter determines whether it is grade A, B, or C.

In many parts of the country the practise of Pasteurizing milk has not become general, but the Pasteurization of our milk-supply is a safeguard of inestimable value, especially in large cities, where the milk comes to the distributers from many different sources. Pasteurization means heating the milk twenty to thirty minutes at 140 to 145 degrees F. and then cooling rapidly. Thus all disease-producing bacteria are destroyed.

What is certified milk? Milk so labeled has a low bacterial count, and is produced under ideal conditions supervised by a medical milk commissioner. It is used mainly for infants and children. Such milk is not Pasteurized. The additional cost is due to the care taken in production. It is not necessary for adults to go to the expense of buying certified milk.

Shall we buy loose milk? The so-called loose milk obtainable in the city is not safe except for cooking because one can not be sure of its age or cleanliness.

Shall we buy milk from our neighbor's cow? Never!—unless the cow has been tested for tuberculosis and both cow and milk are kept under sanitary conditions.

Your grocer has shelves filled with condensed milk, which is merely whole milk evaporated to about two-fifths of its normal bulk and sweetened. Evaporated milk is an unsweetened condensed milk. These are well adapted to certain kinds of cookery and are especially valuable when it is hard to obtain a supply of fresh milk.

Dried milk, both skimmed and whole, is another form in which milk can be preserved, and is convenient for household use. The manufacture of condensed and dried milk—about the middle of April to the middle of July—prevents the waste of innumerable quarts.

Out of the Garden

THE vegetable garden is a real friend, supplying a comparatively inexpensive but very valuable food. In general, vegetables are not so cheap as cereals and sugar from the standpoint of calories, but they do supply liberally—

1. Minerals—calcium, phosphorus, and iron. Save the ash constituent by using the water in which vegetables are boiled.

2. Vitamins A, B, and C.

3. Roughage. Vegetables are laxative because they contain a great deal of cellulose or indigestible material.

Vegetables add greatly to the variety and flavor of the diet. The humble potato and cabbage are two of the cheapest and best.

There are so many ways to use vegetables that it is easy for a family to consume a large supply. They may be served plain, buttered, creamed, or scalloped, in salads and in soups. One tea-room makes a specialty of its fresh green salad, flanked with eggs or beets and served on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. The greens are of several kinds, such as spinach, celery, and beet greens chopped with a little onion and moistened with French dressing.

A rather novel way of serving cabbage is to combine it with shredded pineapple and celery and a touch of pimiento or green pepper as the basis of a salad. A little shredded cabbage and a few peanuts make a good beginning for a salad. Have you served a salad of raw greens and young onions? Then, too, the jellied vegetable salads are rather festive-looking.

Stuffed vegetables are popular—peppers stuffed with bread-crums and a little meat or crums and mushrooms are excellent. Eggplant is delicious when stuffed, and so are tomatoes and cucumbers.

Vegetable soups can be almost a one-dish meal. The French and Italians know this. The cream vegetable soups are especially acceptable for luncheon or supper.

Both dried and canned vegetables are good substitutes for the fresh by way of variety when the latter are not procurable or too expensive, and save much time in preparation. Buy your canned vegetables by the dozen cans in order to economize. With the exception of the vitamine, the food value is not impaired by either drying or canning. The antiscorbutic vitamin, vitamin C, is not destroyed in canned or dried tomatoes.

Altho fruits and vegetables can be used interchangeably in the diet and fruits are generally more expensive than vegetables, still, if possible, serve a fruit every day. Like vegetables, fruits are valuable for their roughage, minerals, acids, and vitamins. Some fruits, such as bananas, dates, prunes, raisins, and figs, furnish considerable fuel. Bananas are usually among the cheapest fresh fruits.

Another fruit that is sure to be reasonably cheap is the apple, which is one of the finest fruits because of its flavor, food value, and attractive appearance. Like the banana, it lends itself to many ways of serving.

When fresh fruit is too expensive, or for variety, use canned and dried fruit. Try cooking your dried fruit without soaking. Wash and cover with boiling water; cover and cook slowly in the oven or on top of the stove until done. Do not deprive your family of fruits and vegetables. Try to have a fruit and vegetable every day besides potato. They are not luxuries.

Meat Is Always Popular

NEARLY everybody likes meat. And why not? It looks good, it smells good, it tastes good. What is more appetizing than a juicy steak with a baked potato, or a lamb-chop done to a turn? We are left with a feeling of being well fed. Meat is popular with the cook, for it can be quickly and easily prepared. Meat is in the same class with milk, eggs, peas, beans, legumes—that is, the tissue-builders.

Meat provides us with—

1. Fuel. The cuts which are generously supplied with fat are highest in fuel value.

2. Protein, which is easily digested when properly cooked, even if it is eaten rapidly.

3. Iron and phosphorus.

4. A limited amount of vitamins. Vitamin A is found in the glands and organs, such as sweetbreads and liver, and in the yellow fat of beef. A little of vitamin B is found in muscle-tissue, and somewhat more in liver, kidney, brain, and heart.

Many families, because the members demand a large amount of meat, spend too great a proportion of their food budget on this part of the menu. While roasts, steaks, and chops are delicious and their use justifiable, there are many of the so-called "meat-extenders," such as soups, stews, casserole dishes, meat pies, chop-sueys, all of which your family will appreciate, and which help to reduce the meat bill. Remember when serving clear meat soups you are not providing nourishment for your family, but merely stimulating appetite and digestion, making ready for real food.

Altho meat in moderate amounts is a legitimate part of the average family diet, there are times when its use is not advisable. The protein of meat has a tendency to increase intestinal putrefaction (auto-intoxication), which results from bacterial decomposition of meat protein. People who have trouble in eliminating uric acid should eat very little meat because it is a source of this acid.

If you lead a sedentary life you should avoid a heavy meat meal in the middle of the day, for a sleepy feeling is sure to result. An active person is less likely to be affected.

Meat with its decided flavor is apt to spoil a child's taste for milk and cereals and other bland foods, and the danger of intestinal putrefaction is much greater in young children than in adults. For these reasons it is best to exclude meat from children's diets until they are seven or eight years old. Nothing will be sacrificed thereby, for milk and cereals and eggs will furnish all the protein they need, and vegetables and eggs and fruits the iron for which meat was so highly prized by physicians of our earlier days.

Where Cheese Fits In

CHEESE is not an accessory food, but a real meat-substitute, of which this country manufactures millions of pounds yearly. There are so many different kinds from which to choose that it ought not be difficult for every one to like cheese of one kind or another.

Cheese furnishes us liberally with—

1. Protein in a very digestible form.

2. Fat. Cheese is so rich in fat that care should be taken not to combine it with large amounts of other fatty foods.

3. Fuel. Cheese is a very concentrated food, supplying 1,900 calories to the pound.

4. Calcium and phosphorus.

Cheese should be used to replace the meat dish rather than to supplement it. Try cheese as a meat-substitute once a week and see if your family is not enthusiastic about cheese-loaf, cheese, or omelet.

You will find the cheese more quickly digested when broken up, as it is in the dishes suggested. For it is after a hearty meal, already well supplied with protein, that a piece of cheese is apt to have disastrous results.

We suggest that you write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, for Farmers' Bulletin 487, "Cheese and Its Economical Uses in the Diet." This is full of good suggestions for cheese dishes.

When Shall We Buy Eggs?

DURING the Winter the price of eggs sometimes goes as high as ten cents a piece. "When shall we buy eggs?" is the question. Surely they are not a good "buy" at this price, altho eggs furnish us with—

1. Protein.
2. Fat.
3. Vitamins, especially vitamin A.
4. Iron and phosphorus. Eggs are the easiest way to get iron into the dietary.

Eggs are indeed an expensive source of fuel at ten cents each when one considers that each egg furnishes only about seventy-five calories, and it takes nine eggs to give the fuel value of one quart of milk.

When eggs are high in price their use may be extended by serving in omelets, creamed eggs, croquettes, custards, and in various desserts.

When eggs are too expensive to use

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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SUNSET *for Spring Dyeing*

Ask Dealer to Show Color Guide

CLEAN *and* DYE This Spring with the Fast, All-Fabric Soap Dye—SUNSET!

CARRY out that cherished color scheme for curtains, draperies, covers, lamp shades, bureau scarfs. Clean *and* dye your last year's fabrics or buy *and* dye cheesecloth, unbleached muslin, etc. Get out last year's dresses, frocks, ribbons, waists, lingerie, ties, stockings, outdoor apparel, and dye them your favorite colors. Remember that SUNSET will dye them *all* fresh, smart colors—*and—it—won't—wash—out!* It's so easy to use—so quick—so satisfactory—so safe—you'll be delighted.

FAST **22 COLORS 15c** A CAKE
(No Stained Hands or Utensils)

If your Dealer can't supply you, mail us 15c and we will send the color desired. Don't accept substitutes.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Dept. 28 Mount Vernon, New York

SUNSET SOAP DYES

ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics

A new hat for a quarter

Change the color of your straw hat and you've changed the hat so much that you wouldn't recognize it yourself.

It is perfectly easy to do, and millions of smart women do it every year, with Colorite Hat Finish. Five minutes to apply it, half an hour to dry, and you have, to all intents and purposes, a brand new hat –for a quarter.

There are sixteen colors to choose from; all of them waterproof and durable.

Colorite is for sale at all drug stores, also in department and dry goods stores, for 25 cents (in Canada 30 cents). Rather than accept a substitute, send us the price for the shade you want.

16 COLORS
Jet Black (Gloss)
Dull Black
Cardinal Red
Yellow
Navy Blue
Cadet Blue
Victory Blue
Sage Green
Lavender
Old Rose
Cerise
Burnt Straw
Brown
Violet
Gray
Natural

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Colorite HAT FINISH

MUSLIN BASTED TO THE CURTAIN EDGES WILL SAVE THEM WHEN DRYING

OUT OF THE DYE-POT

Express Your Personality in Charming Fresh Colors

BY MARY B. BARNET

IN THE Spring a woman's fancy gravely turns to making things new! What, in the plan of renovation, is so great a boon as the many possibilities of the dye-pot? The labor of your own hands and your color-sense produce an atmosphere of freshness, beauty, and restfulness throughout the home.

Success in the art depends upon careful, conscientious work, constant attention, and system. Don't think of dyeing as a mere process of renovation; it is much more than that. The French say, "Let your colors smile, not laugh." Mix your colors, don't always use them raw, blend and mold them to your individual fancy. Make your work express your personality; don't be satisfied to have things look dyed. Color is a pleasant field to roam in; give your color-impressions to others, for color certainly is a language. It is the result of vibration, which may affect us pleasantly or unpleasantly, according to our personal rate of vibration.

Select any of the reliable dyes, read the directions carefully, then follow them. Each maker knows the best method of applying the particular type of dye which he manufactures. Dyeing in its truest sense means the boiling process, heat being necessary for permanency.

There is scarcely any limit to the possibilities of home dyeing! It includes most articles of wearing-apparel, curtains, shade-pulls, lamp-pulls, lamp-shades, dimity, bedspreads, a large variety of baskets, beads (bone, ivory, and wooden), natural and artificial flowers, portières, and doilies (to protect dark-wood tables).

Simple Equipment

THE equipment is very simple: a boiler, for dresses, curtains, and large pieces; a large enamel dish-pan for small articles; salt or acetic acid, a broom-handle, a funnel, and strips of white muslin to protect all rungs of the clothes-bars from absorbing dye, which might, later, stain the family wash. Use enough water to cover the articles freely, so they may expand and not pack. Never force the goods to the bottom of the boiler; have sufficient dye to cover them well, as the bottom, being in close contact with the flame, is intensely hot—hotter than the liquid—and will set the color wherever the goods are forced down on it.

Dyeing silk frequently takes the life out of it and destroys the luster. To restore the luster wash with Castile soap and water, and to retain the life take from the suds lightly, then dip in vinegar, and press. Much silk is loaded with tin, as it is sold by weight. So if the silk disintegrates during boiling, the dye is not the cause; the metal has cut it to pieces, or it was originally scorched by over-cylinders. The dyes are manufactured by chemists and are reliable, so any trouble is to be laid in another direction, where it justly belongs.

Feathers need elaborate and careful handling, and would better be sent to the cleaner. An gathers, shirring, smocking, puckerings, or sewed-up places bunch up the material, and so create a resist-center, they should be ripped out to prevent ugly streaks or spots.

Mix Your Own Colors

TOO few women realize what lovely shades can be developed to meet their individual needs by simply combining different colored dyes in the right proportions. As colors vary in strength, and fabrics in their absorbing qualities, the dyes should be mixed in solutions. Experiment with samples of material until the right shade is secured.

The three primary colors are red, blue, and yellow. The secondary colors, orange, green, and violet, are those made from the union of two of the primary colors. If the three primary colors be united in equal proportions, the result will be a dark-slate color—black

If the proportions be unequal, varying tones will be produced, and in this way bright colors are softened or grayed. If colors are darker than those in the solar spectrum, we speak of them as "shades"; if they are made lighter, by pigment or water, we designate them as "tones." For instance, select a fabric of orange color, a secondary color; dye it a very pale blue, and it becomes grayed or softened. Then choose green, also a secondary color; dye it with the primary color pale red, and it becomes grayed or softened, but not black. The same holds good with violet, the last secondary color, grayed with pale yellow.

Top-dyeing

IF THE material be white, or a very light shade, one can foresee the result of the color to be used; but if the old color be too dark, streaked or spotted in places, as in curtains, and in cretonne bedspreads, when the flowers vanish, leaving only dark leaves and branches, the cloth must be boiled in soap and water, or, for better results, it should be bleached with a reliable article, and the surface then becomes oyster-white or cream color, which will tend to soften the new color and not really change it. It becomes evident that top-dyeing must not be done with colors which are complementary, which will not blend agreeably. You may not dye green over red, and vice versa, nor orange over blue, and vice versa, nor violet over yellow, and vice versa, because, as heretofore explained, such procedure unites the three primary colors and produces either black or muddy colors.

Probably the most pleasing and definite illustration is the favorite one of the author. Provide four Japanese blue-and-white towels, keeping one in its original color. Wash well to remove the invisible starch, rinse, and, while uniformly moist, dye one daffodil-yellow. The white background becomes yellow, which also top-dyes the blue pattern, say of grapes, with their leaves, and makes it green—green grapes and leaves!

Dye a double length (two towels left in one piece, because it becomes so pleasing) love-pink, which dyes the white background pink, and top-dyes the blue pattern, creating luscious purple grapes!

If checks, plaids, or stripes happen to be, say, blue and tan, dyed with a medium shade of blue, the tan becomes green, and the result will be a green-and-blue check. Black and white dyed blue becomes black and blue, as the dye affects only the white portion, etc. If the stripes and checks are woven in, to make a pattern, they will dye, but will always show the pattern—like damask.

Color-harmony

GROUPS of colors to be harmonious must be the offspring of the same parent color. First let us take blue as the parent color; its harmonious colors will be blue-greens, bluish violet, bluish gray, blue-plum, and chocolate-brown—and any color containing blue. Second, red, as the parent color; its harmonious offspring would be orange, flame, red-terra-cotta, catawba, raspberry, reddish purple, Burgundy, wine, and plum. Lastly, yellow; its harmonious color family would consist of yellow-brown, yellow-green, corn-color, buff, citron, yellow-tan, and apricot. A touch of contrasting color, or black, is often agreeable to add strength to any of these combinations. The more that colors are grayed or neutralized, the more freely they may be used together.

Curtains may be redeemed from the white by dyeing. Choose a pale tone of yellow, softened with a wee bit of violet or ecru. As the curtain-stretcher is such a scaffold to their life, and leaves the edges festooned in ugly scallops and large pin-holes, besides straining the threads of the curtains, so they all too soon tear and wear out beyond repair, here is a preventive. Purchase two and one-half yards of butter-cloth, lighter than unbleached muslin; cut it accurately lengthwise into four-and-one-half-inch-wide strips, fold double, and overcast the raw edges together. Baste firmly the edges of the net curtains over the raw edges, lapping one-fourth inch;

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

WHAT is more delightful to the eye and to the taste than an attractive-looking, cool dessert on a hot Summer day? With the added garnish of a bright-colored fruit, a custard or gelatin dish tempts the appetite, however jaded, in the hottest weather. And such a dessert will not be scorned in Winter-time!

DESSERTS—COLD

ON THIS page of the "Little Cook-Book" a number of type recipes for cold desserts are given, with suggestions for variations which may be made with seasonable fruits, with chocolate, or with coffee. A caramelized sugar may be used to take the place both of granulated sugar and flavoring.

Rice Pudding

4 Cupfuls Milk
½ Cupful Rice
½ Teaspoonful Salt
¾ Cupful Sugar
Nutmeg

WASH the rice, mix it with the other ingredients, and pour into a buttered baking-dish. Bake two hours in a very slow oven, stirring at least three times during the first hour to break the crust which will form. One-half cupful of raisins may be added when the pudding is mixed. Serve very cold.

Corn-starch Pudding

4½ Tablespoonfuls Corn-starch
2 Eggs
Salt
3¾ Cupfuls Milk
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

SCALD three cupfuls of milk. Mix the corn-starch with the remainder of the cold milk and add to the scalded milk in the double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Cover and cook for at least twenty minutes. Beat the eggs and add the sugar and salt. Pour some of the hot mixture slowly over the mixed egg and sugar, stirring constantly, and add to the mixture in the double boiler. Cook three minutes, add the vanilla, and pour into molds to cool. To make a light, fluffy pudding the yolks and the whites may be beaten separately, the yolks mixed with the sugar, and the whites folded in after the pudding has been removed from the fire. For chocolate pudding mix three or four tablespoonfuls of cocoa with the corn-starch. The eggs may be omitted.

Baked Custard

3 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
Salt
3 Cupfuls Milk
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
Nutmeg

BEAT the eggs enough to mix the yolks and whites and add the other ingredients. Pour into custard-cups and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set. This may be tested by trying with a knife, and if the mixture is jellied it is ready to remove from the oven. Set the cups where they will cool quickly.

Bread Pudding

WITH the addition of buttered bread use the same ingredients as for baked custard. Butter slices of bread and arrange in a baking-dish. Separate the yolks from the whites and mix the yolks, milk, sugar, salt, and flavoring, and pour over the bread in the pudding-dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set. Beat the whites of the eggs until foamy and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Continue beating until this meringue is thick and spread lightly on top of the custard. Return to the oven to brown.

Soft Custard

2 Cupfuls Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
Salt
2 to 4 Egg Yolks
Flavoring

SCALD the milk in a double boiler. Beat the yolks, add the sugar and salt, and pour the hot milk slowly onto this mixture. Return to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until the custard coats a spoon. Remove at once from the fire and set into cold water. Add the flavoring. The more yolks used the thicker the custard will be. A thin custard should be used as a sauce for snow pudding or other desserts. A thick custard may be poured over stale cake, macaroons or cut fruit, salted nuts or marshmallows.

Fruit Pudding

2½ Cupfuls Milk
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Corn-starch
½ Cupful Raisins
½ Cupful Stoned Prunes

SCALD two cupfuls of the milk and add the brown sugar and salt. Mix the corn-starch with the half cupful of cold milk and add to the hot milk, stirring until smooth and thick. Add the fruit and cook in a double boiler at least twenty minutes. Pour into molds to cool.

DESSERTS—COLD (Continued)

Cream Tapioca

¼ Cupful Pearl Tapioca or
1½ Tablespoonful Granulated Tapioca
2 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
½ Cupful Sugar
Salt
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

IF PEARL tapioca is used soak one hour in cold water and drain. Granulated tapioca does not need soaking. Add the tapioca to the milk and cook in a double boiler until it is transparent. Add the sugar and salt to the egg yolks, and to this add slowly some of the hot mixture. When thoroughly mixed add to the mixture in the double boiler and cook until it coats a spoon. Remove the top of the double boiler, set in cold water, and add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add the flavoring and pour into a pudding-dish. Serve very cold.

Junket

1 Junket Tablet
1 Tablespoonful Cold Water
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Quart Milk
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
Salt

CRUSH the junket tablet and dissolve in the cold water. Heat the milk until just lukewarm, add the sugar, salt, and vanilla, and stir until dissolved. Add the dissolved tablet and pour at once into individual serving-dishes. Let stand in a warm place until it sets. Cool and serve with a brightred jelly as a garnish or with whipped cream and candied cherries.

Lemon Jelly

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
2¾ Cupfuls Boiling Water
½ Cupful Cold Water
1 Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Lemon-juice

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water, add the boiling water, and dissolve thoroughly. Add the sugar and the lemon-juice and pour into molds to harden. If a clear jelly is desired the lemon-juice should be strained through a cheese-cloth before adding.

Other Jellies

USE the recipe for lemon jelly, substituting any fruit-juice for half the boiling water and for half the lemon-juice. If cut fruit is to be added let the mixture cool until it begins to thicken, add the fruit, pour into mold, and chill. If a fancy product is desired pour into the mold enough of the gelatin mixture to cover the bottom. Cool quickly, arrange a layer of fruit upon the hardened jelly, and cover with more of the gelatin mixture, which should be cold in order not to melt the first layer. Let this cool until set, and continue this process until your mold is full. To make coffee jelly, omit the lemon-juice and two-thirds of the sugar and use cold boiled coffee of the usual breakfast strength to take the place of the boiling water.

Gelatin Cream

1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
¼ Cupful Sugar
3 Cupfuls Milk
3 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

ADD the gelatin to the milk and scald in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of the eggs, and to them add the sugar and salt. To this add some of the hot mixture, and when well mixed add to the milk and gelatin, stirring constantly. Cook until it thickens, add the vanilla, and remove from the fire. Add the whites of the eggs, stiffly beaten, pour into molds, and cool. To vary this recipe one cupful of boiled coffee may replace one cupful of milk, or eight or ten macaroons may be ground and sprinkled over the pudding when it is removed from the molds.

Snow Pudding

1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
1 Cupful Boiling Water
1 Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Lemon-juice
3 Egg Whites

SOAK the gelatin in cold water, dissolve with the boiling water, add the sugar and lemon-juice, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and cool quickly. When thick beat until frothy. Beat the whites of the eggs, add to the gelatin mixture, and continue beating until it is stiff enough to hold its shape. Cool and serve with soft custard.

Fruit Snow

2 Egg Whites
½ Cupful Strained Fruit-pulp
Sugar

BEAT the eggs until stiff, add the strained fruit, sweeten to taste, and continue beating until the mixture will hold its shape. Pile into individual glasses and serve with soft custard.

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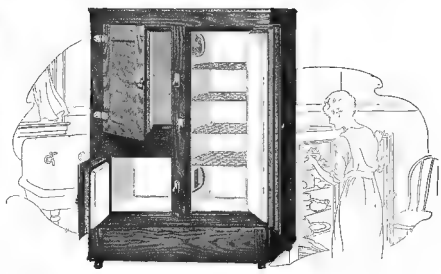

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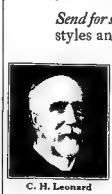

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A LITTLE PAINT MAKES A LOT OF CHEER

So Jane Waters Found When She Went Hunting for More Sunshine in Her Kitchen

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY LOU ROGERS

THE stove makes sunlight in the kitchen even when it's raining!" I said right out loud to the cat! "It gives you a cheery feeling. Sunlight is just 'cheery feelings' gathered up."

I shut the oven door on the gingersnaps. Then I took time to look at my kitchen as if it were a work-dress I had put on and off so many times that I had forgotten what it was like. "It's dreary and worn out and grubby all over! Why is the kitchen the last place in the house to get fixed up, Rusha?" The cat's whole name is Jee-Rusha. We named her that because it is so pleasant to say when she gets underfoot.

"This kitchen just drags my spirits clear down into my shoes. It's why I get so cross and tired. Haven't I a right to a happy-faced sink and a handsome kettle cupboard and shelves that look glad and proud to hold apple sauce and pies and baker-sheets?

"I am going to have a kitchen table that says 'Merry Christmas, Mrs. Waters!' every time I come out of the pantry," I said. "I'll make cheery feelings all over this kitchen." And actually I cried a little onto the stove-hook.

"I don't know anything about paints," I said, "but, just the same, I am going to have colors that make sunlight. I don't care what Sam or the neighbors say —so now!"

And, you know, when you talk out loud to yourself suddenly, it means that you will do what you say.

"'JANE, YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER.'"

I went to the painter's for some color-charts, I thought. "I'll choose the color for the sink first." It's an old-fashioned sink built in with drawers down one side and a cupboard under the other. It is the glummest of all with the paint off, as if it were piled to the ceiling with dishpans of backaches. And for the other paints I use I'll pick the ones that look as if they had a touch of the same kind of color that's in the paint I choose for the sink. If I do that I can't possibly get colors that don't go well together.

My kitchen is such a busy place and so big too! It is used for so many doings besides cooking! I think often, "If only I could have the room divided into a real little kitchen where everything close to hand, and the rest of the room turned into a general catch-all place for the family, how much easier the work would be!" But that is not likely to happen, so of course I have to go by what the room calls for. I have to think in durable paints and colors, all-the-year-round ones that fit into a sizable place, with shadows banked in the corners when the outside doors are shut.

The painter told me that different firms have different names for the same color. "Cardinal-red on one color-chart may be vermilion on another, or light buff on one chart may be cream tint on another. But," he said, "they're almost the same colors."

I chose a can of vermilion first because it is like elderberries, and I love them, making the graystone walls gay. "Besides, Sam is used to Turkey-red table-cloths," I said, "and he won't think this is so queer." You know how men are about changes.

"I'll paint the inside of the sink cupboard with vermilion." (I'm going to call it elderberry for short.) "That's where the stove-cloths hang and the shoe-polish is. "And I'll paint the insides of the drawers with elderberry too, where the twine-strings are. And then I'll paint the inside of my kettle and fry-pan cupboard out of the elderberry can, so that when I open the doors I'll see glad places that remind me of sunlight and songme of sunlight and song-sparrows and fresh sweet clover, and not just dingy holes to shut up quick. It will be so clever too—a coat of bright paint!"

I bought a can of light buff for the outside of the sink. I can't tell you how joyous and heartening the battered thing is right now. I painted the inside of the cupboard door as well as the sides and shelves. It is real fun to open the door for a stove-cloth, or a gay drawer for the screw-driver. Honestly, I love my sink now; it's cheery as a grandma robin in a meadow-lot.

And, oh, my kettle cupboard! You should see the black pots against the elderberry-red. I never knew before why I enjoy watching crows parade among the pine pumpkins. I love color; that's why. You see, the light buff seems to have a touch of red in it, so that the red lining to the cupboard and drawers is like the right lining for your best coat—colors that don't fight, but help each other along. A bright yellow or an orange would have been splendid with a light buff. And I've discovered that you can be sure of almost any kind of a blue with any kind of a cream tint.

I painted the kitchen table light buff too. It's just a little old-fashioned table with a shallow drawer, where we poke stamps and writing-paper. Can't you see how sunny and refreshing that table looks when I come out of the pantry with a tin of biscuits to shove into the oven—with the wax begonias and the geraniums in the window behind it, the tall lamp with the bit of red in the shade, and the darning-basket under it? When the top gets sad with use I'll paint it again.

And then a grand idea struck me. I painted the tops of the shelves light buff and the under sides elderberry color. I see the under sides of the shelves. Why shouldn't they help to keep the yeast in my spirits?

My yellow and blue and brown bowls are so pretty lined up there! Even the gate coffee-pot struts. And the fat cartoons and pie-tins are tools, my tools, somehow. I have a brand-new pride in them. I never thought of pans and crocks as tools before—real ones like a carpenter's kit and just as necessary and dignified. And do you know that I take real pains now to arrange them on the shelves as if they had a right to a proper and respected place in my heart! You think, "Oh, well, just paint that I choose off an ordinary chart and lift out of a tin pail with a brush won't do that to me." But it will. It's the color and the freshness that do it. It's a new grip you get, as if you'd just bought a become ing hat after two years of wearing one you never liked anybow.

When Sam first noticed, he looked around rather surprized, and then he said, "If you'll choose the floor-paint, Jane, I will spread it on. I've been intending to paint this floor for some time." Davey and Anne were so delighted that they brought their friends in to see. And now all the women-folks in the neighborhood are using up the odds and ends of paint on their kettle cupboards. You know how it is. Somebody has to show the way. Nature made color, like fresh air and vegetables, to keep us cheerful and healthy. We all know it is so if we stop to think. It is just the grubby spots in our housework that take the starch out of our souls.

I must say I studied the color-charts and my sink and tables and shelves for a while, trying to decide what paint I should choose for the floor. It had to be a practical color that went well with the rest. The walls were gray—done over a few months ago. Gray is wonderful to have on kitchen walls because you can put any glad color against it and it looks well. The cream is so pretty across it, with the elderberry linings, and the soft colors of the pots and cooking-dishes. Finally I settled on maroon. The painter didn't have it in stock. But he mixed it. It's a brown with a red in it, a dusty, dark-reddish brown that doesn't come up off the boards to hit you when you look into the room.

Then Davey asked if he couldn't paint the chairs. He had found a little blue left over in the barn and some white. He had mixed the two together to make enough. The result was a very pale blue like the sky with a haze over it. My instinct told me that it would go beautifully with the elderberry and the light buff and the reddish-brown floor. Davey's teacher said I was right. She said never to use a grass-green or a heavy blue with a heavy red like vermilion, but a very light blue or a very light green—a tint really. So we painted the chairs. And of course we naturally had to paint the dust-pan.

The poor dust-pan has no handle any more. But it will set on the stove-hearth as fresh and Springlike and unexpected as a sour old apple-tree covered with new blossoms. I laughed. But just the same, I felt different—several times a day. It was brushing up sweepings on a cheery kitchen tool, not on a piece of ugly tin. A faded dress is depressing, and so is a faded chair or a faded anything else. A lot of depressings around you make you a depressing, too.

No more weary dust-pans in my kitchen!

I put up some light-blue curtains at the windows to match the chairs. Some time I will tell you what I made those curtains out of. You will chuckle. You would never guess to look at them.

When it was all done and the paint all dry, and the things back in their places, I was standing in the middle of the floor looking and looking and smiling. I felt so happy and made over. Color, sunlight color, where everything had been dreary and dull and discouraged. I felt like a brown hilltop that wakes up some May morning to find itself covered with dandelions and buttercups and sunshine and bobolinks. Sam came in, and all of a sudden he took my face between his two hands and said, "Jane, you look ten years younger. Why didn't you spruce up the old kitchen before?"

The next day Mrs. Anderson came in to get my lemon-pie recipe. She has what you would call a modern kitchen. I've always thought, "If I could only have a kitchen like that, with a kitchen cabinet and handy cupboards and hardwood floor and real plumbing!" Mrs. Anderson stopped right in the doorway and said, "Oh, how pretty, how pretty!" I showed her the kettle cupboard and the underneaths of the shelves. She said, "Things in my kitchen need painting too. And I'm going to have color." And she did. Nearly everything was white, so she could have dainty colors. She used a bright yellow for her underneath cupboards and the daintiest blue enamel on her kitchen table and shelves. Just to think my kitchen could tell hers something worth while!

Isn't it odd that when you do a new thing like making a gloomy cupboard you always hated to open, into a joy spot, you start so many things and people going you never dreamed about?

Why, Mrs. Owens stopped me in the street—I scarcely knew her—and said she was having her bathroom done over. Could I give her any idea about colors. She didn't want it all white. She had always thought a bathroom should be one of the cheerful rooms in the house, especially where there were children. She had an idea that probably the very cheerfulness would help the children to like baths better. We both smiled, but we believe in it.

We decided on white walls, cream enamel for the panelling, and golden ocher for the floor. The golden ocher is a very soft and cheerful brown-yellow. She used pale-green enamel for the chairs. It's such a lovely light yellow-green! She enamled the whole inside of the medicine closet, door and all, with the same color. She found some left-over gingham, a light-colored plaid with green in it and yellow. She made it up into curtains for the window Gingham is so crisp, especially for Summer. We were very proud of it.

One night when I was getting supper Davey sneaked a can of cherry-colored stain up-stairs and painted his old bureau. He had bought the stain with his own money. He was so excited to get it done before I found out that he and dog tipped the paint over on the rug. Right then and there I set to thinking about Davey. He always chooses a bright necktie. He always picks the brightest flowers too. He needs colors. All children are hungry for gay young colors, only we don't pay attention. "Nature didn't pour coloring-matter into every living and dead thing for nothing," I thought. A glad place to go to sleep in and to wake up into, that's every

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"THE CHILDREN DID THEIR OWN FURNITURE"

"NO MORE WEARY DUST-PANS IN MY KITCHEN! IT WILL SET ON THE STOVE-HEARTH AS FRESH AND SPRINGLIKE AND UNEXPECTED AS A SOUR OLD APPLE-TREE COVERED WITH NEW BLOSSOMS"

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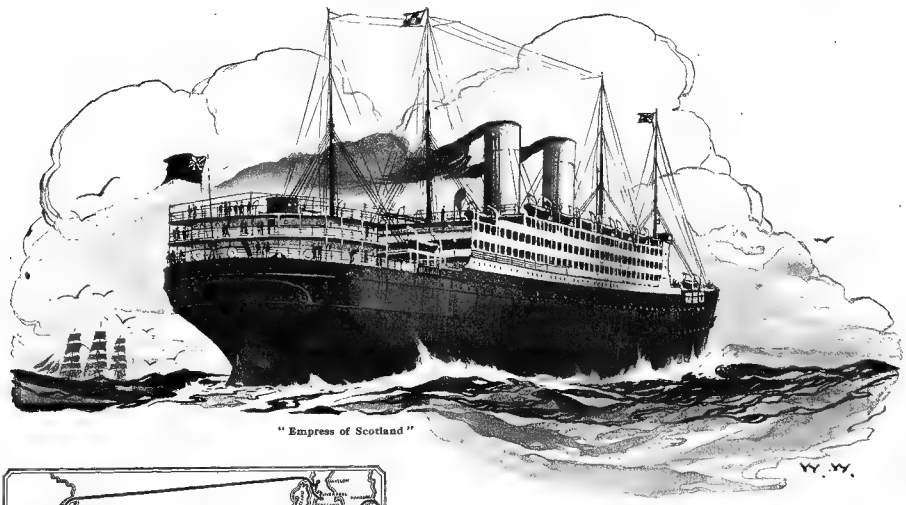

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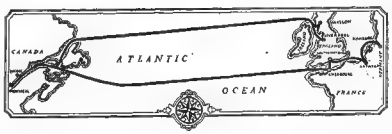

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The LOUVAIN Pattern

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The Anniversary Silverplate

IN harmony with the joyous spirit of the anniversary or gift occasion is the Anniversary Silverplate, "1847 ROGERS BROS.," which this year celebrates its own Seventy-fifth Anniversary.

Put it on your gift list because of its special appropriateness, its widely known quality. Without extra charge, fancy serving pieces and half dozen sets are packed in special blue velvet-lined Gift Boxes; 26-piece sets in beautifully decorated Anniversary Chests. See them at your dealer's. If not in his window, ask for them.

The LOUVAIN *Pattern is pictured. For illustrations of other patterns, write for folder R-26 to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

Be sure to see this attractive 26-piece set in beautifully decorated Anniversary Chest. Fancy pieces and half dozen sets are in Gift Boxes of pleasing design.

The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

EVERY-DAY HEALTH INSURANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

freely reduce the number used, but be careful to supply the diet liberally with other iron-rich foods, such as oatmeal, peas and beans, spinach, lettuce, cabbage, prunes, figs, raisins, dates, and meat. Egg yolk is one of the first foods added to the milk diet of the baby after weaning. This is chiefly because of its richness in iron.

In Boston there is a prejudice in favor of brown eggs. New Yorkers demand white eggs. This is all a matter of imagination. There is no difference in the nutritive value of brown and white nor of cold-storage and fresh eggs, provided the eggs went into storage in good condition—that is, *fresh*.

Economize with Cereals

DR. JOHNSON defined oats as "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." Lord Elibank showed that he possessed some knowledge of nutrition when, commenting on this, he said, "Very true, and where will you find such men and such horses?"

While oatmeal is the richest in iron of all the cereals, they are as a class very much alike in what they contribute to the diet.

The more you must economize, the more you should use cereals.

Do not confine your cereals, home-cooked and ready-prepared, to breakfast. Try them for dinner as an occasional substitute for potatoes. Hominy and rice are especially good when so used. Make cereal puddings, use cereal in soups, also oatmeal cookies, oatmeal breads, corn-meal muffins, and even cereal candies.

Cereals furnish us with—

1. Fuel. They give us more fuel in return for the money spent than any other kind of food, whether they be purchased as flour and bread and macaroni and rice, etc., or as breakfast foods.

2. Building-material, like that found in meat, milk, eggs, peas, and beans. If you are serving oatmeal, you can omit a protein food such as meat or eggs, but cereal protein is not as valuable as that in milk.

3. Minerals and roughage. The whole-grain cereals, such as whole wheat, oatmeal, and corn-meal, are all valuable sources of mineral and roughage, and, if plenty of such cereals are used, the amount of the more expensive fruits and vegetables bought can be cut down.

Careless measuring and improper cooking have spoiled many a dish of breakfast cereal. Cereal, to be appetizing, needs to be in the right proportion to the salt and water used, be thoroughly cooked, not be too stiff, and always be served without lumps. A perfect dish of cereal is a test of the cook's art. Buy a double boiler for your cereal if you haven't one; you will find yourself paid a hundredfold.

The Fats and Sweets

BY FATS we mean oils as well as the solid fats. Fats are a very concentrated food and furnish us with—

1. Fuel. Fat furnishes two and one-quarter times as much energy for the same weight as either pure carbohydrate or protein.

2. Vitamins. Many of the fats, such as those found in whole milk, cream, butter, and egg yolk, are splendid sources of the fat-soluble vitamin. Margarins prepared from animal fat contain some vitamin A.

3. Flavor. We demand fat because of its flavor.

Because fat retards the passage of food from the stomach it keeps one from becoming hungry so quickly. But excessive use of fat will cause digestive disturbance.

There is a great deal of fat wasted; for instance, when frying bacon much of the fat which is fried out is thrown away. This should be saved and used in gingerbread, dark cookies, and cakes, etc. Much fat can be salvaged by rendering scraps.

Every family craves sweets. Sweetness is universally enjoyed; witness the popularity of the candy-shop. Sugar, molasses, and sirups are—

1. Some of our cheapest sources of fuel.

2. They also give flavor to a meal and, if not eaten in excess, are excellent foods.

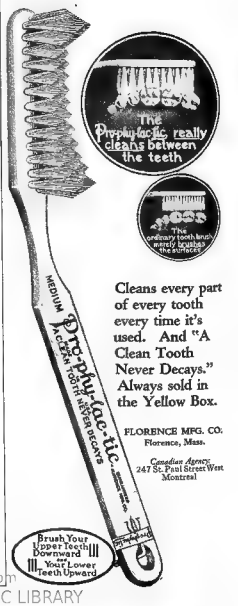
Sugar and starch furnish us only with calories and can be used interchangeably in the diet, but, from a digestive standpoint, starch has the upper hand.

If eaten in too large quantity, sugar, because of its concentration, irritates the mucous membrane of the stomach. If eaten in moderation it is quickly digested and almost completely absorbed.

The lumberman may cover his flapjacks thickly with sugar or sirup, but the sedentary person had best go slow on sweets. Give your children their candy at the end of a meal.

Molasses has some advantages over cane-sugar because of its laxative effect and also because it contains fairly large quantities of calcium and iron. Molasses gingersnaps are better sweets for children than candy.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush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DAY-DREAMING AS A FINE ART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

mind, to the ousting of the aimless day-dreams that formerly contributed to paralyze his will. And each succeeding day-dream of ambition that he entertains both keeps alive and intensifies his new and better life-attitude.

Nor is it necessary to seek the services of a specialist in the art of suggestion in order to make one's day-dreams helps instead of hindrances. Every person of normal intelligence has it in his or her power, and at any age, to benefit from day-dreaming.

Take your own case. Suppose that you, arrived at middle life, have to confess that you are a dreamer, but no great doer.

You frankly regret your dreaminess. Do not regret it. Recognize that it bespeaks imaginative power which only needs definite direction to advantage you tremendously. Begin at once, however, to search for the factors which, through their suggestive force, keep your day-dreaming inferior.

YOU are pretty sure to find, for one thing, that you have a narrow range of life-interests, and these none too lofty. You may indeed be one of the numerous multitude content, so far as intellectual refreshment is concerned, with cheap, "pot-boiling" fiction, the lurid dramas of the "movies," the blare of the jazz. Still worse, you may have chosen as your intimates persons as selfish as they are frivolous. Appreciate that the suggestions emanating from such persons must help materially to give you a mental trend that makes superior day-dreaming well-nigh impossible to you.

Forthwith resolve to come into less frequent contact with these persons and into more frequent contact with persons of real usefulness in the world, to do some solid reading, to gain acquaintance with good art, good music. Avail yourself of every possible opportunity to draw from your environment suggestions that will raise the general level of your thinking and desiring.

The more you do this, the more surely will your day-dreaming become stimulating instead of debilitating. But all the while be on guard against reversion to day-dreaming of any hurtful type. When worthless or unworthy day-dreams begin to occupy your mind—as for a time they will tend to do, if only because it has been your habit to indulge in them—rouse yourself from them by an exercise of will.

Turn instantly to some occupation—it hardly matters what—that will give your mind active employment. Never forget, tho, that day-dreaming is not in itself an evil thing; that, on the contrary, worthy day-dreaming is, as one wise man remarked, an essential part of the technique of living.

Apply to yourself from time to time the treatment applied by the French physician to his lazy patients. That is, in moments of discouragement, when you perhaps feel that further effort is useless, begin to picture to yourself the rewards of effort. In imagination see yourself honored and respected, applauded and esteemed for work well done. And through all this picturing hold before you the dynamic self-suggestion, "This is what I can win, this is what I will be, if I keep doing." Then, of a truth, will your day-dreaming be to you what day-dreaming was meant to be—an inspiration.

This is the fourth and concluding article of a series on popular medical psychology.

The Sea of Silence

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I HAVE felt a deep sea-green
And a darkness in men's eyes,
And I know that the whole great earth

Is under a sea of skies;
Under the waves of the silence
The world of fantoms lies.

For all the folk are dead folk,
And life is a shadow thing;
And the silence weighs on our ears
However much we sing;
And all the trees are seaweeds
That strangely grope and swing.

In the vast gray dusk, drowned cities
Glimmer in mystery;
The darkness with huge, soft paws
Paces the floor of the sea;
And in men's eyes green madness
Scares unknowingly.

For all the folk are drowned folk,
And the dark wind roars and rears;
And the waves of that ghostly sea
Are breaking above the years,
And the sky that sails them is sailing
In silence beyond men's ears.

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To anyone who keeps the most complete and nearest to standard budget record, with savings record certified by a bank officer, for a period of at least six months, ending December 31st, 1922, we will give a first prize of $500.

[If the Judges decide that there are two or more books that deserve first prize, $500 will be given to each.]

To all others adjudged as worthy of a prize, $4,500 will be distributed in $25 awards to 180 different folks, men or women, who send in the most complete record showing their *actual budget* as applied *to their* daily life, certified as to savings account accuracy by an officer of their savings bank.

The minimum period over which the books must be kept is six months.

The books may be kept in pencil or ink, but must be clear and legible.

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Mix 2 eggs in with ¼ cup of sugar, 2 cups milk and ½ teaspoon of almond or vanilla extract; pour over mixture in dish, bake slowly until custard is set and serve cold.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

It took some time, apparently, for that declaration to filter through to my brain. Everything seemed suddenly out of focus; and it was hard to readjust vision to the newer order of things. But I was calmer than I expected to be. "I'm glad I understand," I finally admitted.

The woman at the desk seemed puzzled. "Are you quite sure, Mrs. McKail, that you *do* understand?" she asked at last, with just a touch of challenge in the question.

"Well, it's at least clear how it must end," I found the courage to point out to her.

She stared down at the sheet covered with small columns of figures.

"I don't know whether you know it or not," she said with a studied sort of quietness, "but last week Mr. McKail began making arrangements to establish a residence in Nevada. He will have to live there, of course, for at least six months."

I could feel this sinking in, like water going through blotting-paper.

"He *knew*, of course, that you cared for some one else."

I looked at her as tho she were a thousand miles away. I stood there impressed by the utter inadequacy of speech. I could hear her explaining that my husband had no intention of going to Reno, but would live in Virginia City, where he was taking up some actual mining interests. Such things were not pleasant, of course. But this one could be put through without difficulty. Mr. McKail had been assured of that.

I tried to pull myself together. Then I thought of my children. And that cleared my head, like a wind sweeping clean a smoky room.

"BUT a case has to be made out. It would have to be proved that I——"

"There will be no difficulty on that point, Mrs. McKail," went on the other woman. "Provided the suit is not opposed."

The significance of that quietly uttered phrase did not escape me.

"There are children," I reminded her.

"There should be no difficulty there—*provided* the suit is not opposed," she repeated.

"The children are mine," I foolishly proclaimed, with my first touch of passion.

"The children are yours," she admitted. And about her hung an air of authority which I couldn't help resenting.

"That is very generous of you," I replied, not without ironic intent.

She smiled at me rather sadly.

"It's something that doesn't rest with either of us," she said with the suspicion of a quaver in her voice. And *she*, I suddenly remembered, might some day sit eating her pot of honey on a grave. I realized, too, that very little was to be gained by prolonging that strangest of interviews. I wanted quietude in which to think things over.

And I have thought things over. I at last see the light. I am going back to *Casa Grande*. I have always hated this house and everything about the place. I have done my part, but I wasn't even given a chance. And now I shall gather my things together and go back to my home. I shall still have my kiddies. I shall have my Poppsy and— But my Dinkie is gone. I no longer have him to make life endurable. It is raining to-night, I notice, steadily and dismally. It is a dark night, outside, for lost children.

Duncan has just come home, wet and muddy, and gone up to his room. The gray-faced solemnity with which he strode past me makes me feel sure that he has been conversing with his lady-love. I can't understand these reversible people, like house-rugs, who can pretend to love two ways at once. I know only one man, in all the wide world, who has not shattered my faith in his kind. He will never change. I have just opened the door and looked out. It is storming wretchedly. God pity any little boys who are abroad on such a night!

Two Hours Later.

IT IS well past midnight. But there is no sleep this night for Chaddie McKail. I am too happy to sleep. I am too happy to act sane. For my boy is safe. *Peter has found my Dinkie!*

I was called to the telephone a little after eleven. It was long-distance, from Buckhorn. So I listened, with my heart in my mouth. But all I could get was a buzz and crackle and an occasional ghostly word. It was the storm, I suppose. Then I heard Peter's voice, thin and faint and far away, but most unmistakably Peter's voice.

"Can you hear me now?" he said, like a man speaking from the bottom of the sea.

"Yes," I called back. "What is it?"

"Get ready for good news. I've found your Dinkie and——"

"You've found Dinkie?" I gasped.

"I have, thank God. He's safe!"

"Where?" I demanded.

"Fast asleep at Alabama Ranch."

"Is he all right?"

"As fit as a fiddle—all he wants is sleep."

"*Oh, Peter!*" It was foolish. But it was all I could say for a full minute. For my boy was alive and safe. My laddie had been found by Peter who never, in the time of need, was known to fail me.

"Where are you now?" I asked.

"At Buckhorn," answered Peter.

"And you went all that way through the mud and rain just to tell me?" I said.

"I had to, or I'd blow up!" acknowledged Peter. "And now I'd like to know what you want me to do."

"I want you to come and get me, Peter," I said slowly and distinctly over the wire.

THERE was a silence of several seconds. "Do you understand what that means?" he finally demanded.

"Yes, Peter. I understand," I told him. "Please come and get me!" And again the silence was so prolonged that I had to cut in and ask, "Are you there?" And Peter's voice answered "Yes."

"Then you'll come?" I exacted, determined to burn all my bridges behind me.

"I'll be there on Monday," said Peter, with quiet decision. "I'll be there with Tithonus and Tumble-Weed and the old prairie-schooner. And we'll all trek home together!"

I patted the telephone-instrument as I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

hung up the receiver. Then I sat staring at it in a brown study. Then I went careering up-stairs and woke Poppsy out of a sound sleep and hugged her until her bones were ready to crack and told her that our Dinkie had been found again.

And then I remembered about Duncan. For Duncan, whatever he may have been, was still the boy's father. And he must be told. But I had to wait a full minute before I found the courage to knock on Duncan's bedroom door.

I knocked twice before any answer came. "What is it?" asked the familiar sleepy *bass*—and I realized what gulfs yawned between us when my husband on one side of that closed door could be lying lost in slumber and I on the other side of it could find life doing such unparalleled things to me. I felt for him as a girl, home tired from her first dance, feels for a young brother asleep beside a Noah's ark.

"What is it?" I heard Duncan's voice repeating from the bed.

"It's me," I rather weakly proclaimed. "What has happened?" he asked.

I leaned with my face against the painted door-panel. It was smooth and cool and pleasant to press one's skin against.

"They've found Dinkie," I said. I could hear the squeak of springs as my husband sat up in bed.

"Is he all right?"

"Yes, he's all right," I said with a great sigh. And I listened for an answering sigh from the other side of the door. But instead of that Duncan said, "Where is he?"

"At Alabama Ranch," I said, without realizing what that acknowledgment meant.

"What found him?" asked my husband, in a hardened voice.

"Peter Ketley," I replied.

"Then your cup of happiness ought to be full," I heard the voice on the other side of the door remark.

"It is," I said with a quiet audacity which surprized me almost as much as it must have surprized the man on the bed a million miles away from me.

Sunday the Eighth.

HOW different is life from what the fictioneers would paint it!

I told my husband to-day that Poppsy and I were going back to *Casa Grande*. And that, surely, ought to have been the Big Moment in the career of an unloved invertebrate. But the situation declined to take off, as the airmen say.

"I guess that means it's about time we got unscrambled," the man I had once married and lived with quietly remarked.

"Wasn't that your intention?" I just as quietly inquired.

"It's what I've had forced on me," he retorted, with a protective hardening of the Holbein-Astronomer Royal line.

"I'm sorry," was all I could find to say.

He turned to the window and stared out at his big white iron fountain set in his terraced lawn behind his endless cobble-stone walls. I couldn't tell, of course, what he was thinking about. I myself was thinking of the past, the irrecoverable past, the irredeemable past, the singing years of my womanhood that seemed to be sealed in a lowered coffin on which the sheltering earth would soon be heaped, on which the first clods were already dropping with hollow sounds.

"How are you going back?" my husband finally inquired.

"I've sent for the prairie-schooner," I told him. His flush of anger startled me.

"Doesn't that impress you as rather cheaply theatrical?" he demanded.

"I fancy it will be very comfortable," I told him, without looking up.

"Every one to their own taste," he observed as he called rather sharply to Tokudo to bring him his humidor. Then he took out a cigar and lighted it and ordered the car. And that was the lee and the long of it.

That was the way we faced our Great Divide, our forked trail that veered off East and West into infinity!

Thursday the Eleventh.

THE trek is over. And it was not one of triumph. Peter, in the first place, didn't appear with the prairie-schooner. He left that to come later in the day, with Whinnie and Struthers. He appeared quite early Monday morning, with fire in his eye, and with a demand to see the master of the house. Heaven knows what he had heard, or how he had heard it. But the two men were having it hot and heavy when I felt it was about time for me to step into the room.

To be quite frank, I had not expected any such outburst from Duncan. But I was wrong. And I was wrong about Peter. That mild-eyed man is no plaster saint. He can fight, if he's goaded into it, and fight like a bulldog. He was saying a few plain truths to Duncan when I stepped into the room, a few plain truths which took the color out of the Dour Man's face and made him shake with anger.

"For two cents," Duncan shouted at him, "I'd fill you full of lead!"

"Try it!" said Peter, who wasn't any too steady himself. "Try it, and you'd at least end up with doing something in the open!"

Duncan studied him, like a prize-fighter studying his waiting opponent.

"You're a cheap actor," he finally announced. "This sort of thing isn't settled that way, and you know it."

"And it's not going to be settled the way you intended," announced Peter Ketley.

"What do you know about my intentions?" demanded Duncan.

"Much more than you imagine," retorted Peter. "I've got your record, McKail, and I've had it for three years. I've stood by until now; but the time has come when I'm going to have a hand in this thing. And you're not going to get your freedom by dragging this woman's name through a divorce-court. If there's any dragging to be done, it's your carcass that's going to be tied to the tail-board!"

Duncan stood studying him.

"AREN'T you rather double-crossing yourself?" he mocked.

"I'm not thinking about myself."

"Then what's prompting all the heroics?" demanded Duncan.

"For two years and more, McKail," Peter cried out as he stepped closer to the other man, "you've got this woman's pretty good working idea of hell. And I've seen enough of it. It's going to end. It's got to end. And I'm going to end it the way you've so neatly figured out!"

"Then how do you propose to end it?" Duncan demanded, with a second wind of composure.

"You'll see when the time comes," retorted Peter.

"You may have rather a long wait," taunted Duncan.

"I have waited a number of years," answered the other man, with a dignity which sent a small thrill up and down my spine, "and I can wait a number of years more if I have to."

"We all knew, of course, that you were waiting," sneered my husband.

Peter turned to fling back an answer to that, but I stepped between them. I was tired of being haggled over, like marked-down goods on a bargain-counter. I was tired of being a passive agent before forces that seemed stripping me of my last shred of dignity. I was tired of the shoddiness of the entire shoddy situation.

And I told them so. I told them I'd no intention of being bargained over, and that I'd had rather enough of men for the rest of my natural life, and if Duncan wanted his freedom he was at liberty to take it without the slightest opposition from me. And I said I'd had enough of other things, which I have no wish either to remember or record. But it resulted in Duncan staring at me in a resurrection-pallor of wrath, and in Peter rather dolorously taking his departure. I wanted to call him back, but I couldn't cooper together any satisfactory excuse for his coming back.

So there was no journeying happily homeward in the cavernous old prairie-schooner. And I felt a bit ridiculous as Tokudo impassively carried our belongings out to the canvas-covered wagon and Poppsy and I climbed aboard.

And it wasn't until we reached the open country that my spirits revived. Then the prairie seemed to reach out its hand to me and give me peace. We camped, that first night, in the shelter of a little cañon threaded by a tiny stream. We cooked bacon and eggs and coffee while Whinnie outspanned his team and put up his tent.

I sat on an oat-sack, after supper, with Poppsy between my knees, watching the evening stars come out. They were worlds. I remembered, some of them worlds perhaps with sorrowing men and women on them. And they seemed very lonely and far-away worlds, until I heard the drowsy voice of my Poppsy say up through the dusk, "In two days more, Mummy, we'll be back to Dinkie, won't we?"

And there was much, I remembered, for which a mother should be thankful.

Sunday the Fourteenth.

DARK, and frost, and tender is the North

Heaven bless the rimester who first penned those words. Spring is stealing back to the Dour Man and our world is a world of beauty. Dinkie and Poppsy and I are going out to gather prairie-crocuses. They are thick now in the prairie-sod, soft blue and lavender and sometimes mauve. We must dance to the vernal saraband while we can—Spring is so short in this Northland country of ours. It comes late. But as Peter says, a late Spring never deceives.

I thought I had offended Peter for life.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

I'd Like to Nail This Sign in Every Nursery

Mothers — please be regular. Baby's tiny anatomy should keep time like a watch. If it is fed at any convenient hour, bathed when you feel like it and allowed to sleep or wake at irregular intervals, you are bound to have a badly disorganized little anatomy to care for.

A baby is so logical. When everything is *right* —food, sleep, skin — baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But upset the schedule and everything is all wrong.

Take such an ordinary thing as talcum. You know that Mennen Borated is right, just as your Mother and Grandmother knew it was right. But suppose you experiment with a very cheap talcum or one without a properly balanced formula, or with one too strongly scented, or one which doesn't adhere. Baby's petal skin will show the difference very quickly.

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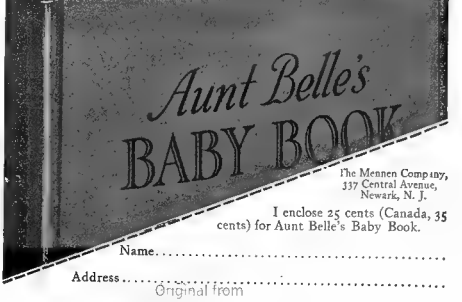

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No woman, young or old, need meekly accept gray hair—neither the alternative crude dyes. Science knows how to restore the original color and our free trial proves it.

Just mail the coupon for a free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. When you learn how simple, how easy this application is and how wonderful the results, you will lose no time in restoring all your hair to its original color.

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Nothing to wash or rub off—shampoo as usual. Mary T. Goldman's makes your hair soft and fluffy, most beautiful when dressed.

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It costs about three cents per shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; and none is more easily used. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water, then making enough shampoo to saturate all your hair instead of merely the top of the liquid to saturate all your hair instead of merely the top of the liquid to saturate all your hair as ordinarily the case. Then rinse, and you have an absolutely clean head of hair.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 236, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

But when he appeared late this afternoon I asked him why he had kept away from me.

"Let's ride," said Peter. "I want to talk to you."

I was afraid of that talk, but I was more afraid something might happen to interfere with it. So I changed into my old riding-duds and put on my old sombrero, and we saddled Buntie and Laughing-Gas and went loping off over the sun-washed prairie with our shadows behind us.

We rode a long way before Peter said anything. I wanted to be happy, but I wasn't quite able to be.

"What are you going to do?" Peter finally inquired.

"About what?" I temporized as he pulled up beside me.

"About everything," he responded.

"I don't know what to do, Peter," I had to acknowledge. "I'm like a barrel without hoops. I want to stick together, but one more thump will send me to pieces!"

"Then why not get the hoops around?" suggested Peter.

"But where?" I asked.

"Here," he said. He was, I noticed, holding out his arms. And I laughed, even tho my heart was heavy.

"Men have been a great disappointment to me, Peter," I said.

"Try me," suggested Peter.

But still again I had to shake my head.

"That wouldn't be fair, Peter," I told him. "I can't spoil your life to see what's left of my own patched up."

"Then you're going to spoil two of 'em!" he promptly asserted.

"But I don't believe in that sort of thing." I did my best to explain to him. "I've had my innings, and *I'm out*. I've a one-way heart, the same as a one-way street. I don't think there's anything in the world more odious than promiscuity. That's a big word, but it stands for an even bigger offense against God. I've always said I intended to be a single-track woman."

"But your track's blown up," contended Peter.

"Then I'll have to lay me a new one," I said with a fine show of assurance.

"And do you know where it will lead?" he demanded.

"Where?" I asked.

"Straight to me," he said as he studied me with eyes that were so quiet and kind I could feel a flutter of my heart-wings.

But still again I shook my head.

"That would be bringing you nothing but a withered-up, old has-been," I said with a mock-wail of misery. And Peter laughed.

"It'll be a good ten years before you've even grown up," he retorted. "And another twenty years before you've really settled down!"

"You're saying I'll never have sense," I objected. "And I know you're right."

"That's what I love about you," averred Peter.

"What you love about me?" I demanded.

"Yes," he said with his patient old smile, "your imperishable youthfulness, your eternal girlishness!"

A FLUTE began to play in my heart.

"I know it's a lie, Peter, but I love you for saying it. It makes me want to hug you, and it makes me want to pirouette, if I wasn't on horseback. It makes my heart sing. But it's only the singing of one lonely little chickadee in the middle of a terribly big pile of ruins. For that's all my life can be now, just a hopeless smash-up. And you're cut out for something better than a wrecking-car for the rest of your days."

"No, no," protested Peter. "It's *you* who've got to save *me*."

"Peter!" I cried. "You're not playing fair. You're trying to make me pity you."

"Well, don't you?" demanded Peter.

"I would if I saw you sacrificing your life for a woman with a crazy-quilt past."

"I'm not thinking of the past," asserted Peter; "I'm thinking of the future."

"That's just it," I tried to explain. "I'll have to face that future with a clouded name. I'll be a divorced woman. Ugh! I always thought of divorced women as something you wouldn't quite care to sit next to at table. I hate divorce."

"I'm a Quaker myself," acknowledged Peter. "But I occasionally think of what Cobbett once said, 'I don't much like weasels. Yet I hate rats. Therefore I say, Success to the weasels!'"

"I don't see what weasels have to do with it," I complained.

"Putting one's house in order again may sometimes be as beneficent as surgery," contended Peter.

"And sometimes as painful," I added.

"Yet there's no mistake like not cleaning up old mistakes."

"But I hate it," I told him. "It all seems so—so cheap."

"On the contrary," corrected Peter, "it's rather costly." He pulled up across my path and made me come to a stop. "My dear," he said, very solemn again, "I know the stuff you're made of. I know you've got to climb to the light by a path of your own choosing. And you have to see the light with your own eyes. But I'm willing to wait. I *have* waited a very long time. But there's one fact you've got to face: I love you too much ever to dream of giving you up."

I don't think either of us moved for a full moment. The flute was singing so loud in my heart that I was afraid of myself. And, womanlike, I backed away from the thing I wanted.

"It's not *me*, Peter, I must remember now. It's my bairns. I've two bairns to bring up."

"I've got the three of you to bring up," maintained Peter. And that made us both sit silent for another moment or two.

"It's not that simple," I finally said, tho Peter smiled guardedly at my ghost of a smile.

"It would be if you cared for me as much as Dinkie does," he said with quite unnecessary solemnity.

"Oh, Peter, I do, I do," I cried out as the memory of all I owed him surged mistily through my mind. "But a gray hair is something you can't joke away. And I've got five of them, right here over my left ear. I found them months ago. And they're there to stay!"

"How about my bald spot?" demanded my oppressor and my deliverer.

"What's a bald spot compared to a bobcat of a temper like mine?" I challenged, remembering how I'd once heard a revolver-hammer snap in my husband's face.

"But it's your spirit I like," maintained the unruffled Peter.

"You wouldn't always," I reminded him. Yet he merely looked at me with his trust-me-and-test-me expression.

"I'll chance it!" he said, after a quite contented moment of meditative silence.

"BUT don't you see," I went forlornly arguing on, "it mustn't be a chance! That's something people of our age can never afford to take."

And Peter, at that, for some reason I couldn't fathom, began to wag his head. He did it slowly and lugubriously, like a man who inspects a road he has no liking for. But at the same time, apparently, he was finding it hard to tuck away a small smile of triumph.

"Then we must never see each other again," he solemnly asserted.

"Peter!" I cried.

"I must go away, at once," he meditatively observed.

"*Peter!*"

"Far, far away," he continued as he studiously avoided my eye. "For there will be safety now only in flight."

"Safety from what?" I demanded.

"From you," retorted Peter.

"But what will happen to *me* if you do that?" I heard my own voice asking as Buntie started to paw the prairie-floor and I did my level best to fight down the black waves of desolation that were half drowning me. "What'll there be to hold me up when you're the only man in all this world who can keep my barrel of happiness from going slap-bang to pieces? What—?"

"*Verboten!*" interrupted Peter. But that solemn-soft smile of his gathered me in and covered me, very much as the rumpled feathers of a mother-bird cover her young, her cruelly twittering and cruelly wandering young who no longer have their own mind.

"What'll happen to me," I went desperately on, "when you're the only man alive who understands this crazy old heart of mine, when you've taught me to hitch the last of my hope on the one unselfish man I've ever known?"

This seemed to trouble Peter. But only remotely, as the lack of grammar in the Lord's Prayer might affect a Holy Roller. He insisted, above all things, on being judicial.

"Then I'll have to come back, I suppose," he admitted, "for Dinkie's sake."

"Why for Dinkie's sake?" I asked.

"Because some day, my dear, our Dinkie is going to be a great man. And I want to have a hand in fashioning that greatness."

I sat looking at the red ball of the sun slipping down behind the shoulder of the world. A wind came out of the north, cool and sweet and balsamic with hope. I heard a loon cry. And then the earth was still again.

"*We'll be waiting,*" I said, with a tear of happiness tickling the bridge of my nose. And then, so that Peter might not see still another loon crying, I swung Buntie sharply about on the trail. And we rode home, side by side, through the twilight.

THE END

Chaddie McKail here departs, but the gay society folk in Edith Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon" begin their drama on page 6.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

THE FRETFUL SICK CHILD

BY EFFIE M. PAIGE

THE little sick child often owes his recovery to tactful care throughout his illness—tact as well as skill in the long anxious hours—tact indeed during convalescence. Much of this tactfulness must come from the mother or nurse, and to be successful to the greatest degree she must study the child and be careful at all times to keep his mind away from his tired body.

It is surprising what small things will please children, what unthought-of things will hold their interest. A child will be pleased for a number of hours with a bright bow of ribbon, a tiny flag, an artificial flower pinned to his night-dress, or some funny paper hat given him to wear; and even a very sick child will begin to rouse out of that lethargic state by holding in his hand a pair of reins on which there are bells, fastened to the foot of the bed.

Funny little things from the ten-cent store, laid beside the bed when the child is asleep, to relieve those restless hours to follow, will be a boon. Do not rouse the child to excitement, but keep him interested and happy.

The hot-water bag, ice-bag, splint or bandage, so disliked, may be turned into some funny thing and named, and so interest him as to prove a joy and pride, rather than an encumbrance. The pillow may become a doll and bedfellow by dressing it up and giving it a face. Often a child is fretful, partly because he is frightened and does not understand. If he sees every one happy about him and no one notices his fretting, he will generally play up, but, given sympathy and coddling, he becomes more unhappy and self-conscious.

Make a game out of the giving of medicine, letting the child keep the records—using bright little spoons of pink or blue, which can now be bought—or by dressing the bottles in funny paper clothes. It is always easier to do disagreeable things ourselves—we are so afraid of some one else hurting us—so let the child feel that he is helping with anything of that sort.

Be sure that there is a pocket in his night-dress!

When he is asleep slip some pretty card, bright handkerchief, or other little surprize in it. A little perfume sprinkled on his nighty means a lot to him sometimes, if he is well enough so that it does not nauseate.

If there are things he can not eat, keep his mind away from them and on those things he must have. Try to keep tantalizing odors of longed-for foods away and dress up his own food so that he will think he is having the best. Keep his tray novel and interesting by using bright-colored or odd-shaped dishes or by adding some unexpected touch. A house of pretty cards built over the chop, a soldier stuck in the bread, a doll-cake rolled up and put to bed in the napkin, a crêpe-paper roof over the hot chocolate, and a soft-boiled egg wrapped in paper to look like a football or bonbon will make the whole meal a fairy-story to him.

Gelatins, custards, stewed fruits and broths, so hard to get a child to eat, find him friendly if they have a bit of fruit, some beaten egg white, melted chocolate, or jelly to dress them up.

The "Now you must do this" spirit does more harm than good, and the child thinks every one is trying to play a trick on him. If raw eggs must be taken or milk drunk, work upon the child's pride by making him think he is doing the unusual.

ONE mother would come into the sick-room ringing a tiny bell and ask her boy what kind of ice-cream he wanted to-day, naming the flavors; then she would give the much-despised milk that flavor and bring it to him, ice-cold. In this way she got him to take more than what he would have otherwise fought against.

When the child begins to get better he is apt to be more fretful than when he was first ill. If possible allow some of the children to come in and stay fifteen minutes with him. Never let more than two come together, for there is bound to be hilarity. Let him have some cracker-animals or some plain gelatin to serve them and he will think he has a party.

A child is very sensitive to whispering and suspicious of it. Have no more than a few people to stand about and talk in low tones where he can hear them. See that every one acts natural and is cheerful, and that visitors come into the room one at a time until the little fellow is able to entertain more than one. It taxes the strength of the patient to have people in the room—they fret him.

In the beginning, use every effort to give the child confidence in the doctor. If they are friends, half the battle is fought; if they are not, and it seems impossible for them to become friendly, by all means get another physician.

If the nurse has the happiness of the child at heart she need not fear for his fretting. Fretting makes his temperature go up, the stomach is upset, and he feels generally worse, so that any extra time it may take to keep him happy is well worth while.

Often Baby's Troubles are only Skin Deep

THE most tender and sensitive part of a Baby is his skin. And many times this smooth, silky covering which protects his little body is a source of much distress and fretfulness.

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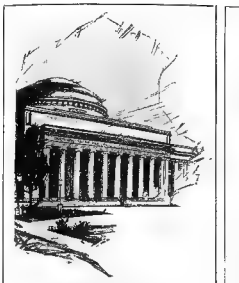

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OUT OF THE DYE-POT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

use four separate strips for each curtain, letting them cross at the corners, and extend six or eight inches beyond the curtains. This leaves the firm, folded edge to take on all the festoons and pinholes and undue strain, and insures a straight edge on the curtain when the basting threads are removed, by cutting the threads at short intervals and sliding them out without puckering the curtain.

If the curtains are to be merely tinted as a means of expediency, they will be prepared with the above strips, washed, boiled, and rinsed. The starch is made with pale-yellow or orange or écru dye instead of with water, and the curtains are dried on the stretcher. Naturally, this tinting is not as permanent as the dyeing process.

If scrim or any similar material be chosen for new curtains, or is to be altered after moving, or remnants are to be utilized, it is a boon to introduce two rows of heavy plain linen insertion. The three curtain sections need not be of uniform length; the top one may be the deepest. Put a narrow hem on top and bottom of each section, and a wider one on the front edge, and sew in the insertion, having strips in each curtain. The light shows through, giving a pleasing effect, and makes them more dressy.

As a matter of economy, when dyeing curtains, or anything, run several single threads across both ends, and so provide many thrift-threads of many colors, which will be useful, and save the purchasing of a whole spool oftentimes. Double threads or knots form a dye-resist and would cause spots uncovered by dye.

Lace doilies to protect one's mahogany or oak tables, and yet be less obtrusive than white ones, and are more artistic, may be dyed with direct mahogany color, made of equal parts of solutions of cardinal and seal-brown to preserve the reddish hue. Plain brown would deaden it. If the doilies are to be used on oak, add some plain brown and yellow to the cardinal dye.

For many purposes, there is "Oriental pink," a combination of pink, seal-brown, gray, and yellow solutions. It is the rose color of antique rugs and lovely. Always put a few drops of green in every champagne tinge. It is orange, red, and yellow, softened or grayed with the other primary color.

For the use of many who do not have the place nor equipment for regular dyeing, the emergency method of tinting cotton or Georgette blouses, stockings, etc., is very useful. Tablets are employed and cold water is utilized. Each process, then, has its own specific field of usefulness, dyeing for permanency, tinting for emergency.

A LITTLE PAINT MAKES A LOT OF CHEER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

child's right. All at once I realized that Davey's room looked pretty bleak and gray. It's a north room too, with hardly any sunshine.

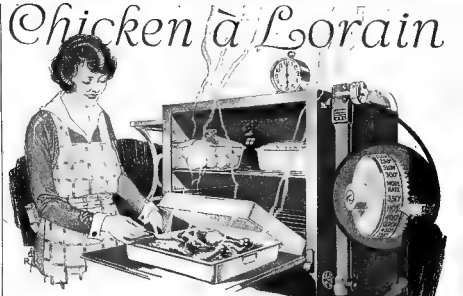
We sat right down on the bed to plan what we would do. We called to Anne to bring up the color-box. She wanted her furniture shell-pink enamel, the walls white, and the floor light gray. Davey liked the cherry-stain for the chairs and bureau, and cream for the walls. We used the light gray on his floor too.

We all went to the painter's and discovered cold-water paints. I suppose everybody but us knew all about cold-water paints. We didn't. You apply it like whitewash over the old paper if you wish. We tore the old paper off and washed it onto the plastering, just as the directions said. It was great fun. The children did their own furniture and painted the floors. I was proud of the job they did, too.

It all sounds like a lot of extra work, but it wasn't, somehow. It was a good deal like learning to cook. One thing leads to another. You learn piece by piece—from rice pudding to roasting a turkey. Besides, we all took hold together and learned so much together, and got so excited over the difference in the looks of everything.

The best part of it all is we have just started to do things. We have learned about color. The whole family has discovered color, and how much we love and respond to it. We've proved to ourselves how easy it is to get color and use it, the right color in the right place. We've found it such a short, easy job to make old, worn-out things into fresh, happy things to live with.

Chicken à Lorain



Any woman who owns a Lorain-equipped Gas Range can easily prepare this favorite delicacy

COOKERY, until a few years ago, was an inaccurate art. Today it is an exact science because the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator gave housewives an easy way to measure and control heat. No longer need you wonder why the appetizing recipes you try sometimes fail to meet your expectations.

"Time and Temperature" now a part of the recipe

Two new elements, you'll notice, are now being included in the best recipes—"Time and Temperature." Formerly, recipes gave exact quantities of ingredients only—the exact temperature and length of time for cooking were left for the reader to guess.

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Then came the invention of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. It's a simple, accurate, automatic device attached only to certain makes of Gas Ranges. With Lorain you tell the oven just what heat you want. Automatically that heat will be maintained for any length of time.

A Twist of the Wrist Brings Cooking Success

Now, when you read a modern recipe, such as that given on this page, you can exactly duplicate the success of the originator, if you own a Lorain-equipped Gas Range. Just prepare the ingredients as explained. Set Lorain at the temperature required. Then go where you will, and do what you please until cooking time is up. Everything in the oven will be deliciously ready to serve when you return.

Lorain Dealers Invite You

Our dealers are always glad to explain the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Many of them give public demonstrations frequently. That's where you can see for yourself how this magic oven will cook, bake, roast, boil and stew—all at one time—without any attention. If you'll mail us the coupon we'll send you the name of the nearest Lorain Dealer and a copy of an interesting booklet, *"An Easier Day's Work."*

Recipe
Chicken à Lorain

Dress, clean and cut up fowl. Dip pieces in flour—patting the flour into every part of surface and then shaking off surplus. Place in roaster and pour melted butter over them. Set uncovered in oven, turn "LORAIN" to 450 degrees, leave at this temperature until the skin is seared a delightful brown. Put cover on roaster. Turn "LORAIN" to 225 degrees for a three hour meal or 250 degrees for a four or five hour meal. No further attention is required until dinner is ready, when you will remove from your oven the most delicious chicken you ever ate—even if it happened the fowl were not young. Soup, sweet potatoes, squash and a barley spice cake may also be placed in the oven after the searing temperature has been reduced and will be found perfectly done at dinner time.

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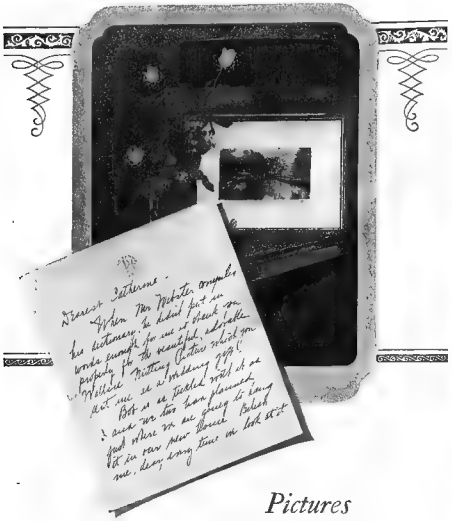

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At a recent meeting of an exclusive women's social organization in Philadelphia, the president said: "Almost every bride of the past ten years, when showing her wedding gifts, has proudly pointed to at least one and said: *It's a 'Wallace Nutting'.*"

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"Art in the Home" is a philosophical Monograph treating of artistic homemaking in an intensely interesting manner. Privately printed and distributed; limited edition; a copy sent on receipt of ten cents, stamps or coin. Address, *Wallace Nutting Studios*, Ashland, Massachusetts.

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To Meet the Mode for Knitted Things Are Picturesque Designs

Novel Scarf No 255 and Sweater No. 258

Scarf No. 257

The scarf above, No. 257, is a new design to accompany the sports costume and matches sweater 256 shown below.

Scarf No. 255

The rage for knitted scarfs of wool or silk is one of the features of the sports mode for the year 1922.

Sweater No. 259

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 259, 20 cents (1/-), containing instructions for 34-, 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust measure. The lace effect of this design is unusual and very smart. A braided girdle with fringe is worn with this sweater.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions for Scarf No 255 and Sweater No. 258, 20 cents (1/-). Directions are supplied for 34-, 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust. This simple but effective sweater with bateau neck-line is knitted in stockinet stitch, with a border darned in with wools of contrasting color. The scarf is 18 inches wide and 72 inches long without fringe.

V-neck Sports Sweater No. 256 and Interesting Scarf No. 257

Sweater No. 260

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No 260, 20 cents (1/-), gives instructions for 14-, 16-, 17- and 20-year sizes or the corresponding bust measures 30½, 32, 34 and 36 inches. This is one of the newest ideas in sweaters, with the long-waisted effect, close border over the hips and chic Peter Pan collar.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions for Sweater No 256 and Scarf No. 257, 20 cents (1/-), provides directions for 34-, 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust for the sweater. White four-fold Saxony yarn, with the border and bands in color darned with white, is excellent for this sweater and the novel scarf.

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

on for generation after generation; and it was the sense of that house, and of all it typified, even to a vagrant and irreverent younger son, which, coming out now and then in his talk, or in his attitude toward something or somebody, gave him a firmer outline and a steadier footing than the other marionettes in the dance. Superficially so like them all, and so eager to outdo them in detachment and adaptability, ridiculing the prejudices he had shaken off, and the people to whom he belonged, he still kept, under his easy phlegm, the skeleton of old faiths and old fashions. "He talks every language as well as the rest of us," Susy had once said of him, "but at least he talks one better than the others." Strefford, told of the remark, had laughed, called her an idiot, and been pleased.

As he shambled up the stairs with her, arm in arm, she was thinking of this quality with a new appreciation of its value. Even she and Creasing, in spite of their unmixed Americanism, their substantial background of old-fashioned couslaships in New York and Philadelphia, were as essentially detached, as universally at home, as touts at an international exhibition. If they were usually recognized as Americans it was only because they spoke French so well, and because Nick was too fair to be "foreign," and too well-featured to be English. But Charlie Strefford was English with all the strength of an inveterate habit; and something in Susy was slowly waking to a sense of the beauty of habit.

LOUNGING on the balcony, whither he had followed her without pausing to remove the stains of travel, Strefford showed himself immediately interested in the last chapter of her history, greatly pleased at its having been enacted under his roof, and hugely and flippantly amused at the firmness with which she refused to let him see Nick till the latter's daily task was over.

"Writing? Rot! What's he writing? He's breaking you in, my dear; that's what he's doing; establishing an alibi. What'll you bet he's just sitting there smoking and reading *Le Rire*? Let's go and see."

But Susy was firm. "He's read me his first chapter; it's wonderful. It's a philosophical romance—rather like *Marius*, you know."

"Oh, yes— I *do*!" said Strefford, with a laugh that she thought idiotic.

She flushed up like a child. "You're stupid, Streffy. You forget that Nick and I don't need alibis. We've got rid of all that hypocrisy by agreeing that each will give the other a hand-up when either of us wants a change. We've not married to spy and lie and nag each other; we've formed a partnership for our mutual advantage."

"I see; that's capital. But how can you be sure that, when Nick wants a change, you'll consider it for his advantage to have it?"

It was the point that had always tormented Susy; she often wondered if it equally tormented Nick.

"I hope I shall have enough common sense—" she began.

"Oh, of course; common sense is what you're both bound to base your argument on, whichever way you argue."

This flash of insight disconcerted her, and she said, a little irritably, "What should you do then, if you married?—Hush, Streffy! I forbid you to shout like that—all the gondolas are stopping to look!"

"How can I help it?" He rocked backward and forward in his chair. "'If you marry!' she says; 'Streffy, what have you decided to do if you suddenly become a raving maniac?'"

"I said no such thing. If your uncle and your cousin died, you'd marry to-morrow; you know you would."

"Oh, now you're talking business." He folded his long arms and leaned over the balcony, looking down at the dusky ripples streaked with fire. "In that case I should say, 'Susan, my dear—Susan—now that by the merciful intervention of Providence you have become Countess of Altingham in the peerage of Great Britain, and Baroness Dunsterville and d'Amblay in the peerages of Ireland and Scotland, I'll thank you to remember that you are a member of one of the most ancient houses in the United Kingdom—and not to get found out.'"

Susy laughed. "We know what those warnings mean! I pity my namesake."

He swung about and gave her a quick look out of his small, ugly, twinkling eyes. "Is there any other woman in the world named Susan?"

"I hope so, if the name's an essential. Even if Nick chucks me, don't count on *me* to carry out that program. I've seen it in practise too often."

"Oh, well; as far as I know, everybody's in perfect health at Altingham." He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a fountain pen, a handkerchief over which it had leaked, and a packet of flat gold cigarets. Lighting one of the latter, and restoring the other objects to his pocket, he continued calmly, "And you—how did you manage to smooth things over with the Gillows? Ursula was running amuck when I was in Newport last summer; it was just when people were beginning to say that you were going to marry Nick. I was afraid she'd put a spoke in your wheel; and I hear she put a big check in your hand instead."

Susy was silent. From the first moment of Strefford's appearance she had known that in the course of time he would put that question. She was speculative as a monkey, and when he had made up his mind to find out anything it was useless to try to divert his attention. After a moment's hesitation she said, "I flirted with Fred. It was a hore—but he was very decent."

"He would be—with Fred. And you got Ursula thoroughly frightened?"

"Well—enough. And then luckily that young Verney turned up, and carried Fred off to Rome; he went over to New York to look for a job as an engineer, and Ursula made Fred put him at the head of their ironworks." She paused again, and then added abruptly, "Streffy! If you knew how I hate that kind of thing. I'd rather have Nick come in now and tell me frankly, as I know he would, that he's going off with——"

"With Coral Hicks?" Strefford suggested. She laughed. "Poor Coral Hicks! What on earth made you think of the Hickses?"

"Because I caught a glimpse of them the other day at Capri. They're cruising about; they said they were coming in here."

"What a nuisance! I do hope they won't find us out. They were awfully kind to Nick when he went to India with them, and they're so simple-minded that they would expect him to be glad to see them."

Strefford dined in the courtyard-end at a tourist in a pugree who was gazing up from his guide-book at the palace. "Ah," he murmured with satisfaction, seeing the shot take effect; then he added, "Coral Hicks is growing up rather pretty."

"Oh, Streff—you're dreaming! That lump of a girl with spectacles and thick ankles! Poor Mrs. Hicks used to say to Nick, 'When Mr. Hicks and I took Coral educated we presumed culture was in greater demand in Europe than it appears to be.'"

"Well, you'll see; that girls' education won't interfere with her once she's started. So then: if Nick came in and told you he was going off——"

"I should be so thankful if it were with a fright like Coral! But you know," she added with a smile, "we've agreed it's not to happen for a year."

SUSY found Strefford, after his first burst of nonsense, unusually kind and responsive. The interest he showed in her future and Nick's seemed to proceed not so much from his habitual spirit of scientific curiosity as from simple friendliness. He was privileged to see Nick's first chapter, of which he formed so favorable an impression that he spoke sternly to Susy on the importance of respecting her husband's working hours; and he even carried his general benevolence to the length of showing a fatherly interest in Clarissa Vanderlyn.

He was always charming to children, but fitfully and warily, with an eye on his independence, and on the possibility of being suddenly bored by them; Susy had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Gertrude Olmstead, Universal Film Star

Handwork will Beautify Simple Apparel

There is almost no end of variety to the many ways a touch of simple handwork may beautify and lift the plainest type of garment out of the commonplace. One of our well-known stars, with a hobby for working out unusual, new ideas, has taken crocheted medallions daintily worked up with Royal Society Cordichet No. 50 and applied them, together with a lacey edge also of Cordichet, to beautify and embellish what otherwise would have been just an ordinary Pajama.

Directions for Working Medallions and Edgings will be mailed upon request

This instruction sheet will give complete description and an actual photograph with directions for making medallions, which can be applied to different garments; also crocheted insertion and lace that can be used on pillows, spreads, etc.

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These packages, in quality and design, meet the standards of tone and refinement found in the most exclusive homes; yet they are priced moderately enough for those who must consider costs.

As an example, the exquisite nine-piece Luncheon Set, illustrated, is Package Outfit No. 143, only $1.65. There are Modish Styles in Children's Dresses and Hats, Soft Lingerie, Decorative Pieces for the Home, Lounging Cushions, Table Runners, Novelties, etc. "Everything is in the package, clean and intact," including sufficient floss to complete the embroidery and instructions.

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Many New Appliqués of Quaint Charm Are Introduced

Decorative Designs for Small Play Togs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), contains two each of ten designs and extra patch pieces for the appliqué work. Rabbits, chicks, geese, roosters, a puppy and a kitten with a ball of wool are among the attractive designs in this collection. To small children decorations like these are irresistible. They are illustrated in five photographs on this page, as follows: Sunbonnet 7811, 20 cents (1/). 1 to 4 years; Cap 8445, 30 cents (1/6), 1 to 4 years; Play Dress and Bloomers 9305, 30 cents (1/6), 1 to 4 years. Boys' Suit 9820, 30 cents (1 6), 2 to 6 years; Child's Dress and Bloomers 9372, 30 cents (1/6), 2 to 6 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12672, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), supplies three each of fifteen different motifs, with a cutting guide for the patch pieces. These are especially designed for appliqué work, and are most appropriate for the decoration of children's clothes. A great variety of materials may be used for these charming appliqué motifs. The stitches employed in applying them are outline, blanket or chain stitches. Illustrated at the lower left on a blouse shown with Skirt 8037, 25 cents (1/3), 6 to 12 years and on Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress 9819, 35 cents (1 6), 6 to 14 years. Chambray, gingham, organdy, linen, or sateen may be used.

No. 12682. Animals in Appliqué Perched on the Sunbonnet Impart a Quaint Charm. Illustrated on Sunbonnet 7811 Shown Above.

No. 12682. Like the Good Beasts of the Fairy Tale, These Animal Appliqués Delight the Wee Ones Shown on Cap 8445

No. 12681 Pussy's Head Forms a Pocket on 9908

No. 12684 Offers a Variety of Fascinating Appliqués to Lend Interest to the Children's Play Frocks. Illustrated Above on Bloomer Dress 8306

No. 12672 Is Charming on a Little Blouse

No. 12681 on Cap 8445 and Suit 9820

No. 12672 Decorates Child's Dress 9819

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12683, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), gives two each of ten designs suitable for appliqué work as well as extra patch pieces for cutting. The heads of a dog and cat are of a size that may be used for quaint pockets on a small frock, while the other picturesque designs make charming appliqués in colored materials. Two of the designs are illustrated above, on Kimono Dress 9832, 30 cents (1/6), 2 to 6 years; and on One-Piece Slip-on Dress 9908, 30 cents (1/6), 2 to 6 years.

No. 12683 in Appliqué on Dress 9832

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12685, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), furnishes two each of eight designs for appliqué work and extra patch pieces for cutting. The designs here given are suitable chiefly for small children's play frocks, including as they do, dancing teddy bears, dancing pigs and little Dutch children, which are delightful in bright colors on the wee rompers or bloomer dress, and lend charm to the plainest frock. Illustrated at left on boys' suit 8062, 25 cents (1/3), 2, 4 and 6 years.

No. 12630 Prettily Decorates Dress 9552

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12629, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), contains twenty-one motifs, three of each part of the long rose and leaf motif, three of each of a small rose and leaf motif, and six each of a conventional poppy and rose design. These are intended for appliqué or patch-work, and may be attractively applied to a great variety of garments and household fabrics. Children's play frocks and small blouses, flower fast and gay shades of chambray and linen, are made doubly beguiling by a bit of an appliquéd rose or a bright poppy, little aprons and bibs become things of charm. New interest is given to dainty curtains and nursery bedspreads by the use of this simple and most effective of decorations. Illustrated on Dress 9552, 30 cents (1/6), cut in sizes 6 to 12 years.

No. 12682 Is Very Appealing on Frock 9372

No. 12672. Makes Picturesque Appliqués

No. 12629 Fruits and Flowers of Brightly Colored Linen or Chambray Make the Most Engaging of Appliqués to Adorn the Children's Simple Little Play Things. Dress and Bloomers 9372

No. 12682. On Dress and Bloomers 9305

No. 12685 For Little Boys Suit 8062

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The Hinds Cre-Maids have beauty rare
Each one is a perfect dream
For they always use each day with care
HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

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A. S. HINDS CO.

These are the dainty maids who bring
To you this useful, beautiful thing,
To soften your skin in a healthful way
Making it lovelier every day;

Dry, rough hands grow fresh and smooth,
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"Catchy fingers" soon disappear,
Muddy complexions change and clear;

Daily use on your hands and arms
Gives you the skin that always charms.
Health and Comfort are hidden there
A smoothness fine and a perfume rare.

Truly a treat in life's daily scheme,
You'll find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

This attractive HINDS WEEK-END BOX contains six trial size packages of the fascinating Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites — pure, fragrant, refined, beneficial. Charmingly boxed in old rose. 50c Postpaid.

All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet *Free*.

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A. S. HINDS CO. Dept. 42 Portland, Maine

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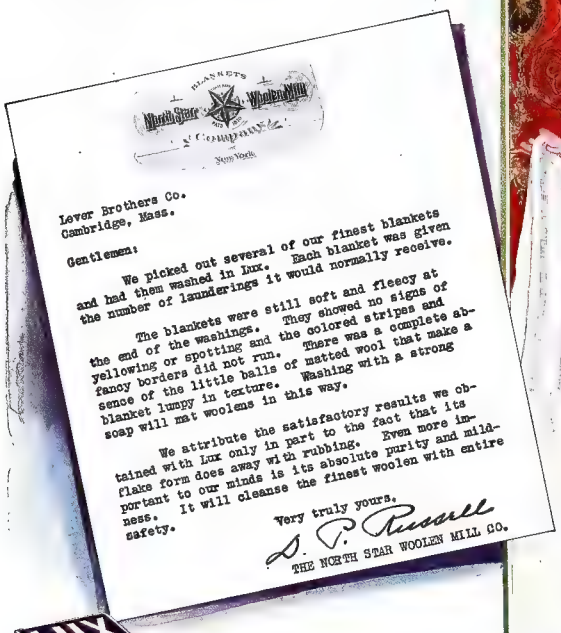
Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them —felt them and make them harsh

The manufacturer is as much interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from the North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells many interesting things these tests showed them about washing blankets and why, as a result, they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



BLANKETS
North Star Woolen Mills
New York

Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

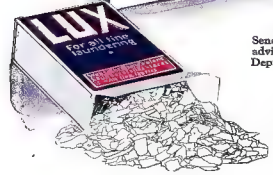
Gentlemen:

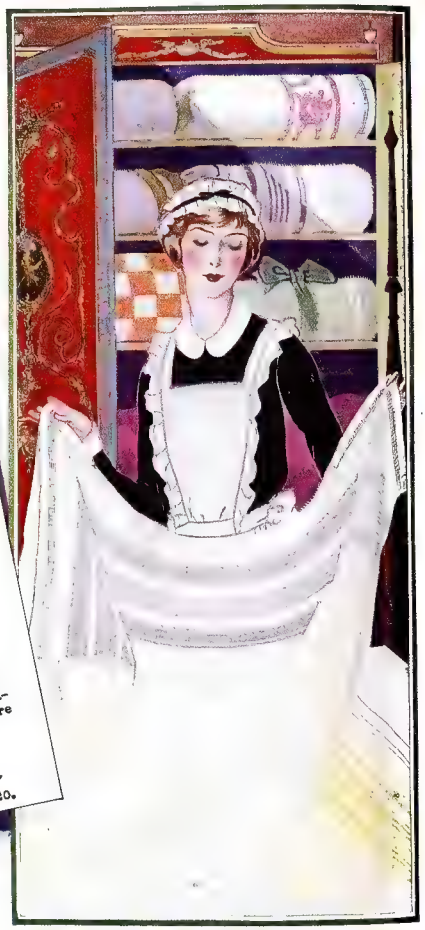
We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of launderings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of yellowing or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will mat woolens in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,
L. P. Russell
THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO.





Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—*it is free.* Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C-5, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

How to wash your blankets

A rich, live suds throughout the washing process is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in washing.

Dissolve Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it to a thick lather. Add cold water until *lukewarm.* Put blankets into suds, souse up and down and squeeze suds through entire blanket, paying especial attention to very soiled spots. If suds die down, add more Lux.

Be sure never to rub blankets. Rinse in three, or more if necessary, lukewarm waters of *same* temperature as suds.

Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process.

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Frocks Built on Slender Lines with Long-Waisted Blouses

1027—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9444—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The costume in medium size requires 5⅜ yards 32-inch gingham—⅛ yard 40-inch organdy for pipings. This simple little tub frock is of plaid gingham, having two tucks around the skirt and the sleeves elbow length, finished with turn-back cuffs. The sleeves are slashed and piped with the organdy, as are the collar and belt.

1030—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch éponge for upper part of dress—3¼ yards 36-inch contrasting for skirt, panels, and trimming. Éponge, very popular this season, forms the skirt, panels and cuffs of this attractive gown, while the blouse is of the same material in contrasting color. The skirt is attached to the long-waisted blouse over which hang four gathered panels, dipping below the hem. Each panel is headed by five buttons.

Blouse 1027
Skirt 9444

Dress 1030

Blouse 9846
Skirt 9399

Dress 9912

Cape 9965
Jumper Dress 1040

Cape-dress 1032
Blouse 9646

9846—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9399—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 32-inch gingham—1⅝ yard edging for the neck and sleeves. This frock of imported gingham favors a long-waisted blouse and a smart paneled skirt. The neck-line is slightly gathered in accord with the latest fashion decree.

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine for waist—1⅞ yard 40-inch plain for the skirt and cuffs—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The dress slips on over the head, and the oval-shaped neck is slashed and closed at the center-back. The neck is piped with the plain material, which also forms the narrow string belt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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The Youthful V Neck Is Again in Popular Favor

1026—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1053—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 36-inch foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, vestee, and trimming. The front of this charming slip-on blouse, which is combined with one of the new wrap-around skirts, is gathered to a band having sash-ends joined at the sides.

1021—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for collar, cuffs, vestee, sash, and pocket trimming. The dress is slashed at center-front, underfaced, and rolled with the convertible collar. The short one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs of linen. Blanket stitching outlines the collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming. The sash may be of the linen or ribbon, or if preferred, a novelty girdle may be used. Any number of beautiful Summer materials could fashion a dress of this type, among them, ratiné, krêpe-knit, cotton crêpe, or gingham.

9980—Ladies' Kimono Blouse Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9979—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅞ yard 29-inch figured cotton crêpe—4 yards 29-inch plain cotton crêpe—2¼ yards entre-deux. An overblouse of this type combined with a plain two-piece skirt forms a very attractive costume for warm Summer afternoons. The blouse slips on over the head, and the collar and front are finished with straight double bands.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

9976—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for vestee, cuffs, and pocket trimming. A modish version of the one-piece type of frock is shown. Plaits are laid in at the shoulders and the front is slashed in a deep V outline which is bound with the contrasting linen.

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Graceful Lines Give the Correct Silhouette

9997—Ladies'and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tweed—⅛ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The dress closes in front underneath the plaits, and the front gore is gathered to the lower edge of waist, while the back is in one piece.

1017—Ladies' Slip-on Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch figured voile—⅛ yard 36-inch plain voile for collar, vestee, and trimming—2⅛ yards frilling—2⅛ yards ribbon for sash. What could be cooler to wear on a hot Summer afternoon than a frock of this type fashioned of voile, organdy, handkerchief linen, or dotted swiss? The voile collar and vestee are trimmed with hemstitching and narrow frills and the narrow black velvet ribbon sash ties in a loose bow at the left.

1010—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch Mimosa linen—⅝ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming—3¾ yards plaiting—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9995—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe —⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe for piping. Embroidery, in design 12645, forms an elaborate trimming on this afternoon frock. The motifs may be carried out in flat satin stitch and the dashes in darning stitch in rope silk or metallic thread.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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These Styles Reflect Fashion's Trend in New Tailored Lines

1040—Ladies' Sleeveless Slip-on Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham for dress—1⅜ yard 40-inch voile for blouse. The dress is cut out at the center-front, the edges bound and caught together at the neck with a ribbon bow. The separate blouse closes in front through an applied plait. The long one-piece shirt sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. The fulness at the waist-line is held in with a narrow leather belt, but if preferred one of the dress material may be worn. This design would be equally effective developed in linen or ratiné with the blouse of voile or dimity.

1032—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe-knit for dress—1⅜ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and piping. That sleeveless jumper dresses, which were so much in favor last Summer, will be just as much in vogue this year is proven by these dainty frocks. Eponge or linen with blouse of China silk would also combine well in a frock of this style.

1028—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 38 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch polo cloth—¾ yards 36-inch satin lining. No. 1060—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tweed. Just the thing for sports wear are these three-quarter length coats worn with one of the new wrap-around skirts. The coat has raglan sleeves which are finished with deep turn-back cuffs. An inverted box-plait at the back is stitched down part way. The one-piece wrap-around skirt is gathered in front and back and has dart plaits at the sides. It is fringed at the bottom and up the side-front as are many of the very new sports skirts this season.

Jumper Dress 1040

Dress 1032 Blouse 9646

Coat 1028 Wrap-around Skirt 1060

Jacket 9998 Skirt 9666

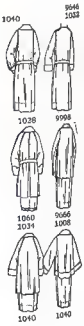
Coat 1034 Jumper Dress 1040

Jacket 1008 Jumper Dress 1040

9998—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 31⅜ inches. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3½ yards 54-inch tweed—2¾ yards 36-inch pussy willow taffeta for lining jacket. The jacket is one of the new box models.

1034—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 38 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch camel's hair—¼ yard 36-inch velvet for collar—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 1040—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for dress—1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



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What the Mode Offers in Afternoon and Street Frocks of Silk

9941—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vestee—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The waist is bloused and there is a vestee filling in the deep U-shaped neck. Beading, in design 12681, trims the oval-shaped panels and may be carried out in jet, steel, cotton, or colored glass beads. If preferred French knots or nailheads could be substituted.

9950—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—1⅛ yard 36-inch china silk for sleeves, vestee, and collar. This frock slips on over the head, and closes in front with link buttons. Elastic is inserted through a casing at the waist-line which draws the dress close to the figure and produces the blouse effect. The sleeves, three-quarter in length, are quite wide and set into deep armholes. A frock like this will be found indispensable for practical street or afternoon wear. The square patch pockets and front of the blouse are embroidered in design 12377, a rose and four leaves, and may be worked in tinsel or silk floss.

1009 –Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9853—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—2⅜ yards 36-inch Spanish lace for flowing sleeves, vestee, and tunic. The blouse is slashed in from the underarm edges in front, and the upper slashed edges gathered. A sash is attached to the front and ties at the back. Gathered side panels of the lace are adjusted over the hips, extending in points below the skirt. The lace is also used for the triangular vestee and bell sleeves. The bateau neck, and edges of sleeves and tunic are outlined in beads.

9927—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—3 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and panels—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vestee. Beading in design 12557 is effectively used to border the skirt and may be carried out in steel, jet, crystal, chalk, opalescent, or colored beads.

9846—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9523—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—2⅝ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The beading, in design 12548, trims the blouse, sleeves and tunic and may be developed in gold, jet, steel, or iridescent beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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To Slenderize the Mature Figure Is the Aim of These Styles

1032—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. No. **9646**—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. The costume in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen—1¼ yard 40-inch organdy for blouse. The good-looking sleeveless overdress is developed in linen. The touches of embroidery above the pockets are supplied by design 12667 and carried out in satin stitch with wool. The latter is also used for the blanket stitching around the deep U-shaped neck-line and armhole edges. The round-neck blouse worn with it is made of white organdy and is simply finished with hemstitching. The set-in sleeves are three-quarter length with neat, turn-back cuffs. A narrow belt of linen is slipped through small pearl buckles and marks the low waist-line.

Blouse 9963
Beading 12615

Blouse 9815
Beading 12647

Dress 1032
Blouse 9646
Embroidery 12667

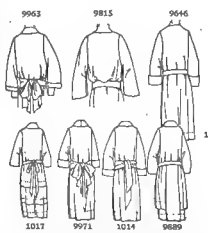
Dress 1017
Embroidery 12561

Dress 9971

Dress 1014

Dress 9689

1014—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge is about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch satin—1 yard narrow ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Delightful long, slender lines are achieved in this gown of dotted foulard. It is an extremely simple, one-piece style which slips on over the head. The long Tuxedo collar, bordered with a narrow band of satin, hemstitched, has narrow panels joined to it under the belt which continues the line. The satin fills in the front of the waist in square-neck effect and finishes the cuffs and panels. The three-quarter length sleeves are slightly flared at the lower edge. A wide belt of foulard indicates the popular low waist-line. Narrow metallic ribbon serves to hold the handmade silk flowers in place. The latter combines two shades, thus introducing a touch of contrasting color which is both youthful and effective. For afternoon or street wear one could not select a more serviceable or smarter costume than this frock and a becoming hat of horsehair. The style is smart and very well suited to the stout figure.



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Costume Blouses, Knickers, and Wrap-Around Skirts Are Chic

Overblouse 9994
9994—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A motif in appliqué gives a novel touch to the panel of this blouse. It may be cut from colored silk and couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching.
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90
Overblouse 1016
Overblouse 9497
Knickerbockers 9883
Overblouse 1027
Beading 12574
Blouse 9511
Skirt 9993
Overblouse 1009
Beading 12319
Skirt 1051
Wrap-around Skirt 1053
Wrap-around Skirt 1055
Wrap-around Skirt 1060
Wrap-around Skirt 1053

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Appliqué Gives a Piquant Note to Spring Frocks

1033—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen. This simple little straight-line frock of linen would make a very serviceable addition to the young girl's Summer wardrobe. The waistline fulness may be held in by a sash of self-material or one of the new fancy girdles may be worn, as illustrated. Appliqué, in design 12671, gives a smart touch to the dress, and may be cut from colored linen and couched down in outline or blanket stitching.

1019—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch organdy—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting for vestee —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The waist of this dainty afternoon frock has a deep open front filled in with a vestee. The attached two-piece gathered skirt closes at the left side seam. In place of organdy any number of dainty Summer materials could fashion a frock of this style, such as figured or plain voile or cotton crêpe.

9656—Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch ratiné. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste—3⅛ yards plaiting. The patch pockets are trimmed with appliqués, which may be cut from scraps of colored linen or chambray and couched down in blanket, outline, or buttonhole stitches.

1029—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch check voile—⅞ yard 36-inch plain voile for trimming. The sleeves are set into large armholes, and are trimmed with bias bands of the voile. Zig zag points finish the skirt, trimmed with plain voile folds, the same material being used for a collar and roses on belt and cuffs. A cool little "Sunday best" could be evolved from blue and white checked taffeta, utilizing white organdy bands and flowers as a trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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Distinction of Detail Lends Charm to the Smart Dress

1021—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen. Appliquéd flowers, in design 12671, trim this simple frock of linen, below the inserted pockets. Colored linen may be used, and the edges couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching with silk floss or embroidery wool. The edges of the collar and the turn-back cuffs on the short sleeves may also be outlined in blanket stitching, thus adding a smart finish to this youthful frock.

1022—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming. The dress closes at the center-back, and the neck is finished with a collar which is square in front and rounded at back. The patch pockets are appliquéd in design 12564, which may be cut from contrasting chambray and couched down in blanket, buttonhole, or outline stitches. If preferred this design may be worked in running stitches.

Dress 9997

Overblouse 9899
Embroidery 12667

Dress 1021
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1022
Appliqué 12564

Jacket 9999
Skirt 9904

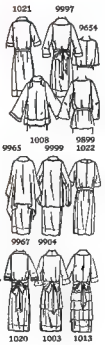
Dress 1013

Jacket 1008
Skirt 9904
Blouse 9654

Cape 9965
Dress 9967

Dress 1003

Dress 1020
Appliqué 12671



1008—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch homespun—2½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

9899—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for sleeves. Embroidery, in design 12667, forms an elaborate border on the wide flowing sleeves. The design may be worked with metallic thread or silk floss in flat satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

King Neptune Smiles on the Season's Bathing Suits

8300—Girls' and Juniors' Bathing Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch surf satin—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for collar. The suit closes at center-front. This cunning little suit could also be made of dark blue mohair or flannel, with white satin sailor collar bound in red braid, red sash, and buttons on the waist.

Bathing Suit 8309 Bathing Suit 1048

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch satin—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for cuffs and collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. For little tots, Jersey is a much warmer material for bathing suits than satin, and a suit of Foch blue with scarlet satin collar, cuffs, and belt would be quite attractive.

9443—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta (with underbody and bloomers). The front of waist may be trimmed with braiding. Sash ends tie in the back.

Bathing Suit 9443

Bathing Suit 1047

Bathing Suit 1045

Bathing Suit 1044 Scallop 12507

Bathing Suit 9447

Bathing Suit 9405

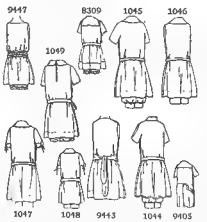
Bathing Suit 1046

Bathing Suit 1048

Bathing Suit 1049

1047—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting taffeta—1½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Checked taffeta makes a pretty finish for the bottom of the bloomers. Peter Pan collar, and cuffs. The skirt is shirred over the hips to allow more freedom when swimming.

1045—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch striped sateen—⅞ yard 36-inch plain sateen. The belt, collar, piping on bloomers and the short sleeves are of the plain sateen. In place of the sateen, Jersey, taffeta, or satin could be substituted, using any pretty contrasting material for trimming.



9447—Juniors' Bathing Suit. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch taffeta for dress—2¼ yards 36-inch taffeta for bloomers. This suit fashioned of any colored taffeta is sleeveless, and is shirred deeply at the waistband. It slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. The bloomers are full.

9405—Child's Bathing Suit. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 54-inch wool Jersey—⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting Jersey for collar, belt, and trimming. Lacing fastens the front of this little bathing suit, which could be made of any colored Jersey or flannel, having the sailor collar, belt, and bands on drawers in white.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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Models Described on Page 91

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These four Recipes are all made from one box of

KNOX
SPARKLING GELATINE
—BY MRS. KNOX—

A Meat Loaf
That Serves a Family of Six

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water ten minutes. Take one cup of any left-over stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add dissolved gelatine. Pour in square mold, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add one cup of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef, or chicken seasoned well) Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion if desired, or parsley. Chill and cut in slices for serving.

A Tomato Salad
Plenty for Six Servings

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup cold water ten minutes. Take 1½ cups of any left-over tomato stew or soup, bring to the boiling point and add dissolved gelatine. Season well. A little chopped onion, pepper or celery may be added for flavor. Strain, turn into mold and chill. Cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise, or mold in individual cups. If any hard boiled eggs are at hand, place slice in bottom of small cups and fill with the tomato mixture. Or the tomato jelly may be molded in a thin sheet, cut in squares, spread with cream cheese and put together sandwich fashion.

Chocolate Sponge Pudding
Making Enough for Six People

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¾ cupful boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla
½ cupful sugar
3 eggs
Few grains of salt
2 squares chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Cocoanut Fudge Candy
Which makes a pound of Delicious Candy

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 3 tablespoonfuls cold water five minutes. Put two cups sugar and one cup milk in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil until when tried in cold water a soft ball may be formed. Remove from range, add soaked gelatine, ½ tablespoonful butter and one teaspoonful vanilla. Beat until creamy, and add one cup shredded cocoanut and turn into a buttered pan.

Two Remarkable Booklets—Free

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Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavoring. No lemons required.

Young Folks' Attire for Every-Day or Dress-Up Occasions

9830—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch taffeta—2 yards 36-inch silk for lining. The front and back of this cunning little coat are shirred and attached to a round yoke.

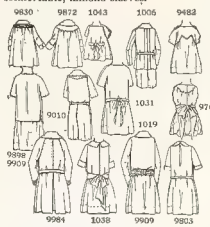
9872—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch serge—2⅛ yards 36 inch pussy willow taffeta for lining. To give a smart touch to this coat a collar of Georgette crêpe, organdy, voile, or linen may be worn over the collar of self-material.

1043—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—4¼ yards pointed trimming—2¼ yards satin ribbon for the sash.

1006—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tweed—⅛ yard 36-inch linen for vest and collar. The suit consists of a jacket, vest, and side-closing trousers. In place of tweed, serge or Poiret twill, velveteen could be used for suit and the vestee made of satin.

9762—Child's Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch china silk for foundation slip—3 yards ribbon—13¼ yards edging. The front and back are gathered to a scalloped yoke. Embroidery, in design 12206, forms dainty little motifs on the yoke and on the scalloped trimming-pieces. They may be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton or silk floss.

9482—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—½ yard contrasting for piping. The dress slips on over the head, and the front and back are laid in shallow plaits and joined to a deep one-piece yoke which is cut in one with the short, comfortable, kimono sleeves.



9898—Girls' Overblouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch linen. No. 9909—Girls' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 54-inch check. The skirt closes at the left side seam, and if desired suspender straps may be attached to a straight belt.

9984—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch veldyne—3½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The coat has raglan sleeves which are finished with straight band cuffs, and the collar which is rolled with the fronts of the coat may be buttoned high to the neck when the weather is chilly. A narrow belt slips through straps at the underarm seams and is buckled in front.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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From the Little Tot Upward, Simplicity Is the Rule in Dress

9824—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3½ yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The dress is slashed and closed at the center-front. Cute appliqué motifs may be applied to the side-fronts. They may be cut from scraps of linen, chambray, or plain gingham, and couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching.

1042—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅜ yard ribbon for bows—10½ yards frilling. Dotted swiss, organdy, voile, or crêpe de Chine would also make up attractively in this style of dress.

1005—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waistbands. The suit consists of a belted jacket and front-closing knickerbocker trousers which are plaited to straight kneebands. The jacket is tucked, forming an inverted-plait effect at the center-back.

9981—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 32-inch check gingham for jumper—1¾ yard 36-inch voile for blouse—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. Dainty appliqué motifs trim the pointed sash ends. They may be couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching with rope silk floss or embroidery wool.

1037—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for scalloped collar.

A fruit motif in appliqué trims the sash, and may be cut from colored organdy or chambray and couched down in blanket stitching.

1036—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for piping.

1023—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch check voile—⅜ yard 36-inch plain voile for collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming. Any child would love gay cockatoos cut from chintz, outlined in black, on the pockets of a lemon linen frock of this design. Colored crêpes, pin dotted swiss, wash silks, or pineapple organdy are other pretty materials.

1004—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 36-inch voile—1 yard 40-inch organdy for vestee, collar, and sash—2½ yards rick-rack braid. The attached two-piece gathered skirt has a deep tuck above the hem.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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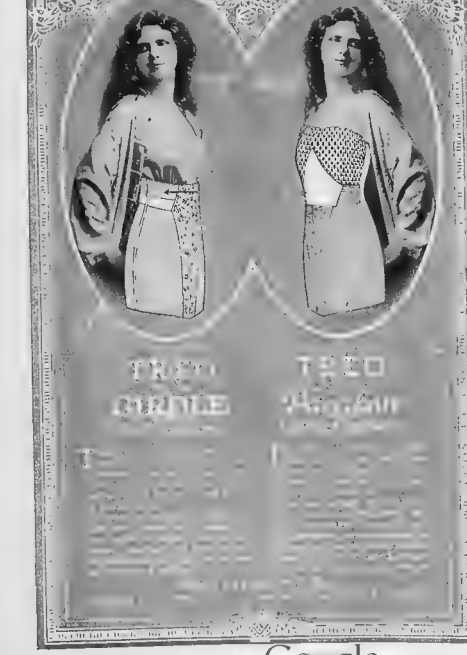

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

9905—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. No. 1040—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch tweed—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk broadcloth for blouse—2⅜ yards 36-inch silk for lining of cape if a lining is desired—⅝ yard 20-inch or wider contrasting for the collar of cape.

1032—Ladies' Cape-dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. No. 9946—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe-knit for dress and cape—1⅜ yard 36-inch voile for blouse.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

9991—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch voile—2⅝ yards edging.

1011—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vestee, and sash—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

1014—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, and piping—2 yards lace edging.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

1008 Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. No. 1040—Ladies' Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 54-inch diagonal tweed for dress and jacket—1⅝ yard 40-inch voile for blouse—2⅞ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

9823—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9777—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch satin for skirt and underbody—4¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse and panels—¾ yard 18-inch lace for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

9968—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The back of the blouse extends over the shoulders and is joined to the gathered fronts in yoke effect. With the aid of design 12615 the principal style features are emphasized and given a deceptive finish outlined in soutache braid.

9815—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Simplicity is the keynote of this dressy blouse attractively beaded in design 12647 in crystal, opalescent or colored glass beads.

1017—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch cotton éponge—⅝ yard 36-inch cotton poplin for collar and vestee. The touches of embroidery are supplied by design 12561 and worked with worsted, mercerized floss, lazy daisy stitch, and French knots in a contrasting color to the dress.

9971 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36 inch tissue gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for vestee, collar, and cuffs—2 yards narrow velvet ribbon. This delightful frock combines blue and white checked tissue gingham and crisp white organdy and adds a tie-sash of blue velvet ribbon for the sake of novelty.

9889—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This is a straight-line model with flowing sleeves and side-panels which would make a splendid afternoon frock for the stout woman. A vestee and collar of tucked Georgette may be used for this dress as illustrated; tucked organdy may be substituted.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

1016—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for blouse—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections.

1027—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for yoke, cuffs, and girdle. Beading, in design 12574 is applied to the yoke, cuffs, and girdle of this blouse. Steel, opalescent, crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may be used in carrying out this design.

9511—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—2 yards lace insertion. No. 9903—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out, about 2 yards. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed.

9497 Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey—¾ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. No. 9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch twilcord.

1009—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin crêpe. Beading, in design 12310, outlines the neck and sleeves. The design may be carried out in chalk, crystal, opalescent, or colored glass beads, or if desired braiding may be substituted.

1051—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch diagonal cheviot.

1035—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch homespun.

1055—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch striped serge.

1060 Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed.

1058 Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch check.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

1085—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch cheviot—2¾ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. No. 9896—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 54-inch check.

9996—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen ⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for trimming. Motifs in appliqué trim the skirt below the pockets and could be either of the linen or organdy.

1018—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy.

1062—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs. A novel trimming feature are the roses of organdy on the shoulder and at the waist-line.

1041—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch crêpe-knit—1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse.

1029—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch homespun—3¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

9997—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and pocket trimming. Many new designs are being introduced in gingham and with a contrasting material a good effect is given.

1003 Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅜ yard 40-inch voile—2¾ yards rick-rack braid—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This cool-looking frock combines dotted swiss and voile and with the addition of hemstitching a chic touch is given.

9965—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9907—Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, and cape lining.

9999 Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine—1⅝ yard 54-inch check—2⅝ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket.

1050 Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen ⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for sleeves. A smart touch is given to this simple frock by the appliqué in design 12671 which may be cut from colored linen and couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching

1013 Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—7 yards pointed trimming. To provide a smart fashion note, appliqué motifs of contrasting material may be used to trim the collar and sash.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

1044—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch striped taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch plain taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The lower edge of the dress is scalloped in design 12567 and the scallops may be bound with plain taffeta.

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch check surf satin—¾ yard 36-inch plain surf satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1049—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch striped satin—⅓ yard 36-inch plain satin for collar, sash, and rimming —2⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1046—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch taffeta—½ yard contrasting taffeta for collar, cuffs, and trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

9884—Ladies' Dressing-sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch voile—3¼ yards ribbon for bows.

9975—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch batiste.

9851—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch soisette—⅝ yard contrasting soisette for band.

9989—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch Japanese crêpe.

8782—Ladies' Chemise and Separate Drawers. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste. Embroidery sprays, in design 12307, give a dainty touch to this set and the upper and lower edge of the chemise, and also the lower edge of drawers are scalloped in design 11661. The sprays may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches while the scallops may be buttonholed using mercerized cotton floss.

7553—Ladies' Athletic Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch crosbar dimity.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 9406—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

9980—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch washable satin. The front of the slip is embroidered in design 12175 and the upper and lower edges of the slip are finished with scallop in design 11661. Raised satin and outline stitches may carry out the embroidery while the scallops should be buttonhole-stitched.

8979—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, 44 and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch washable satin—1¼ yard lace banding—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. No. 9045—Ladies' Pantaleta. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch silk jersey.

6445—Ladies' and Misses' Vest. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch silk jersey. No. 9889—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch silk jersey. A decorative note is given to the front of the vest by embroidery in design 12182 and may be carried out in French embroidery, raised satin or eyelet stitches.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen for blouse—1⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for trousers and collar.

1038—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar and cuffs.

1031—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅝ yard 36-inch voile for piping.

1040—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 17 years. No. 9909—Girls' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 6 to 18 years. The contents in size 14 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs.

9908—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

1007—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen.

9987—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 40-inch organdy for guimpe.

9876—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen for dress—1 yard 40-inch voile for blouse.

1015—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. Appliqué, in design 12671, may be cut from colored satin or silk and couched down with black silk floss.

1009—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen—2¼ yard 40-inch organdy for waist.

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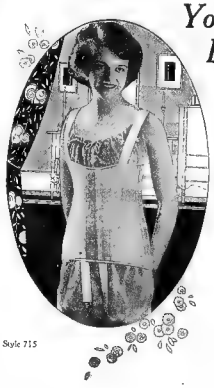

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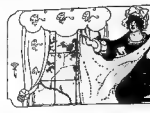

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

never seen him abandon these precautions as completely as he did with Clarissa.

"Poor little devil! Who looks after her when you and Nick are off together? Do you mean to tell me Ellie sacked the governess and went away without having any one to take her place?"

"I think she expected me to do it," said Susy with a touch of asperity. There were moments when her duty to Clarissa weighed on her somewhat heavily; whenever she went off alone with Nick she was pursued by the vision of a little figure waving wistful farewells from the balcony.

"Ah, that's like Ellie; you might have known she'd get an equivalent when she lent you all this. But I don't believe she thought you'd be so conscientious about it."

Susy considered. "I don't suppose she did; and perhaps I shouldn't have been, a year ago. But you see—" she hesitated—"Nick's awfully good; it's made me look at a lot of things differently."

"Oh, hang Nick's goodness! It's happiness that's done it, my dear. You're just one of the people with whom it happens to agree."

Susy, leaning back, scrutinized between her lashes his crooked, ironic face.

"What is it that's agreeing with you, Streffy? I've never seen you so human. You must be getting an outrageous price for the villa."

Strefford laughed and clapped his hand on his breast-pocket. "I should be an ass not to; I've got a wire here saying they must have it for another month at any price."

"What luck! I'm so glad! Who are they, by the way?"

He drew himself up out of the long chair in which he was disjointedly lounging and looked down at her with a smile. "Another couple of love-sick idiots like you and Nick. I say, before I spend it all let's go out and buy something ripping for Clarissa."

THE days passed so quickly and radiantly that, but for her concern for Clarissa, Susy would hardly have been conscious of her hostess's protracted absence. Mrs. Vanderlyn had said, "Four weeks at the latest," and the four weeks were over, and she had neither arrived nor written to explain her non-appearance. She had, in fact, given no sign of life since her departure, save in the shape of a post-card which had reached Clarissa the day after the Lansings' arrival, and on which Mrs. Vanderlyn instructed her child to be awfully good, and not to forget to feed the mongoose. Susy noticed that this missive had been posted in Milan.

She communicated her apprehensions to Strefford. "I don't trust that green-eyed nurse. She's forever with the younger governess; and Clarissa's so awfully sharp. I don't see why Ellie hasn't come; she was due last Monday."

Her companion laughed, and something in the sound of his laugh suggested that he probably knew as much of Ellie's movements as she did, if not more. The sense of disgust which the subject always roused in her made her look away quickly from his tolerant smile. She would have given the world, at that moment, to have been free to tell Nick what she had learned on the night of their arrival, and then to have gone away with him, no matter where. But there was Clarissa—!

To fortify herself against the temptation, she resolutely fixed her thoughts on her husband. Of Nick's beatitude there could be no doubt. He adored her, he reveled in Venice, he rejoiced in his work; and concerning the quality of that work her judgment was as confident as her heart. She still doubted if he would ever earn a living by what he wrote, but she no longer doubted that he would write something remarkable. The mere fact that he was engaged on a philosophic romance, and not a mere novel, seemed the proof of an intrinsic superiority. And if she had mistrusted the impartiality Strefford's approval would have reassured her. Among their friends Strefford passed as an authority on such matters; in summing him up his eulogists always added, "And you know he writes." As a matter of fact, the paying public had contented itself with a few published pages; but he lived among the kind of people who confuse taste with talent, and are impressed by the merest artless attempts at literary expression; and tho he affected to disdain their judgment, and his own efforts, Susy knew he was not sorry to have it said of him, "Oh, if only Streffy had chosen—"

Strefford's approval of the philosophic romance convinced her that it had been worth while staying in Venice for Nick's sake; and if only Ellie would come back, and carry off Clarissa to St. Moritz or Deauville, the disagreeable episode on which their happiness was based would vanish like a cloud and leave them to complete enjoyment.

Ellie did not come; but the Mortimer Hickses did, and Nick Lansing was assailed by the scruples his wife had forgiven. Strefford, coming back one evening from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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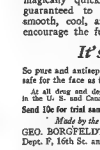

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

the Lido, reported having recognized the huge outline of the *Ibis* among the pleasure-craft of the outer harbor; and the very next evening, as the guests of Palazzo Vanderlyn were sipping their ices at Florian's, the Hickses loomed up across the Piazza.

Susy pleaded in vain with her husband in defense of his privacy. "Remember you're here to write, dearest; it's your duty not to let any one interfere with that. Why shouldn't we tell them we're just leaving?"

"Because it's no use; we're sure to be always meeting them. And, besides, I'll be hanged if I'm going to shirk the Hickses. I spent five whole months on the *Ibis*, and if they bored me, India didn't."

"We'll make them take us to Aquileia anyhow," said Strefford philosophically; and the next moment the Hickses were bearing down on the defenseless trio.

They presented a formidable front, not only because of their combined physical bulk—Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were equally and majestically three-dimensional—but because they never moved abroad without the escort of two private secretaries (one for the foreign languages), Mr. Hick's doctor, a maiden lady known as Eldorada Tooker, who was Mrs. Hick's cousin and stenographer, and finally their daughter, Coral Hicks.

Coral Hicks, when Susy had last encountered the party, had been a fat, spectacled schoolgirl, always lagging behind her parents, with a reluctant poodle in her wake. Now the poodle had gone, and his mistress had moved ahead without the escort of two private secretaries (one for the foreign languages), Mr. Hick's doctor, a maiden lady known as Eldorada Tooker, who was Mrs. Hick's cousin and stenographer, and finally their daughter, Coral Hicks.

Coral Hicks, when Susy had last encountered the party, had been a fat, spectacled schoolgirl, always lagging behind her parents, with a reluctant poodle in her wake. Now the poodle had gone, and his mistress had moved abroad

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

sistently resisted the efforts of the experienced advisers who had first descried them on the horizon, and tried to help them upward. They were always taking up the wrong people, giving the wrong kind of party, and spending millions on things that nobody who mattered cared about. They all believed passionately in "movements" and "causes" and "ideals," and were always attended by the exponents of their latest beliefs, always asking you to hear lectures by haggard women in peplums, and having their portraits painted by wild people who never turned out to be the fashion.

All this would formerly have increased Susy's contempt; now she found herself liking the Hickses most for their failings. She was touched by their simple good faith. their isolation in the midst of all their queer apostles and parasites, their way of drifting about an alien and indifferent world in a compactly clinging group of which Eldorada Tooker and the two secretaries formed the outer fringe, and by their view of themselves as a kind of collective reincarnation of some past state of princely culture, symbolized for Mrs. Hicks in what she called "the court of the Renaissance." Eldorada, of course, was their chief prophetess; but even the intensely "bright" and modern young secretaries, Mr. Beck and Mr. Buttles, showed a touching tendency to share her view, and spoke of Mr. Hicks as "promoting art," in the spirit of the Pandolfino celebrating the munificence of the Medicis.

"I'm getting really fond of the Hickses; I believe I should be nice to them even if they were staying at Danieli's," Susy said to Strefford.

"And even if you owned the yacht?" he answered; and for once his banter struck her as beside the point.

The *Iris* carried them, during the endless June days, far and wide along the enchanted shores; they roamed among the Euganeans, they saw Aquileia and Pompoia and Ravenna. Their hosts would gladly have taken them farther, across the Adriatic and on into the golden network of the Ægean; but Susy resisted this infraction of Nick's rules, and he himself preferred to stick to his task. Only now he wrote in the early mornings, so that they could set out before noon and steam back late to the low fringe of lights on the lagoon. His work continued to progress, and as page was added to page Susy obscurely but surely perceived that each one corresponded with a hidden secretion of energy, the gradual forming within him of something that might eventually alter both their lives. In what sense she could not conjecture; she merely felt that the fact of his having chosen a job and stuck to it, if only through a few rosy Summer weeks, had already given him a new way of saying "Yes" and "No."

OF SOME new ferment at work in him Nick Lansing himself was equally aware. He was a better judge of the book he was trying to make than either Susy or Strefford; he knew its weaknesses, its treacheries, its tendency to slip through his fingers just as he thought his grasp tightest; but he knew also that at the very moment when it seemed to have failed him it would suddenly be back, beating its loud wings in his face.

He had no delusions as to its commercial value, and had winced more than he triumphed when Susy produced her allusion to *Marius*. His book was to be called "The Pageant of Alexander." His imagination had been enchanted by the idea of picturing the young conqueror's advance through the fabulous landscapes of Asia; he liked writing descriptions, and vaguely felt that under the guise of fiction he could develop his theory of Oriental influences in Western art at the expense of less learning than if he had tried to put his ideas into an essay. He knew enough of his subject to know that he did not know enough to write about it, but he consoled himself by remembering that *Wilhelm Meister* has survived many weighty volumes on aesthetics, and between his moments of self-distrust he took himself at Susy's valuation, and found an unmistakable book.

Never—no, never—had he been so boundlessly, so confidently happy. His hack-work had given him the habit of application, and now habit wore the glow of inspiration. His previous literary ventures had been timid and tentative; if this one was growing and strengthening on his hands, it must be because the conditions were so different. He was at ease, he was secure, he was satisfied; and he had also, for the first time since his early youth, before his mother's death, the sense of having some one to look after, some one who was his own particular care, and to whom he was answerable for himself and his actions, as he had never felt himself answerable to the hurried and indifferent people among whom he had chosen to live.

Susy had the same standards as these people: she spoke their language tho she understood others; she required their plea-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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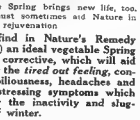

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

sures if she did not revere their gods. But from the moment that she had become his property he had built up in himself a conception of her unerwerfen to some deep-seated need of veneration. She was his, he had chosen her, she had taken her place in the long line of Lansing women who had been loved, honored, and probably deceived, by bygone Lansing men. He didn't pretend to understand the logic of it; but the fact that she was his wife gave purpose and continuity to his scattered impulses and the glow of consecration to his task.

Once or twice, in the first days of his marriage, he had asked himself with a slight shiver what would happen if Susy should begin to bore him. The thing had happened to him with other women as to whom his first emotions had not differed in intensity from those she inspired. The part he had played in his previous love-affairs might indeed have been summed up in the memorable line, "I am the hunter and the prey," for he had invariably ceased to be the first only to regard himself as the second. This experience had never failed to cause him the liveliest pain, since his sympathy for his pursuer was only less keen than his commiseration for himself; but as he was always a little sorrier for himself, he had always ended by distancing the pursuer.

All these prenatal experiences now seemed utterly inapplicable to the new man he had become. He could not imagine being bored by Susy—or trying to escape from her if he were. He could not think of her as an enemy, or even as an accomplice, since accomplices are potential enemies; she was some one with whom, by some unheard-of miracle, joys above the joys of friendship were to be tasted, but who, through these fleeting ecstasies, remained simply and securely his friend.

These new feelings did not affect his general attitude toward life; they merely confirmed his faith in its ultimate "jolliness." Never had he more thoroughly enjoyed the things he had always enjoyed. A good dinner had never been as good to him, a beautiful sunset as beautiful; he still rejoiced in the fact that he appreciated both with an equal acuity. He was as proud as ever of Susy's cleverness and freedom from prejudice; she couldn't be too "modern" for him now that she was his. He shared to the full her passionate enjoyment of the present and all her feverish eagerness to make it last. He knew when she was thinking of ways of extending their golden opportunity, and he secretly thought with her, wondering what means they could devise. He was thankful that Billie Vanderlyn was still absent, and began to hope they might have the palace to themselves for the remainder of the Summer. If they did he would have time to finish his book, and Susy to lay up a little interest on their wedding-checks; and thus their enchanted year might conceivably be prolonged to two.

LATE as the season was, their presence and Strefford's in Venice had already drawn thither several wandering members of their set. It was characteristic of these indifferent but agglutinative people that they could never remain long parted from each other without a dim sense of uneasiness. Lansing was familiar with the feeling. He had known slight twinges of it himself, and had often ministered to its qualms in others. It was hardly stronger than the faint gnawing which recalls the tea-hour to one who has lunched well and is sure of dining at midnight; but it gave a purpose to the purposelessness, and helped many hesitating spirits over the difficulty of deciding between Deauville and St. Moritz, Biarritz and Capri.

Nick was not surprized to learn that it was becoming the fashion, that Summer, to pop down to Venice and take a look at the Lansings. Streffy had set the example, and Streffy's example was always followed. And then Susy's marriage was still a subject of sympathetic speculation. People knew the story of the wedding-checks, and wondered how long they could be made to last. It was going to be the thing, that year, to help prolong the honeymoon by opening houses on the adventurous couple. Before June was over a band of friends were basking with the Lansings on the Lido.

Nick found himself unexpectedly disturbed by their arrival. To avoid comment and banter he put the book aside and forbade Susy to speak of it, explaining that he needed an interval of rest. His wife instantly and intelligently adopted his view, guarding him from the temptation to work as jealously as she had discouraged him from beginning. She was careful not to let her find out that the change in his habits coincided with his having reached a difficult point in his book. But tho he was not sorry to stop writing he found himself unexpectedly oppressed by the weight of his leisure. For the first time communal dawdling had lost its charm; not because his fellow dawdlers were less congenial than of old, but because in the interval he had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

M. J. McGOWAN, WHOSE DISCOVERY LEAVES LESS USE FOR SKIN SPECIALISTS AND FOR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS.

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Evacuates the Pores and Purges the Skin of Every Impurity in An Hour

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WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan — an English scientist scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness; that a skin can be made beautiful while you wait.

After five years of experiment, an element has been found that physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, not distasteful, for it is applied *outside*. Put it on; slip into your easy chair to dream or dose; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*.

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Terradermalax is a scientific achievement, not a cosmetic or cream. It is harmless, hygienic and helpful to the skin. Women on whom Mr. McGowan experimented daily for months, show skins and complexions of striking health and beauty. Texture of one's skin — coarse or fine — makes no difference in the result. In fact, it is equally beneficial to men.

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How to Obtain a Supply

MAKING this new material is slow work. But the laboratory fills requests for single cans (two months' supply) in the order of receipt. With it come McGowan's own directions. Send no money, but pay the postman just $2.50 when delivered. McGowan says: "Any woman whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and perfectly astonishing benefits that she can feel and see, may have this small laboratory fee back without question." If you expect to be out when the postman calls you may as safely send check or money order for $2.50 with your application, as the same guarantee holds.

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Mend it? A long job—but—no—no—thank fortune there's LePage's—*a temporary repair!* Glue a small piece of the same or similar silk under the tear. Another day, permanent repairs may be made. Our free booklet gives full instructions for applying the patch.

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Ho! HERE'S someone tied rather closely to her eyeglasses. A sudden gust of wind; or maybe her hand, *always* so careful, but a bit awkward this time, has struck them. They fall; they crash. How vexing! But cheer up!

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Best of all, for an entire list of uses, write us for a free copy of our book, "LePage's—the Handy Helper for Making and Mending." Russia Cement Company, Laboratory and Factory, 22 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

known something better. He had always felt himself to be their superior, but now the advantage was too great; really, in a sense, it was hardly fair to them.

He had flattered himself that Susy would share this feeling, but he perceived with annoyance that the arrival of their friends heightened her animation. It was as if the inward glow which had given her a new beauty were now refracted upon her by the presence of the very people they had come to Venice to avoid.

Lansing was vaguely irritated; and when he asked her how she liked being with their old crowd again his irritation was increased by her answering with a laugh that she only hoped the poor dears didn't see too plainly how they bored her. The patent insincerity of the reply was a shock to Lansing. He knew that Susy was not really bored, and he understood that she had simply guessed his feelings and instinctively adopted them; that henceforth she was always going to think as he thought. To confirm this fear he said carelessly, "Oh, all the same, it's rather jolly knocking about with them again for a bit"; and she answered at once, and with equal conviction, "Yes, isn't it? The old darlings—all the same!"

A fear of the future laid its cold touch on Lansing. Susy's independence and self-sufficiency had been among her chief attractions; if she were to turn into an echo their enchanting duet would become the dullest of monologs. He forgot that five minutes earlier he had resented her being glad to see their friends, and for a moment he found himself leaning dizzily over that insoluble riddle of the sentimental life: that to be differed with is exasperating and to be agreed with monotonous.

He began to wonder if he were not fundamentally unfitted for the married state; and was saved from despair only by remembering that Susy's subjection to his moods was not likely to last. But even then it never occurred to him that his apprehensions were superfluous since their tie was avowedly a temporary one.

Of the special understanding on which their marriage was based not a trace remained in his thoughts of her; the idea that he or she might ever renounce each other for their mutual good had dwindled to the ghost of an old joke.

IT WAS borne in on him, after a week or two of unbroken sociability, that of all his old friends it was the Mortimer Hickses who bored him the least. The Hickses had left the *Ibis* for an apartment in a vast dilapidated rococo palace near the Canareggio. They had hired the apartment from a painter (one of their newest discoveries) and they put on their philosophy with the absence of modern conveniences in order to secure the inestimable advantage of "atmosphere." In this privileged air they gathered about them their usual mixed company of quiet, studious people and noisy exponents of new theories, themselves totally unconscious of the disparity between their different guests, and beamingly convinced that they were seated at the source of wisdom.

In old days Lansing would have got half an hour's amusement, followed by a long evening of boredom, from the sight of Mrs. Hicks, vast and jeweled, seated between a quiet-looking professor of archeology and a large-browed composer, or the high notes of a new dance-step, while Mr. Hicks saw to it that the champagne flowed more abundantly than the talk, and the bright young secretaries industriously "kept up" with the dizzy cross-current of prophecy and erudition. But a change had come over Lansing. Hitherto it was in contrast to his own friends that the Hickses had seemed most insufferable; now it was as an escape from these same friends that they became not only sympathetic but even interesting. It was something, after all, to be with people who did not regard Venice simply as affording exceptional opportunities for bathing and adultery, but who were reverently if confusedly aware that they were in the presence of something unique and ineffable, and determined to make the utmost of their privilege.

"After all," he said to himself one evening, as his eyes wandered, with something of a convalescent's simple joy, from one to another of their large, confiding faces, "after all, they've got a religion." The phrase struck him, in the moment of using it, as indicating something new in his own state of mind, and as being, in fact, the key to his new feeling about the Hickses. Their muddled ardor for great things was related to his own new view of the universe: the people who felt, however dimly, the wonder and weight of life must ever after be nearer to him than those to whom it was measured by one's balance at the bank. He supposed, in reflection, that that was what he meant when he thought of the Hickses as having "a religion."

A few days later his well-being was unexpectedly disturbed by the arrival of Fred Gillow. Lansing had always felt a tolerant

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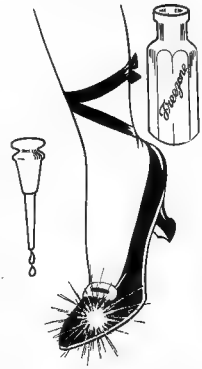
Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



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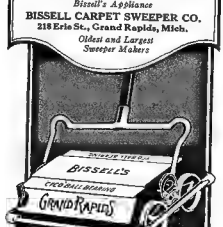

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

liking for Gillow, a large, smiling, silent young man with an intense and serious desire to miss nothing attainable by one of his fortune and standing. What use he made of his experiences, Lansing, who had always gone into his own modest adventures rather thoroughly, had never been able to guess; but he had always suspected the prodigal Fred of being no more than a well-disguised hook-worm. Now for the first time he began to view him with another eye. The Gillows were, in fact, the one uneasy point in Nick's conscience. He and Susy, from the first, had talked of them less than of any other members of their group; they had tacitly avoided the name from the day on which Susy had come to Lansing's lodgings to say that Ursula Gillow had asked her to renounce him, till that other day, just before their marriage, when she had met him with the rapturous cry, "Here's our first quarrel-present! Such a thumping big check from Fred and Ursula!"

Plenty of sympathizing people were ready, Lansing knew, to tell him just what had happened in the interval between those two dates; but he had taken care not to be. He had even affected an initiation so complete that the friends who burned to enlighten him were discouraged by his so obviously knowing more than they; and gradually he had worked himself around to their view, and had taken it for granted that he really did.

Now he perceived that he knew nothing at all, and that the "Hullo, old Fred!" with which Susy hailed Gillow's arrival might be either the usual tribal welcome—since they were all "old," and all nicknamed in their private jargon—or a greeting that concealed inscrutable depths of complicity.

Susy was visibly glad to see Gillow; but she was glad of everything just then, and so glad to show her gladness! The fact disarmed her husband and made him ashamed of his uneasiness. "You ought to have thought this all out sooner, or else you ought to chuck thinking of it at all," was the sound but ineffectual advice he gave himself on the day after Gillow's arrival; and immediately set to work to rethink the whole matter.

Fred Gillow showed no consciousness of disturbing any one's peace of mind. The day after day he sprawled for hours on the Lido sands, his arms folded under his head, listening to Streffy's nonsense and watching Susy between sleepy lids; but he betrayed no desire to see her alone, or to draw her into talk apart from the others. More than ever he seemed content to be the gratified spectator of a costly show got up for his private entertainment. It was not until he heard her, one morning, grumble a little at the increasing heat and the menace of mosquitoes, that he said, quite as if they had talked the matter over long before, and finally settled it, "The moor will be ready any time after the first of August."

Nick fancied that Susy colored a little, and drew herself up more defiantly than usual as she sent a pebble skimming across the dying ripples at their feet.

"You'll be a lot cooler in Scotland," Fred added, still to her alone, was an unusual effort at explicitness.

"Oh, shall we?" she retorted gaily; and added with an air of importance, as she pivoted about on her high heels, "Nick's got work here. It will probably keep us all Summer."

"Work? Rot! You'll die of the smells." Gillow stared perplexedly skyward from under his folded hat-brim, and then brought out, as from the depths of a rankling grievance, "I thought it was all understood."

"WHY," Nick asked his wife that night, as they reentered Ellie's cool drawing-room after a late dinner at the Lido, "did Gillow think it was understood that we were going to his moor in August?" He was conscious of the oddness of speaking of their friend by his surname, and reddened at his blunder.

Susy had let her cloak slide to her feet, and stood before him in the faintly lit room, slim and shimmering-white through black transparencies.

She raised her eyebrows carelessly. "I told you long ago he'd ask us there."

"You didn't tell me you'd accepted."

She smiled as if to say something as simple as Fred. "I accepted everything—from everybody!"

What could be answer? It was the very principle on which their bargain had been struck. And if he were to say, "Ah, but this is different. I've no jealousy of Gillow," what light would such an answer shed on his past? The time for being jealous—if so insignificant an attitude were on any ground defensible—would have been before his marriage, and before the acceptance of the bounty which had helped to make it possible. He wondered now that in those days such scruples had not troubled him. His inconsistency irritated him, and increased his irritation against Gillow. "I suppose he thinks he owns us!" he grumbled inwardly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Fortunes Are Going Begging

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

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P.R. 6

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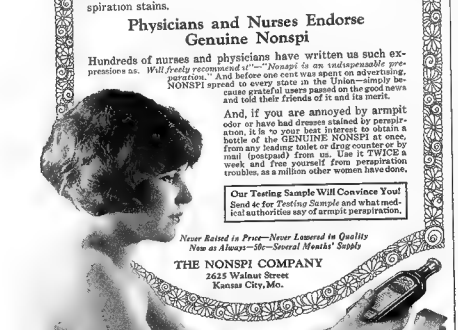

I am free—You may be

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

He had thrown himself into an armchair, and Susy, advancing across the shining arabesques of the floor, slid down at his feet, pressed her slender length against him, and whispered with lifted face, "We needn't go anywhere you don't want to." For once her submission was sweet, and, folding her close, he whispered back, "Not there, then."

In her response to his embrace he felt the acquiescence of her whole happy self in whatever future he decided on, if only it gave them such moments as this; and as they held each other fast in silence his doubts and distrust began to seem like a silly injustice.

"Let us stay here as long as Ellie will let us," he said, as if the shadowy walls and shining floors were a magic boundary drawn about his happiness.

She murmured her assent and stood up, stretching her sleepy arms above her shoulders. "How dreadfully late it is! Oh, there's a telegram."

She picked it up from the table and, tearing it open, stared a moment at the message. "It's from Ellie. She's coming to-morrow." She turned to the window and strayed out onto the balcony. Nick followed her, with relacing arm. The canal below them lay in moonless shadow barred with a few lingering lights. A last snatch of gondola-music came from far off, carried on a sultry gust.

"Dear old Ellie! All the same— I wish all this belonged to you and me!" Susy sighed.

IT WAS not Mrs. Vanderlyn's fault if, after her arrival, her palace seemed to belong any less to the Lansings.

She arrived in a mood of such general benevolence that it was impossible for Susy, when they finally found themselves alone, to make her view even her own recent conduct in any but the most indulgent light.

"I knew you'd be the veriest angel about it all, darling, because I knew you'd understand me—especially now," she declared, her slim hands in Susy's, her big eyes (so like Clarissa's) resplendent with past pleasures and future plans.

The expression of her confidence was unexpectedly distasteful to Susy Lansing, who had never lent so cold an ear to such warm avowals. She had always imagined that being happy oneself made one—as Mrs. Vanderlyn appeared to assume—more tolerant of the happiness of others, of however doubtful elements compounded; and she was almost ashamed of responding so languidly to her friend's outpourings. But she herself felt no desire to confide her bliss to Ellie; and why should not Ellie observe a similar reticence?

"It was all so perfect—you see, dearest, *I was meant to be happy*," that lady continued, as if so unusual a characteristic singled her out for special privileges.

Susy, with a certain sharpness, responded that she had always supposed we all were.

"Oh, no, dearest; not governesses and mothers-in-law and companions, and that sort of people. They wouldn't know how if they tried. But you and I, darling——"

"Oh, I don't consider myself in any way exceptional," Susy intervened. She longed to add, "Not in your way, at any rate—" but a few minutes earlier Mrs. Vanderlyn had told her that the palace was at her disposal for the rest of the Summer, and that she herself was only going to perch there—if they'd let her?—long enough to gather up her things and start for St. Moritz. The memory of this announcement had the effect of curbing Susy's irony, and of making her shift the conversation to the safer if scarcely less absorbing topic of the number of dresses required for a season at St. Moritz.

AS SHE listened to Mrs. Vanderlyn—no less eloquent on this theme than on the other—Susy began to measure the gulf between her past and present. "This is the life I used to lead; these are the things I used to live for," she thought, as the stood before the outspread glories of Mrs. Vanderlyn's wardrobe. Not that she did not still care; she could not look at Ellie's laces and silks and furs without a thrill of pride in them, and wondering by what new miracle of management she could give herself the air of being dressed by the same artists. But these had become minor interests; the past few months had given her a new perspective, and the thing that most puzzled and disconcerted her about Ellie was the fact that love and finery and bridge and dining out were seemingly all on the same plane to her.

The inspection of the dresses lasted a long time, and was marked by many fluctuations of mood on the part of Mrs. Vanderlyn, who passed from comparative hopefulness to despair at the total inadequacy of her wardrobe. It wouldn't do to go to St. Moritz looking like a frump, and yet there was no time to get anything sent from Paris, and, whatever she did, she wasn't going to show herself in any dowdy re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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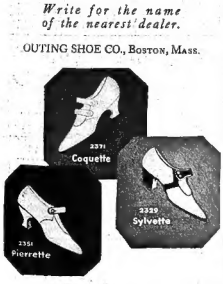

Manning Meadow-Brook Shoes

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

arrangements done at home. But suddenly light broke on her, and she clasped her hands for joy. "Why, Nelson'll bring them—I'd forgotten all about Nelson! There'll be just time if I wire to him at once."

"Is Nelson going to join you at St. Moritz?" Susy asked, surprized.

"Heavens, no! He's coming here to pick up Clarissa and take her to some stuff cure in Austria with his mother. It's too lucky; there's just time to telegraph him to bring my things. I didn't mean to wait for him; but it won't delay me more than a day or two."

Susy's heart sank. She was not much afraid of Ellie alone, but Ellie and Nelson together formed an incalculable menace. No one could tell what spark of truth might flash from their collision. Susy felt that she could deal with the two dangers separately and successively, but not together and simultaneously.

"But, Ellie, why should you wait for Nelson? I'm certain to find some one here who's going to St. Moritz and will take your things if he brings them. It's a pity to risk losing your rooms."

This argument appealed for a moment to Mrs. Vanderlyn. "That's true; they say all the hotels are jammed. You dear, you're always so practical!" She clasped Susy to her scented bosom. "And you know, darling, I'm sure you'll be glad to get rid of me—you and Nick! Oh, don't be hypocritical and say 'Nonsense!' You see, I understand—I used to think of you so often, you two—during those blessed weeks when we were alone."

Two tears, brimming over Ellie's lovely painted eyes, and threatening to make the blue circles below them run into the adjoining carmine, filled Susy with compunction.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" she thought; and hearing herself called by Nick, who was waiting to take her out for their usual sunset on the lagoon, she felt a wave of pity for the deluded creature who would never taste that highest joy. "But, all the same," Susy reflected, hurrying down to her husband, "I'm glad I persuaded her not to wait for Nelson."

SOME days had elapsed since Susy and Nick had had a sunset to themselves, and in the interval Susy had once again learned the superior quality of the sympathy that held them together. She now viewed the rest of life as no more than a show: a jolly show which it would have been a thousand pities to miss, but which, if the need arose, they could get up and leave at any moment—provided that both left together.

In the balmy dusk, while their prow slid over inverted palaces, she leaned against him and murmured, her mind returning to the recent scene with Ellie, "Nick, should you hate me if I had no clothes?"

Her husband was lighting a cigaret, and the match lit up the grin with which he answered: "But, my dear, have I ever shown the slightest interest in clothes?"

"Oh, rubbish! When a woman says, 'No clothes,' she means 'Not the right clothes.'"

He took a meditative puff. "Ah, you've been going over Ellie's finery with her!"

"Yes; all those trunks and trunks full. And she finds she's got nothing for St. Moritz!"

"Of course," he murmured, drowsy with content, and manifesting but a languid interest in the subject.

"Only fancy—she very nearly decided to stop over for Nelson's arrival next week, so that he might bring her two or three more trunkfuls from Paris. But mercifully I've managed to persuade her that it would be foolish to wait."

Susy felt a hardly perceptible shifting of her husband's lounging body, and was aware, through all her watchful tentacles, of a widening of his half-closed lids.

"You—managed—?" She fancied he paused on the word ironically. "But why?"

"Why—what?"

"Why on earth should you try to prevent Ellie's waiting for Nelson, if for once she wants to?"

Susy, conscious of reddening suddenly, drew back as tho her telltale heat might have penetrated the blue flannel shoulder against which she leaned.

"Really, dearest—!" she murmured, but with a sudden doggedness he renewed his "Why?"

"Because she's in such a fever to get to St. Moritz—and in such a funk lest the hotel shouldn't keep her rooms," Susy somewhat breathlessly produced.

"Ah!—I see." Nick paused again. "You're a devoted friend, aren't you?"

"What an odd question! The e's hardly any one I've reason to be more devoted to than Ellie," his wife answered; and she felt his contrite clasp on her hand.

"Darling! No; not I—. Or more grateful to for leaving us alone in this heaven."

Dimness had fallen on the waters, and her lifted lips met his bending ones.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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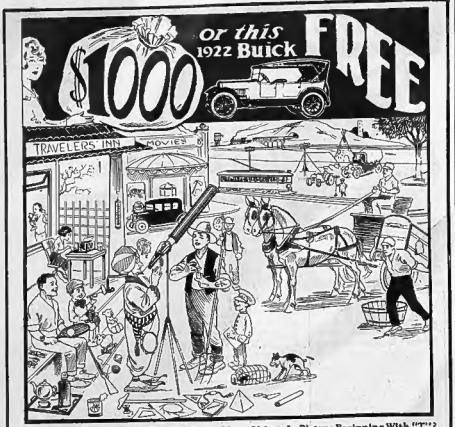

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GIFTS	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
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2nd	500.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	300.00	100.00	10.00
4th	200.00	75.00	7.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	10.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Gift if you buy 2 Pencils 15
Class "B"—Gift if you buy 1 Pencil 15
Class "C"—Gift if you buy 1 Pencil 10
In Case of Ties, each tying contestant will receive the gift for which he is awarded in each prize contest.
Names of winners will be published in Print Ellis as Pencil at Republic State Bank Minneapolis

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Plan in A Nutshell

If your solution is awarded first prize and you have ordered two of our $3.50 Sterling Silver Pencils (special price two for $5) you would win under Class A, $1,000 or the Buick; if you had ordered one $3.50 Pencil (special price $3) you would win under Class B, $300; if you had ordered no Pencils you would win under Class C, $50. There are fifty prizes in all.

READ THESE RULES

Rule 1. Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "T" will be awarded the first prize in the class in which he has entered. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize amount of each prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning first prize will be published at the close of the contest.

Rule 2. Use only words found in Webster's International Dictionary. Words obsolete, obsolete, archaic, provincial, slang, colloquial or foreign words.

Rule 3. In ascertaining a name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. For example, if words "Trees" and "Trunks" are found, counting will count only one, but if part of an object can be named, both will be counted.

Rule 4. Contest will close May 25th, 1922. Employees of Republic State Bank and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

Rule 5. Write words on one side of paper only, numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

Rule 6. The prominent people of Minneapolis have consented to act as judges. R. B. Fortson, Mgr. Hotel Free, Republic State Bank; R. M. Bell, Supt. of Public Schools; Rev. James Ryan, High School Supt. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

Rule 7. Anyone may compete for the free Pencil except employees or their relatives of the Hender Company.

Everyone To Receive FREE Gift!

Everyone who sends in a solution will receive a free gift,—a Cuban Linen Mesh tape measure, useful article for every household. The gift will be mailed as soon as absolutely free.

Others Won $1,000

In our last puzzle advertising campaign, Mrs. Hiram Elliott, Lakemont, N. Y., won $1,000. Walter Hite, Tenafire, Miss., and Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Colo., also won $1,000 prizes. You may be the next winner if you try. It doesn't cost anything to try.

You Cannot Win Unless You Try!

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Advertising Campaign for Hender Pencil

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We must every man, woman and child to become acquainted with the Hender Silver and Gold Pencils, the most perfect of all writing appliances. That's why we are giving away these prize gifts. You will like the Hender Pencil, it is fully guaranteed, your money back if not satisfied. Hender Pencils make most desirable gifts for every occasion.

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The illustration shows only one of our Colonial style of pencils, the Lady's Sterling Silver (regular $3.50 now $3 or two for $5). Lady's or Gent's—The gentlemen's are a similar except the barrel is longer and comes with a safety clip. Either style handsomely chased engraved. The Hender has many distinctive features, repelling finger, easy clasp, non-clogging mechanism; lightness of pencil etc. Your money back if not satisfied.

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

TRAILING late in to dinner that evening, Ellie announced that, after all, she had thought it safest to wait for Nelson.

"I should simply worry myself ill if I weren't sure of getting my things," she said, in the tone of tender solicitude with which she always discussed her own difficulties. "After all, people who deny themselves everything *do* get warped and bitter, don't they?" she argued plaintively, her lovely eyes wandering from one to the other of her assembled friends.

Strefford remarked gravely that it was the complaint which had fatally undermined his own health; and in the laugh that followed the party drifted into the great vaulted dining-room.

"Oh, I don't mind *your* laughing at me, Streffy darling," his hostess said, pressing his arm against her own; and Susy, receiving the shock of their rapidly exchanged glance, said to herself, with a sharp twinge of apprehension, "Of course Streffy knows everything; he showed no surprise at finding Ellie away when he arrived. And if he knows, what's to prevent Nelson's finding out?" For Strefford, in a mood of mischief, was no more to be trusted than a malicious child. Susy instantly resolved to risk speaking to him, if need be even confessing the secret of the letters. Only by revealing the depth of her own danger could she hope to secure his support.

ON the balcony, late in the evening, while the others were listening indoors to the low modulations of a young composer who had embroidered his fancies on Browning's *"Toccata."* Susy found her chance. Strefford, unsuspicious, followed her out, and stood silently smoking at her side.

"You see, Streff—oh, why should we make mysteries to each other?" she suddenly began.

"Why, indeed; but do we?"

Susy glanced back at the group around the piano. "About Ellie, I mean—and Nelson."

"Lord! Ellie and Nelson? You call *that* a mystery? I should think you'd apply the term to one of the million-candle-power advertisements that adorn your native thoroughfares."

"Well, yes. But—" She stopped again. Had she not tacitly promised Ellie not to speak?

"My Susan, what's wrong?" Strefford asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, I do, then: you're afraid that, if Ellie and Nelson meet here, she'll blurt out something—injudicious."

"Oh, *she* won't!" Susy cried with conviction.

"Well, then—who will? I trust that superhuman child not to. And you and I and Nick—"

"Oh," she gasped, interrupting him, "that's just it. Nick doesn't know—doesn't suspect. He thinks—"

Strefford flung away his cigar and turned to scrutinize her. "I don't see—hanged if I do. What business is it of any of us, after all?"

That of course was the old view that cloaked connivance in an air of decency. But to Susy it no longer carried conviction, and she hesitated.

"If Nick should find out that I know—"

"Good Lord—doesn't he know that you know? After all, I suppose it's not the first time—"

She remained silent.

"The first time you've received confidences—from married friends. Does Nick suppose you've never had your shoulder age without— Hang it, what's come over you, child?"

What had, indeed, that she could make clear to him? And yet more than ever she felt the need of having him securely on her side. Once Ellie's secret was pledged, he was safe; otherwise there was no limit to his capacity for willful harmfulness.

"Look here, Streff, you and I know that Ellie hasn't been away for a cure; and that if poor Clarissa was sworn to secrecy it was not because it 'shorted father' to think that mother needs to take care of her health." She paused, hating herself for the ironic note she had tried to sound.

"Well—?" he questioned, from the depths of the chair into which he had sunk.

"Well, Nick doesn't—doesn't dream it. If he knew that we owed our Summer here to—to my knowing—"

Strefford sat silent; she felt his astonished stare through the darkness. "Jove!" he said at last, with a low whistle. Susy bent over the balustrade, her heart thumping against the stone rail.

"*What of soul was left, I wonder—?*" the young composer's voice shrilled ironically through the open windows.

Strefford sank into another silence, from which he roused himself only as Susy turned back toward the lighted threshold.

"Well, my dear, we'll see it through between us; you and I—and Clarissa!" he said with his rasping laugh as he rose to follow her. He caught her hand and gave it a short pressure as they reentered the drawing-room, where Ellie was saying plain-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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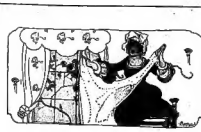

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

tively to Fred Gillow, "I can never hear that thing without wanting to cry like a baby."

MR. NELSON VANDERLYN, still in his traveling-clothes, paused on the threshold of his own dining-room and surveyed the scene with pardonable satisfaction.

He was a short, round man with a grizzled head, small, facetious eyes, and a large and credulous smile.

At the luncheon-table sat his wife, between Charlie Strefford and Nick Lansing. Next to Strefford, perched on her high chair, Clarissa throned in infant beauty, while Susy Lansing cut up a peach for her. Through wide orange awnings the sun slanted in upon the white-clad group.

"Well—well—well! So I've caught you at it!" cried the happy father, stealing up from behind and lifting his daughter into the air, while a chorus of "Hullo, old Nelsons!" hailed his appearance.

It was two or three years since Nick Lansing had seen Mr. Vanderlyn, who was now the London representative of the big New York bank of Vanderlyn & Co., and had exchanged his sumptuous house in Fifth Avenue for another, more sumptuous still, in Mayfair; and the young man looked curiously and attentively at his host.

Mr. Vanderlyn had grown older and stouter, but his face still kept its look of somewhat worn optimism. He embraced his wife, greeted Susy affectionately, and distributed cordial handgraspsa to the two men.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, suddenly noticing a pearl-and-coral trinket hanging from Clarissa's neck. "Who's been giving my daughter jewelry? I'd like to know!"

"Oh, Streffy did—just think, Father! Because I'd said I'd rather have it than a book, you know," Clarissa lucidly explained, her arms tight about her father's neck, her beaming eyes on Strefford.

Nelson Vanderlyn's own eyes took on the look of shrewdness that came into them whenever there was a question of material values.

"What, Streffy? Upon my soul—spoiling the brat like that! You'd no business to, my dear child—a lovely baroque pendant—" he protested, with the half-apologetic tone of the rich man embarrassed by too costly a gift from an impecunious friend.

"Oh, hadn't I? Why? Because it's too good for Clarissa, or too expensive for me? Of course you daren't imply the first; and as for me—I've had a windfall, and am blowing it in on the ladies."

Strefford, Lansing had noticed, always used American slang when he was slightly at a loss and wished to divert attention from the main point. But why was he embarrassed? Whose attention did he wish to divert? It was plain that Vanderlyn's protest had been merely formal; like most of the wealthy, he had only the dimmest notion of what money represented to the poor. But it was unusual for Strefford to give any one a present, and anything so expensive one; perhaps that was what had fixed Vanderlyn's attention.

"A windfall?" he gently repeated.

"Oh, a tiny one; I was offered a thumping rent for my little place at Como, and dashed over here to squander my millions with the rest of you," said Strefford imperturbably.

Vanderlyn's look immediately became interested and sympathetic. "What—the scene of the honeymoon? He included Nick and Susy in his friendly smile.

"Just so; the reward of virtue. I say, give me a cigar, will you? I left some awfully decent ones in Como, worse luck—and I don't mind telling you that Ellie's no judge of tobacco; and that Nick's too far gone in lilies to care what he smokes," Strefford grumbled, stretching a hand toward his host's cigar-case.

"I *do* like jewelry best," Clarissa murmured, hugging her father.

NELSON VANDERLYN'S first word to his wife had been that he had brought her all her toggery; and she had welcomed him with appropriate enthusiasm. In fact, to the lookers-on her joy at seeing him seemed rather too patently in proportion to her satisfaction at getting her clothes. But no such suspicion appeared to mar Mr. Vanderlyn's happiness in being, for once, and for nearly twenty-four hours, under the same roof with his wife and child. He did not conceal his regret at having promised his mother to join her the next day; and added, with a wheedling glance at Ellie, "If only I'd known you would wait for me—!"

But being a man of duty, in domestic as well as business affairs, he did not even consider the possibility of disappointing the exacting old lady to whom he owed his being. "Mother cares for so few people," he used to say, not without a touch of filial pride in the parental exclusiveness, "that I have to be with her rather more than if she were more sociable"; and with smiling resignation he gave orders that Clarissa should be ready to start the next evening.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

"And meanwhile," he concluded, "we'll have all the good time that's going."

The ladies of the party seemed united in the desire to further this resolve; and it was settled that as soon as Mr. Vanderlyn had dispatched a hasty luncheon, his wife, Clarissa, and Susy should carry him off for a picnic at Torcello. They did not even suggest that Strefford or Nick should be of the party, or that any of the other young men of the group should be summoned; as Susy said, Nelson wanted to go off alone with his harem. And Lansing and Strefford were left to watch the departure of the happy Pasha ensconced between attentive beauties.

"Well—that's what you call being married!" Strefford commented, waving his battered Panama at Clarissa.

"Oh, no, I don't!" Lansing laughed.

"*He* does. But, do you know"—Strefford paused and swung about on his companion—"do you know, when the Rude Awakening comes, I don't care to be there. I believe there'll be some crockery broken."

"Shouldn't wonder," Lansing answered indifferently. He wandered away to his own room, leaving Strefford to philosophize to his pipe.

Lansing had always known about poor old Nelson; who hadn't, except poor old Nelson? The case had once seemed amusing because so typical; now, it rather irritated Nick that Vanderlyn should be so complete an ass. But he would be off the next day, and so would Ellie; and then, for many enchanted weeks, the palace would once more be the property of Nick and Susy. Of all the people who came and went in it, they were the only ones who appreciated it, or knew how it was meant to be lived in; and that made it theirs in the only real sense. In this light it became easy to regard the Vanderlyns as mere transient intruders.

Having relegated them to his convenient distance, Lansing shut himself up with his book. He had returned to it with fresh energy after his few weeks of holiday-making, and was determined to finish it quickly. He did not expect it to bring in much money; but if it were successful it might give him an opening in the reviews and magazines, and in that case he was resolved to abandon archeology for novels, since it was only as a purveyor of fiction that he could count on earning a living for himself and Susy.

Late in the afternoon he laid down his pen and wandered out-of-doors. He loved the increasing heat of the Venetian Summer, the peach-tints of worn palace-fronts, the enameling of sunlight on dark-green canals, the smell of half-decayed fruits and flowers thickening the languid air. What visions he could build, if he dared, of being tucked away with Susy in the attic of some tumble-down palace, above a jade-green waterway, with a terrace over a scrap of neglected garden—and checks from the publishers dropping in at convenient intervals! Why should they not settle in Venice if he pulled it off?

HE FOUND himself before the church of the Scalzi, and, pushing open the leathern door, wandered up the nave under the whirl of rose-and-lemon angels in Tiepolo's great vault. It was not a church in which one was likely to run across sight-seers; but he saw a young lady standing alone near the choir, and assiduously applying her field-glass to the celestial vortex, from which she occasionally glanced down at an open manual.

As Lansing's step sounded on the pavement, the young lady, turning, revealed herself as Miss Coral Hicks.

"Ah—you like this too? It's several centuries out of your line, tho, isn't it?" Nick asked as they shook hands.

She gazed at him gravely. "Why shouldn't one like things that are out of one's line?" she answered; and he agreed, with a laugh, that it was often an incentive.

She continued to fix her grave eyes on him, and after one or two remarks about the Tiepolos he perceived that she was feeling her way toward a subject of more personal interest.

"I'm glad to see you alone," she said at length, with an abruptness that might have seemed awkward had it not been so completely unconscious. She turned toward a cluster of straw chairs, and signed to Nick to seat himself beside her.

"I seldom do," she added, with the serious smile that made her heavy face almost handsome; and she went on, giving him no time to protest, "I wanted to speak to you—to explain about father's invitation to go with us to Persia and Turkestan."

"To explain?"

"Yes. You found the letter when you arrived here just after your marriage, didn't you? You must have thought it odd, our asking you just then; but we hadn't heard that you were married."

"Oh, I guessed as much; it happened very quietly, and I was remiss about announcing it, even to old friends."

Lansing frowned. His thoughts had wandered away to the evening when he had found Mrs. Hicks's letter in the mail awaiting him at Venice. The day was associated in his mind with the ridiculous and mortifying episode of the cigars—the expensive cigars that Susy had wanted to carry away from Strefford's villa. Their brief exchange of views on the subject had left the first blur on the perfect surface of his happiness, and he still felt an uncomfortable heat at the remembrance. For a few hours the prospect of life with Susy had seemed unendurable; and it was just at that moment that he had found the letter from Mrs. Hicks, with its almost irresistible invitation. If only her daughter had known how nearly he had accepted it!

"IT WAS a dreadful temptation," he said, smiling.

"To go with us? Then why——?"

"Oh, everything's different now; I've got to stick to my writing."

Miss Hicks still bent on him the same unblinking scrutiny. "Does that mean that you're going to give up your real work?"

"My real work—archeology?" He smiled again to hide a twitch of regret. "Why, I'm afraid it hardly produces a living wage; and I've got to think of that." He colored suddenly, as if suspecting that Miss Hicks might consider the avowal an opening for he hardly knew what ponderous offer of aid. The Hicks munificence was too uncalculating not to be occasionally oppressive. But looking at her again, he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"I thought it was your vocation," she said.

"So did I. But life comes along and upsets things."

"Oh, I understand. There may be things—worth giving up all other things for."

"There *are!*" cried Nick with beaming emphasis.

He was conscious that Miss Hicks's eyes demanded of him even more than this sweeping affirmation.

"But your novel may fail," she said with her odd harshness.

"It may—it probably will," he agreed. "But if one stopped to consider such possibilities——"

"Don't you have to, with a wife?"

"Oh, my dear Coral—how old are you? Not twenty?" he questioned, laying a brotherly hand on hers.

She stared at him a moment, and sprang up clumsily from her chair. "I was never young—if that's what you mean. It's lucky, isn't it, that my parents gave me such a grand education? Because, you see, art's a wonderful resource." (She pronounced it *re*-source.)

He continued to look at her kindly. "You won't need it—or any other—when you grow young, as you will some day," he assured her.

"Do you mean when I fall in love? But I *am* in love— Oh, there's Eldorada and Mr. Beck!" She broke off with a jerk, signaling with her field-glass to the pair who had just appeared at the farther end of the nave. "I told them that if they'd meet me here to-day I'd try to make them understand Tiepolo. Because, you see, at home we never really *have* understood Tiepolo; and Mr. Beck and Eldorada are the only ones to realize it. Mr. Buttles simply won't." She turned to Lansing and held out her hand. "I am in love," she repeated earnestly, "and that's the reason why I find art such a *re*-source."

She restored her eye-glasses, opened her manual, and strode across the church to the expectant neophytes.

Lansing, looking after her, wondered for half a moment whether Mr. Beck were the object of this apparently unrequited sentiment; then, with a queer start of introspection, abruptly decided that, no, he certainly was not. But then—but then—Well, there was no use in following up such conjectures. He turned homeward, wondering if the picnickers had already reached Palazzo Vanderlyn.

THEY got back only in time for a late dinner, full of chaff and laughter, and apparently still enchanted with each other's society. Nelson Vanderlyn beamed on his wife, sent his daughter off to bed with a kiss, and, leaning back in his armchair before the fruit-and-flower-laden table, declared that he'd never spent a jollier day in his life. Susy seemed to come in for a full share of his approbation, and Lansing thought that Ellie was unusually demonstrative to her friend. Strefford, from his hostess's side, glanced across now and then at young Mrs. Lansing, and his glance seemed to Lansing a confidential comment on the Vanderlyn raptures. But then Strefford was always having private jokes with people; and Lansing was irritated with himself for perpetually suspecting his best friends of vague complicities at his expense. "If I'm going to be jealous of Streffy now—!" he concluded with a grimace of self-derision.

Certainly Susy looked lovely enough to justify the most irrational pangs. As a girl she had been, for some people's taste, a trifle fine-drawn and sharp-edged; now, to her old lightness of line was added a shadowy bloom, a sort of star-reflecting depth. Her movements were slower, less angular; her mouth had a nestling droop, her lids seemed weighed down by their lashes; and then suddenly the old spirit would reveal itself through the new languor, like the tartness at the core of a sweet fruit. As her husband looked at her across the flowers and lights he laughed inwardly at the nothingness of all things else.

VANDERLYN and Clarissa left betimes the next morning; and Mrs. Vanderlyn, who was to start for St. Moritz in the afternoon, devoted her last hours to anxious conferences with her maid and Susy. Strefford, with Fred Gillow and the others, had gone for a swim at the Lido, and Lansing seized the opportunity to get back to his book.

The quietness of the great echoing place gave him a foretaste of the solitude to come. By mid-August all their party would be scattered: the Hickses off on a cruise to Crete and the Ægean, Fred Gillow on the way to his moor, Strefford to stay with friends in Capri till his annual visit to Northumberland in September. One by one the others would follow, and Lansing and Susy be left alone in the great sun-proof palace, alone under the star-laden skies, alone with the great orange moons—still theirs!—above the bell-tower of San Giorgio. The novel, in that blessed quiet, would unfold itself as harmoniously as his dreams.

He wrote on, forgetful of the passing hours, till the door opened and he heard a step behind him. The next moment two hands were clasped over his eyes, and the air was full of Mrs. Vanderlyn's last new scent.

"You dear thing—I'm off, you know," she said. "Susy told me you were working, and I forbade her to call you down. She and Streffy are waiting to take me to the station, and I've run up to say good-by."

"Ellie, dear!" Full of compunction, Lansing pushed aside his writing and tried to rise; but she pressed him back into his seat.

"No, no! I should never forgive myself if I'd interrupted you. I oughtn't to have come up, I know; Susy didn't want me to. But I had to tell you, you dear— I had to thank you——"

In her dark traveling-dress and -hat, so discreetly conspicuous, so negligent and so studied, with a veil masking her paint, and gloves hiding her rings, she looked younger, simpler, more natural than he had ever seen her. Poor Ellie—such a good fellow, after all!

"To thank me? For what? For being so happy here?" he laughed, taking her hands.

She looked at him, laughed back, and flung her arms about his neck.

"For helping me to be so happy elsewhere—you and Susy, you two blessed darlings!" she cried, with a kiss on his cheek.

Their eyes met for a second; then her arms slipped downward, dropping to her sides. Lansing sat before her like a stone.

"Oh," she gasped, "why do you stare so? Didn't you know—?"

They heard Strefford's shrill voice on the stairs. "Ellie, where the deuce are you? Susy's in the gondola. You'll miss the train!"

Lansing stood up and caught Mrs. Vanderlyn by the wrist. "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, nothing— But you were both such bricks about the letters— And when Nelson was here, too— Oh, don't hurt my wrist so, Nick! I must run!"

He dropped her hand and stood motionless, staring after her and listening to the click of her high heels across the room and along the echoing corridor.

When he turned back to the table he noticed that a small morocco case had fallen among his papers. In falling it had opened, and before him, on the pale velvet lining, lay a scarf-pin set with a perfect pearl. He picked the box up, and was about to hasten after Mrs. Vanderlyn—it was so like her to shed jewels on her path!—when he noticed his own initials on the cover.

He dropped the box as if it had been a hot coal, and sat for a long while gazing at the gold N. L., which seemed to have burned itself into his flesh.

At last he roused himself and stood up.

The second instalment of "Glimpses of the Moon" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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